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JAM tour exclusive / LIZZY in Paris

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

JONATHAN RICHMAN
The Ice Cream Man Cometh
P.23

Springtime For SIOUXSIE
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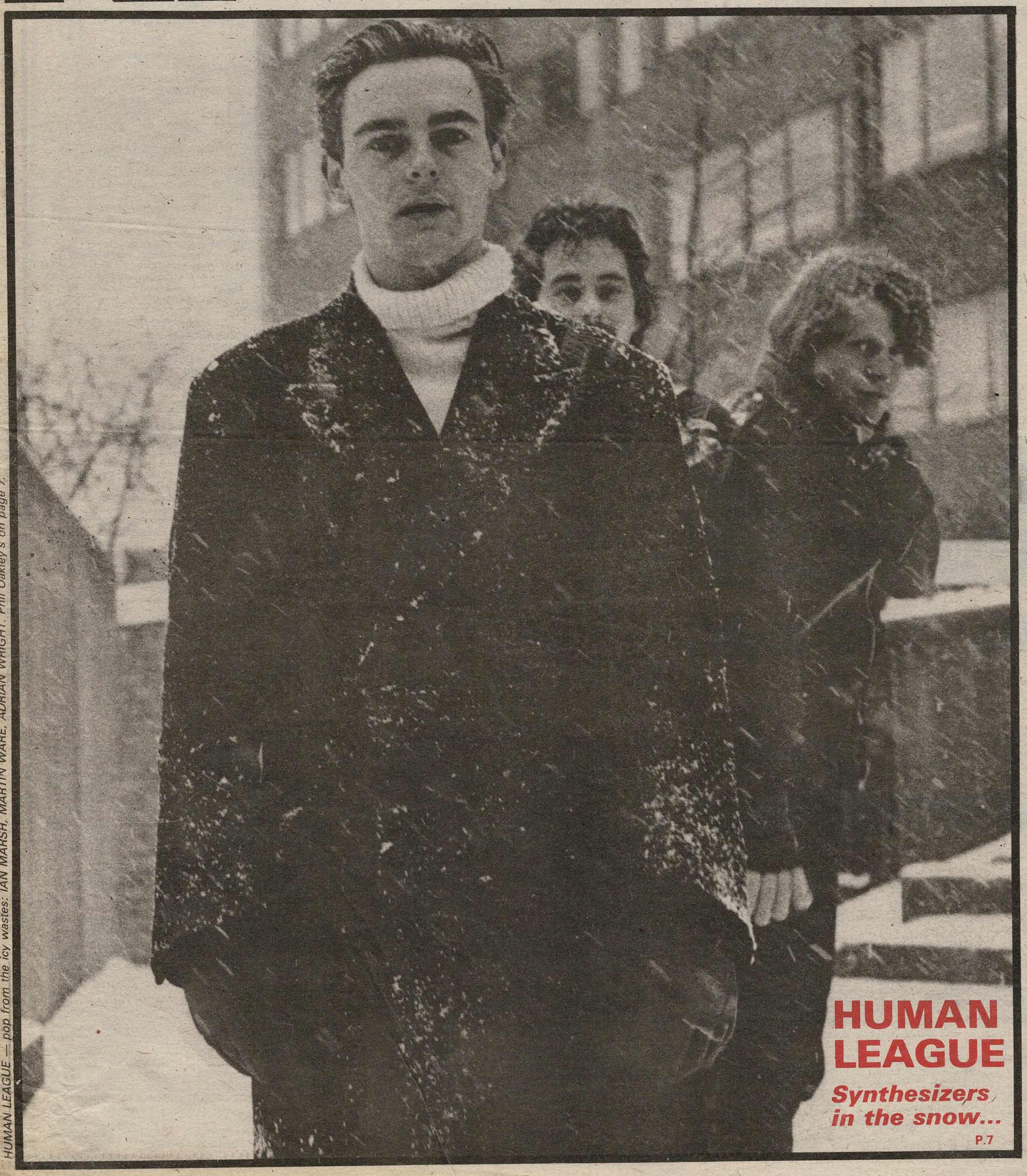

HUMAN LEAGUE — pop from the icy wastes: IAN MARSH, MARTIN WARE, ADRIAN WRIGHT. Phil Oakley's on page 7.

HUMAN LEAGUE
Synthesizers in the snow...
P.7

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СТАЛИНГРАД
BACHDENKEL

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending April 2, 1974

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	BILLY DON'T BE A HERO	Paper Lace (Bus Stop)
7	2	SEASONS IN THE SUN	Terry Jacks (Bell)
5	3	EMMA	Hot Chocolate (Rak)
19	4	REMEMBER ME THIS WAY	Gary Glitter (Bell)
2	5	THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL	Charlie Rich (CBS)
10	6	ANGEL FACE	Glitter Band (Bell)
4	7	I GET A LITTLE SENTIMENTAL OVER YOU	New Seekers (Polydor)
9	8	SEVEN SEAS OF RHYE	Queen (EMI)
3	9	THE AIR THAT I BREATHE	Hollies (Polydor)
15	10	JAMBALAYA/MR. GUDER	Carpenters (A&M)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending April 2, 1969

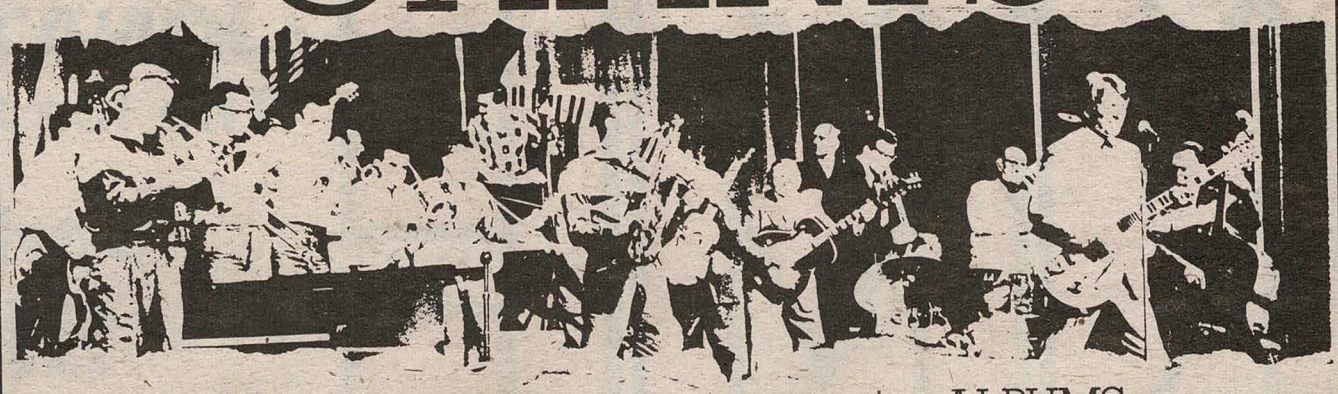
Last Week	This Week		
1	1	I HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE	Marvin Gaye (Tamla Motown)
3	2	GENTLE ON MY MIND	Dean Martin (Reprise)
6	3	SORRY SUZANNE	Hollies (Parlophone)
12	4	THE BAD BAD OLD DAYS	Foundations (Pye)
4	5	SURROUND YOURSELF WITH SORROW	Cilla Black (Parlophone)
2	5	WHERE DO YOU GO TO.....	Peter Sarstedt (United Artists)
10	7	GAMES PEOPLE PLAY	Joe South (Capitol)
17	8	BOOM BANG-A-BANG	Lulu (Columbia)
7	9	FIRST OF MAY	Bee Gees (Polydor)
14	10	GET READY	Temptations (Tamla Motown)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending April 3, 1964

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	CAN'T BUY ME LOVE	Beatles (Parlophone)
5	2	I BELIEVE	Bachelors (Decca)
2	3	LITTLE CHILDREN	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
3	4	JUST ONE LOOK	Hollies (Parlophone)
13	5	WORLD WITHOUT LOVE	Peter and Gordon (Columbia)
4	6	NOT FADE AWAY	Rolling Stones (Decca)
7	7	I LOVE YOU BECAUSE	Jim Reeves (RCA)
8	8	THAT GIRL BELONGS TO YESTERDAY	Gene Pitney (United Artists)
10	9	TELL ME WHEN	Applejacks (Decca)
6	10	BITS AND PIECES	Dave Clark Five (Columbia)

CHARTS



SINGLES

Week ending March 31, 1979

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**I WILL SURVIVE** Gloria Gaynor (Polydor)	8	1
2	(4)	**LUCKY NUMBER** .... Lene Lovich (Stiff)	4	2
3	(2)	**OLIVER'S ARMY** Elvis Costello (Radar)	7	1
4	(6)	**I WANT YOUR LOVE**..... Chic (Atlantic)	5	4
5	(5)	**CAN YOU FEEL THE FORCE** Real Thing (Pye)	5	5
6	(7)	**SOMETHING ELSE** Sex Pistols (Virgin)	4	6
7	(11)	**WAITING FOR AN ALIBI** Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	3	7
8	(13)	**IN THE NAVY** Village People (Mercury)	2	8
9	(8)	**KEEP ON DANCIN'** Gary's Gang (CBS)	5	8
10	(3)	**TRAGEDY**..... Bee Gees (RSO)	6	1
11	(27)	**DON'T STOP ME NOW**.....Queen (EMI)	5	11
12	(17)	**MONEY IN MY POCKET** Dennis Brown (Atlantic)	4	12
13	(13)	**INTO THE VALLEY**..... Skids (Virgin)	5	13
14	(19)	**SULTANS OF SWING** Dire Straits (Vertigo)	3	14
15	(12)	**HOLD THE LINE**.....Toto (CBS)	5	12
16	(26)	**CLOG DANCE**.....Violinski (Jet)	3	16
17	(18)	**STRANGE TOWN**.....Jam (Polydor)	2	17
18	(20)	**TURN THE MUSIC UP** Players Association (Vanguard)	3	18
19	(16)	**GET DOWN** Gene Chandler (20th Century)	8	9
20	(10)	**PAINTER MAN** Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	4	6
21	(—)	**BRIGHT EYES**.....Art Garfunkel (CBS)	1	21
22	(21)	**YOU BET YOUR LOVE** Herbie Hancock (CBS)	6	19
23	(—)	**COOL FOR CATS**.....Squeeze (A & M)	1	23
23	(—)	**WOW**.....Kate Bush (EMI)	1	24
25	(9)	**CONTACT**.. Edwin Starr (20th Century)	8	4
26	(24)	**JUST WHAT I NEEDED** Cars (Elektra)	3	24
27	(22)	**FOREVER IN BLUE JEANS** Neil Diamond (CBS)	3	22
28	(15)	**HEART OF GLASS**.. Blondie (Chrysalis)	10	1
29	(—)	**FIRE**..... Pointer Sisters (Planet)	1	29
30	(—)	**ENGLISH CIVIL WAR**..... Clash (CBS)	3	22

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS — Sham 69 (Polydor); THE RUNNER — Three Degrees (Ariola); CHASE — Giorgio Moroder (Casablanca); CUBA — Gibson Brothers (Island).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending March 31, 1979

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**TRAGEDY**	Bee Gees
2	(3)	**WHAT A FOOL BELIEVES**	Doobie Brothers
3	(2)	**DA YA THINK I'M SEXY**	Rod Stewart
4	(4)	**I WILL SURVIVE**	Gloria Gaynor
5	(5)	**SHAKE YOUR GROOVE THING**	Peaches and Herb
6	(7)	**SULTANS OF SWING**	Dire Straits
7	(11)	**KNOCK ON WOOD**	Amii Stewart
8	(9)	**EVERY TIME I THINK OF YOU**	The Babys
9	(13)	**MUSIC BOX DANCER**	Frank Mills
10	(12)	**LADY**	Little River Band
11	(6)	**HEAVEN KNOWS**	Donna Summer
12	(21)	**HEART OF GLASS**	Blondie
13	(14)	**BIG SHOT**	Billy Joel
14	(19)	**STUMBLIN' IN**	Suzi Quatro/Chris Norman
15	(15)	**CRAZY LOVE**	Poco
16	(18)	**I JUST FALL IN LOVE AGAIN**	Anne Murray
17	(17)	**I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S RIGHT**	Evelyn "Champagne" King
18	(10)	**WHAT YOU WON'T DO FOR LOVE**	Bobby Caldwell
19	(25)	**I WANT YOUR LOVE**	Chic
20	(22)	**FOREVER IN BLUE JEANS**	Neil Diamond
21	(24)	**LIVIN' IT UP (FRIDAY NIGHT)**	Bell & James
22	(8)	**FIRE**	Pointer Sisters
23	(29)	**HE'S THE GREATEST DANCER**	Sister Sledge
24	(26)	**PRECIOUS LOVE**	Bob Welch
25	(27)	**MAYBE I'M A FOOL**	Eddie Money
26	(16)	**Y.M.C.A.**	Village People
27	(—)	**LOVE BALLAD**	George Benson
28	(—)	**SHAKE YOUR BODY (DOWN TO THE GROUND)**	The Jacksons
29	(30)	**BUSTIN' LOOSE**	Chuck Brown & The Soul Searchers
30	(—)	**TAKE ME HOME**	Cher

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

Week ending March 31, 1979

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(4)	**C'EST CHIC**..... Chic (Atlantic)	8	1
2	(5)	**MANILOW MAGIC** Barry Manilow (Arista)	4	2
3	(1)	**SPIRITS HAVING FLOWN** Bee Gees (RSO)	8	1
4	(2)	**PARALLEL LINES**... Blondie (Chrysalis)	24	1
5	(6)	**THE GREAT ROCK 'N' ROLL SWINDLE**..... Sex Pistols (Virgin)	4	5
6	(10)	**BARBRA STREISAND'S GREATEST HITS VOL 2**..... (CBS)	3	11
7	(3)	**ARMED FORCES** Elvis Costello (Radar)	11	2
8	(8)	**DIRE STRAITS**..... Dire Straits (Vertigo)	4	8
9	(9)	**20 GREATEST HITS** Three Degrees (Epic)	5	9
10	(16)	**52nd STREET**..... Billy Joel (CBS)	10	10
11	(23)	**BAT OUT OF HELL**.....Meat Loaf (Epic)	29	6
12	(7)	**MARTY ROBBINS COLLECTION** Marty Robbins (Lotus)	7	5
13	(12)	**THANK YOU VERY MUCH** Cliff Richard & The Shadows (EMI)	6	5
14	(11)	**LIVE (X CERT)** Stranglers (United Artists)	3	11
15	(15)	**EQUINOXE** Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	14	6
16	(17)	**DESOLATION ANGELS** Bad Company (Swansong)	2	16
17	(—)	**MANIFESTO**.....Roxy Music (Polydor)	1	17
18	(13)	**THE BEST OF EARTH WIND AND FIRE VOL 1**..... (CBS)	12	5
19	(27)	**FEEL NO FRET** Average White Band (RCA)	2	19
20	(28)	**TRB TWO**....Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	2	20
21	(24)	**BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN** Rod Stewart (Riva)	17	2
22	(—)	**ACTION REPLAY**.....Various (K-Tel)	10	2
23	(22)	**OUT OF THE BLUE** Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	66	3
24	(—)	**20 GOLDEN GREATS** Neil Diamond (MCA)	18	1
25	(—)	**REFLECTIONS** George Hamilton IV (Lotus)	2	23
26	(19)	**SCARED TO DANCE** ..... Skids (Virgin)	2	19
27	(25)	**SHEIK YERBOUTI** Frank Zappa (CBS)	2	25
28	(13)	**NEW BOOTS & PANTIES** Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	45	5
29	(29)	**NIGHTFLIGHT TO VENUS** Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	33	1
30	(—)	**BREAKFAST IN AMERICA** Supertramp (A & M)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

LIVIN' INSIDE YOUR LOVE — George Benson (Warner Bros); LOVE TRACKS — Gloria Gaynor (Polydor); THE VERY BEST OF LEO SAYER — Leo Sayer (Chrysalis); DEVADIP ONENESS — Carlos Santana (CBS).

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending March 31, 1979

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**SPIRITS HAVING FLOWN**	Bee Gees
2	(2)	**MINUTE BY MINUTE**	Doobie Brothers
3	(4)	**DIRE STRAITS**	Dire Straits
4	(3)	**BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN**	Rod Stewart
5	(8)	**HOT!**	Peaches & Herb
6	(5)	**52nd STREET**	Billy Joel
7	(7)	**LOVE TRACKS**	Gloria Gaynor
8	(6)	**BRIEFCASE FULL OF BLUES**	Blues Brothers
9	(9)	**CRUISIN'**	Village People
10	(17)	**LIVIN' INSIDE YOUR LOVE**	George Benson
11	(14)	**CHEAP TRICK AT BUDOKAN**	Cheap Trick
12	(15)	**BUSTIN' OUT OF L SEVEN**	Rick James
13	(12)	**C'EST CHIC**	Chic
14	(20)	**ENLIGHTENED ROGUES**	Allman Brothers Band
15	(13)	**LIVE AND MORE**	Donna Summer
16	(16)	**LIFE FOR THE TAKING**	Eddie Money
17	(11)	**TOTALLY HOT**	Olivia Newton-John
18	(22)	**THREE HEARTS**	Bob Welch
19	(26)	**GEORGE HARRISON**	George Harrison
20	(10)	**ARMED FORCES**	Elvis Costello & The Attractions
21	(24)	**LEGEND**	Poco
22	(30)	**DESTINY**	The Jacksons
23	(18)	**TOTO**	Toto
24	(25)	**THE CARS**	The Cars
25	(23)	**THE GAMBLER**	Kenny Rogers
26	(—)	**PARALLEL LINES**	Blondie
27	(29)	**HEAD FIRST**	The Babys
28	(21)	**THE BEST OF EARTH, WIND & FIRE VOL. 1**	Earth Wind & Fire
29	(19)	**ENERGY**	Pointer Sisters
30	(—)	**INSTANT FUNK**	Instant Funk

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

XTC BACK ON STAGE

XTC begin an extensive tour in three weeks' time, their first since keyboards player Barry Andrews departed from the line-up. He's now been replaced by Dave Gregory, who hails from the band's hometown of Swindon — and who, in fact, plays guitar and not keyboards. Gregory's first work with XTC is on their new single 'Life Begins At The Hop', which Virgin release on April 27. The band are planning a major London concert in June, probably at the Hammersmith Odeon, but meanwhile their provincial tour dates are: Liverpool Eric's (April 20), Dublin University College (21), Belfast Queen's University (22), Dublin TV Club (23), Galway University (24), Leeds Polytechnic (26), Liverpool Polytechnic (27), Manchester Polytechnic (28), Reading University (May 1), Loughborough University (2), Maidstone College (4), Bradford University (5), Hatfield The Forum (7), Brighton Top Rank (8), Keele University (9), Birmingham Barbarella's (10), Southampton University (11), London School of Economics (12), Bristol Locarno (13) and Bournemouth Winter Gardens (14).

Burnel, Damned add

JEAN JACQUES BURNEL has added four gigs to his solo tour at Hanley Victoria Hall (23), Edinburgh Odeon (27), Huddersfield Polytechnic (28) and Ilford Odeon (29). And his Manchester gig on April 16 is switched from The Factory to the Apollo Theatre, in view of heavy ticket demand. But the show planned for Cardiff University on April 21 has been cancelled, due to problems involved in booking the hall.

Tickets for all shows are on sale now priced £2, though any remaining on the night will cost £2.50. The only exception is London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (April 30) where they cost £3.25, £2.75, £2.25 and £2. Support acts on all dates are Rapid Eye Movement and Blood Donor. Release of Burnel's planned solo single 'Freddie Laker (Concorde and Eurobus)' has been delayed following the receipt of a letter from Sir Freddie's solicitor, though it's hoped that problems will be overcome.

THE DAMNED have made several additions to, and changes in, their UK tour itinerary reported last week. Blackpool Norbreck Castle (tonight, Thursday) is cancelled; Croydon Greyhound moves back from April 1 to 29; and Cardiff Grannies is brought forward from April 12 to 3.

Extra dates are at Retford Porterhouse (April 6), Chester Smartyz (9), Ilfracombe Top Of The Town (12), Cheltenham Witcombe Lodge (21) and Ryde I.o.W. Warners Puckpool (28). The venue for the Great Yarmouth gig on April 5 is now Star & Garter.

For the band's big London concert at the Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday, April 8, promoters Straight Music have booked U.K. Subs and The Specials as support acts. Tickets are on sale now price £2.50.

JAM 'EM IN!

UK tour in May: exclusive

THE JAM hit the road again in May for a 15-date tour, including two nights at London Rainbow, though it's possible that a few more gigs may still be added to their itinerary. In many cases, they've opted to play at smaller stand-up venues, to enable their audiences to move around more freely — and where this is happening, they have for the most part slotted in two nights, in order to accommodate as many people as possible.

Their confirmed dates are Sheffield University (May 4 and 5), Newcastle City Hall (6), Salford University (8), London Rainbow (10 and 11), Loughborough Auditorium (12), Exeter University (14), Liverpool University (15 and 16), Glasgow Strathclyde University (18 and 19), Bristol Colston Hall (21), Birmingham Odeon (22) and Portsmouth Guildhall (24). The tour is going out under the banner of 'Jam 'em In'.

It's understood the band are looking into the possibility of having the seats removed from the Rainbow for their two shows at that venue, but no decision has yet been taken. Readers are advised that tickets are not yet on sale, and full booking arrangements will be printed as soon as they become available — though it's already known that Sheffield and Glasgow bookings will be by post only.

Meanwhile, The Jam — whose new Polydor single 'Strange Town' is racing up the charts — are all set for their fourth visit to America in April, when they'll be boosting their 'All Mod Cons' album which has just been released over there.

ONLY ONES PLAY RAINBOW

THE ONLY ONES have now fixed their major London concert for the Rainbow Theatre on April 28, as the climax of their current tour. Tickets are on sale from next Tuesday (3) priced £3, £2.50 and £2. their new 12-inch single 'Out There In The Night' is issued by CBS on April 12.

SPURNED BY POLYDOR, BUT

WEA net Upstarts

THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS, Jimmy Pursey's proteges whom Polydor refused to handle, have now landed themselves a worldwide recording deal with WEA — with British release on the Warner Brothers label. Pursey originally intended to issue the quartet's product on his own JP Productions label, which Polydor are distributing — but that company refused to have any further dealings with them, after the band were allegedly involved in a punch-up with one of its doormen.

Now WEA have picked them up, and rush-release the outfit's single 'I'm An Upstart' on April 6 in a special colour bag. It was produced by Pursey, who is currently in the studios with them, recording an album for release later in the year. The band have also been confirmed for the Rock Against Racism gala concert at London Alexandra Palace on April 14, and other dates include RAR gig at Liverpool University (April 2), Manchester Polytechnic (3), Birmingham Handsworth Cinema (4) and Nottingham Club Malibu (6).

Sham's riot on TV

The stage invasion at Middlesex Polytechnic

THE INFAMOUS Sham 69 gig at London's Middlesex Polytechnic last month, when audience provocation resulted in Jimmy Pursey's decision to give up stage work, was captured by TV cameras and is being screened as part of a documentary about the band in BBC'-2's 'Arena' next Monday, April 2 (repeated the following Sunday, 8). The programme also goes behind the scenes at recording sessions for their current album 'That's Life'.

Dickies due

HOT ON THE heels of the chart success of their album 'The Incredible Shrinking Dickies', the Los Angeles band return to Britain at the end of next month for an extensive tour. It opens at Birmingham Barbarella's on April 26, and they'll be playing about 25 dates throughout the country. Their full itinerary will be announced in a week or two, but it's understood that at present they have no plans to appear in London.

The Dickies are bringing over the hottest new-wave act on the West Coast at the moment, Holly & The Italians, who will be appearing as special guest on all dates. To coincide with the tour, A&M release a three-track Dickies single comprising 'Banana Splitz', 'Hideous' and 'Got It At The Store', and the band are planning to stay on in Britain to record their next album here.

HELEN ISN'T READY!

HELEN REDDY'S spring tour of Britain, which was to have opened with a week at the London Palladium from April 30, has been cancelled. Her provincial concerts had not been announced, so tickets were not on sale. But Palladium bookings were well advanced, and ticket-holders now have to apply for cash refunds.

DIRE STRAITS: BIG CONCERTS

DIRE STRAITS, undoubtedly the outstanding success story of the year so far, have now confirmed the itinerary for their late-spring British concert tour. It takes in Liverpool Empire (June 8), Glasgow Apollo (9), Edinburgh Odeon (10), Sheffield City Hall (11), Birmingham Odeon (13), Newcastle City Hall (14), Manchester Apollo (15), Bristol Colston Hall (16), London Hammersmith Odeon (17) and Brighton Dome (18).

Tickets are already on sale priced £2.80, £2.40 and £1.80 at all venues — except Hammersmith where they are £3, £2.50 and £2. A support act has still to be named.

The band are currently midway through a major U.S. tour, which was sold out weeks in advance of their arrival, due to the extraordinary Stateside success of their album 'Dire Straits' and single 'Sultans Of Swing', both Top Ten hits there. They are now emulating this achievement in Britain, where both records are shooting up the charts.

Their debut album has now gone Platinum with world sales in excess of two million, and their second LP 'Communique' — which they recently completed in Nassau with Jerry Wexler and Barry Beckett producing — is set for simultaneous British and American release on May 18.

Doll By Doll Touring

DOLL BY DOLL, whose first album 'Remember' has just been issued to launch Nick Mobbs' Automatic label (distributed by WEA), begin a nationwide club tour this weekend. Gigs confirmed so far are Wolverhampton Lafayette (tomorrow, Friday), Manchester The Factory (Saturday), Jacksdale Grey Topper (Sunday), Leeds Fan Club (April 5), Burton 76 Club (6), Nottingham Sandpiper (7), Norwich Boogie House (8), York Pop Club (9), London Marquee (10), Liverpool Eric's (12), Retford Porterhouse (13), Birmingham Barbarella's (14), Newbridge Club and Institute (15), London Marquee (18), Chesterfield Fusion Club (19), Lincoln A.J.'s (20) and Middlesbrough Rock Garden (21).

LATEST REUNION PROSPECTS: PISTOLS, RUNAWAYS, REZILLOS

THE SEX PISTOLS are not re-forming, and The Runaways are not disbanding. These two salient facts emerged this week from the London studio where ex-Pistols Steve Jones and Paul Cook are currently recording a single with Runaways leader Joan Jett.

Rumours of a Pistols reunion came to a head last week with a report, published elsewhere, indicating that they are seriously considering getting back together with their original line-up. Commented Cook: "Richard Branson (Virgin Records chief) may be thinking about it, but we ain't!"

Joan Jett said that speculation about a Runaways split was unjustified. After completing the single, she won't now be staying on to record an album, and will instead return to the States to link up with the other girls. She told NME: "As soon as we've found a new bassist to replace Laurie, we'll be going back on the road again."

● *See also Thrills.*

FAY FIFE and Eugene Reynolds, the two singers with the now-defunct Rezillos, have decided against retaining that outfit's name for their new band. Fay told NME this week: 'We're disassociating ourselves from the past. This is a new group, and we don't want people to think in terms of a Rezillos comeback." She added that they have already decided on a new name, though they aren't announcing it for the time being.

As reported last week, guitarist Hi-Fi Harris is also in the line-up, and he has now been joined by drummer Robo Rhythm and two girl back-up singers called Jane and Trish. Eugene is playing some guitar, while Fay contributes occasionally on the organ, but they are still seeking a bassist to complete the personnel. A late spring tour by the new band is definitely being planned, confirmed Kay.

QUO TOUR

27 big concerts, two at Wembley

STATUS QUO undertake a major British tour in the late spring, comprising 27 concerts over a five week period. Besides taking in some of the country's largest halls, like Wembley Arena and Birmingham Exhibition Centre, they'll also be visiting some towns not usually covered by big-name acts — such as Bridlington and Carlisle.

Their schedule comprises London Wembley Arena (May 10 and 11), Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (12), Newcastle City Hall (15, 16, 17 and 18), Bridlington Spa Hall (19), Carlisle Market Hall (21), Edinburgh Odeon (23, 24, 25 and 26), Glasgow Apollo (27 and 28), Blackpool Opera House (31 and June 1), Sheffield City Hall (5 and 6), Manchester Apollo (9, 10, 11 and 12), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (13 and 14) and Southampton Gaumont (20 and 21).

Quo, just back from a 30-date European tour and currently in the studio mixing new material, may be adding further dates to this list. Tickets for Wembley (£5, £4 and £3) and Birmingham (£5 only) are already on sale by postal application only, and readers should contact individual box-offices for booking arrangements at other venues.

In an attempt to accommodate as many people as possible, Quo had planned special outdoor concerts in Exeter, Ipswich and Cardiff, employing the 6,000-capacity tent they had used to good effect for their French gigs. Exeter and Ipswich football clubs and the management of Cardiff's Sophia Park had already agreed to the project, but local fire officers put a stop tp the plan.

Also missing from the agenda is Liverpool Empire, where the band had hoped to play on May 31 and June 1, but it seems the

venue's management (Moss Empires) have withdrawn the booking for fear of upsetting the local authorities. So Quo have switched these gigs to the nearest available venue, Blackpool Opera House.

Wembley event: gigs by Denver, Gabriel, Havens?

JOHN DENVER is definite, and both Peter Gabriel and Richie Havens probable, for concert appearances next month at the Wembley Conference Centre in North London — as part of the ambitious week-long World Symposium on Humanity being staged there from April 7 to Good Friday.

Denver, who plays four shows next week at the Wembley Arena, extends his British visit in order to perform at the adjoining venue on Sunday, April 8. Havens is provisionally set for April 9, and Gabriel for Good Friday.

The event involves satelitte closed-circuit TV link-ups with similar simultaneous festivals in Los Angeles and Toronto. Concert tickets are £4, including optional attendance at conference sessions which take place throughout the day.

RECORD NEWS

● **Tina Turner's** new single, issued by United Artists on April 6, is one of the songs from her album 'Rough' which she has been featuring to good effect on her UK tour. It's called 'Sometimes When We Touch'.

● **The Lurkers'** second album 'God's Lonely Men', recorded in Alabama, is set for early May release by Beggar's Banquet. The band have just flown off to New York to play a couple of club dates, and for discussions on the U.S. release of the album.

● To tie in with his UK tour, Polydor issue a **Neil Sedaka** maxi-single on April 12, comprising 'The Hungry Years', 'All You Need Is The Music' and 'The Immigrant. Out the same day on the subsidiary Spring label is '(Do The) Boogie Woogie' by **The Fatback Band.**

● 'New Kind Of Feeling' is the title of **Anne Murray's** new album, issued by Capitol this weekend. Her latest single 'Just Fall In Love Again' came out last week.

● **Third World's** new 12-inch Island single 'One Cold Vibe' — which, as already reported, comes out on April 6 — has two live tracks on the B-side, recorded during the band's British tour last year. They are 'Tribal War' and 'Rhythm Of Life'.

● Pye have signed the Aura label for distribution in Britain and Ireland. First product, available shortly, is the **Allan Clarke** album 'I Wasn't Born Yesterday'. Other acts on the label include **Annette Peacock** and **Alex Chilton/Big Star.**

● A new indenpendent label called Hurricane Records, licensed to WEA, is launched this weekend with the release of the single 'Who's The Fool (Me Or You)? by **The Magnets** — who are currently on tour with Eddie & The Hot Rods.

● Ex-Roogalator keyboards man **Nick Plytas** has his debut single 'Johnny Runaway'/'Your Dream Is A Daydream' issued by Do It Records this weekend. He has recently worked on sessions with The Clash and Lene Lovich, and joined TRB on a temporary basis for their last European and U.S. tours. He's now forming his own band, The Hired Men.

● The latest **UFO** single — out on Chrysalis this week — has three tracks, plays at 33 rpm, is pressed in clear vinyl and comes in a picture bag! The titles are 'Shoot Shoot', 'Only You Can Rock Me' and 'I'm A Loser'.

● **Billy J. Kramer** is re-releasing his 1964 chart-topping single 'Little Children', and is donating all the royalties to the International Year of the Child fund.

● The second album by singer-composer **Chris Rea,** titled 'Deltics' and produced by Gus Dudgeon, is released by Magnet on April 6 with a limited edition in blue vinyl. Plans are now being finalised for Rea to undertake a new British tour in April and May.

● **Dan Hartman** follows up his 'This Is It' hit with a single titled 'Time And Space'. It comes from his 'Instant Replay' album and is released this weekend by Blue Sky.

● Release of the Warner Brothers album **'Van Halen** 2' has been brought forward a week to tomorrow (Friday), and there are plans for the band to undertake a UK concert tour in the summer. Same label has now set April 6 for the release of **Lowell George's** previously-reported debut solo LP 'Thanks, I'll Eat It Here'.

● The last album made by jazzman **Charles Mingus,** who died earlier this year, is issued by Atlantic on April 6. Titled 'Me, Myself An Eye', it features backing by a 25-piece band including The Brecker Brothers and Larry Coryell.

● Released by TK Records this weekend is a new single by **K.C. & The Sunshine Band** titled 'I Will Love You Tomorrow'.

● **Patti Smith's** delayed new album 'Wave' has at last been scheduled for April 27 release by Arista. It was originally hoped to bring it out earlier, but recording sessions were held up when producer Todd Rundgren came to London to play some concerts and produce Tom Robinson. A single from Patti's new LP, titled 'Frederick', is also due to out next month.

ROXY PICTURE LP

ROXY MUSIC's comeback album 'Manifesto' is Polydor Records' first picture disc, and it's available in a limited edition of 20,000 from this weekend. It's part of the label's extensive campaign on the album, which is to be sustained throughout the band's UK tour in May.

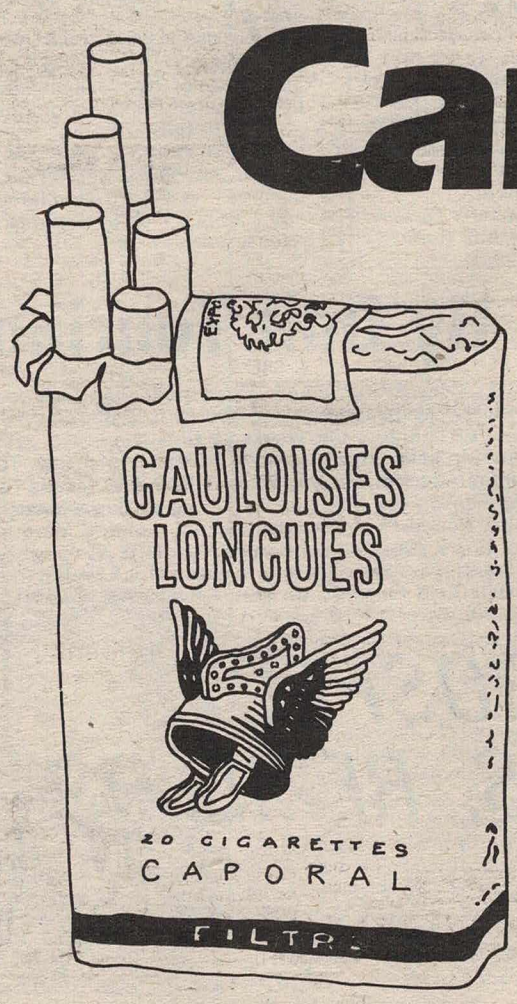
WINGS TV

PAUL McCARTNEY & Wings are showcased in a 75-minute TV special titled 'Wings Over The World,' being screened by BBC-1 on Sunday, April 8 (8.10 pm). It's mainly a record of their 1975-76 U.S. tour, but also includes sequences filmed in Britain and Australia. In-concert action features 15 of their hit songs.

Who comeback plan

THE WHO are planning to make their stage comeback by playing a major concert "somewhere in Europe" in May. Details are not expected to be finalised for another week or two, but NME understands that it will definitely be at a leading Continental venue, and not in this country. As far as British appearances are concerned, they intend to play a series of gigs — including one really big concert — in the early autumn. Then, after a visit to the States, they hope to do a few pre-Christmas dates in London.

What Crewe has in common with Cannes.



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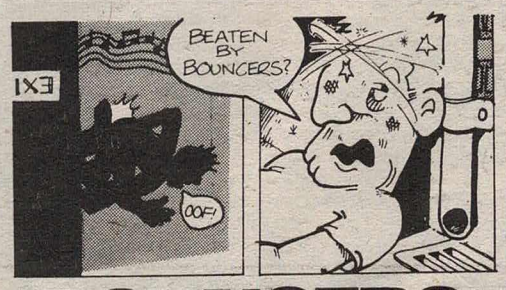

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Phoebe Snow, Memphis Slim for London dates

PHOEBE SNOW making her British debut . . . a rare appearance by near-legendary U.S. bluesman Memphis Slim . . . Viv Stanshall's first major concert presentation of his 'Sir Henry At Rawlinson's End' show. These are the final attractions to be confirmed in Harvey Goldsmith's four-week season at London's Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, which he is promoting under the banner of 'April At The Lane'.

THE RENOWNED New York songstress Phoebe Snow makes her UK concert debut with a one-off on Monday, April 23 (presented in conjunction with Alec Leslie Entertainments). A support act has still to be named, but tickets are on sale now priced £4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50. Phoebe's new single 'In My Life', taken from her latest album 'Against The Grain', has just been released by CBS.

The following night (24), Memphis Slim headlines a show billed as 'Roots Of Rock-'n'Roll, which Goldsmith describes as "a blues and boogie festival". Also taking part are guitarist Miceky Baker who's probably played with more rock giants than any other musician, celebrated boogie pianist Sammy Price, r-and-b saxist Hal Singer and drummer Michel Denis. Tickets are on sale now priced £5.50, £4.50, £3.50 and £2.

The Viv Stanshall show takes place on Wednesday, April 18. Here again, tickets are currently available, at the same prices as for Phoebe Show.

So the complete line-up for the Drury Lane month, including concerts previously reported, is: Elton John (April 2-7), Billy Connolly (9-14), Viv Stanshall (18), Dusty Springfield (19-21), Phoebe Snow (23), Memphis Slim (24), Natalie Cole (26-27) and Jean Jacques Burnel (30).

PHOEBE SNOW

Labelle, Cody at the Venue

PATTI LABELLE, Commander Cody, Steve Hillage and Larry Coryell head a list of star bookings during the next few weeks at the new London showplace, The Venue in Victoria. Also set for dates are former chart star and r-and-b singer Percy Sledge and the Andrea True Connection. For most shows, admission varies between £3 and £3.75.

For her appearance on April 12 when she gives two performances, Patti Labelle is bringing over seven musicians and two back-up vocalists. Other confirmed dates are Larry Coryell (tomorrow, Friday), Chairman Of The Board (Saturday), Percy Sledge (April 6), Commander Cody (7 and 8), Steve Hillage (9 and 10), Lonnie Donegan (11), Jimmy James (13), the Andrea True Connection (21) and Supercharge (29). Cody, Donegan and James also give two shows each night.

Edwin Starr for UK

FOLLOWING the chart success of his single 'Contact', Edwin Starr returns to Britain for a five-week cabaret tour. He plays Oldham Romeo and Juliet (April 24-25), Blackburn Cavendish (26-28), Leicester Bailey's (30 week), Watford Bailey's (May 6 week), Southend Talk Of The South (15) and Sheffield Fiesta (17-19). Promoters are Ember Concerts, who will be adding further dates, including the likelihood of some concert appearances.

Supercharged action!

SUPERCHARGE have confirmed another string of dates, including a month-long Monday residency in Liverpool. They are Wolverhampton Lafayette (April 6), Liverpool Eric's (9, 16, 23 and 30), Nottingham Club Malibu (13), Dudley J.B.'s (14), Redcar Coatham Bowl (15), London Camden Music Machine (20), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (21), London The Venue (29), Glasgow University (May 5) and York University (11). Their new single 'I Can See Right Through You' is released by Virgin in 12-inch clear vinyl on April 20.

Mother's Finest due

MOTHER'S FINEST are a six piece band from Atlanta, Georgia, described by CBS Records as "a black heavy-metal funk outfit". Although not widely known on this side of the Atlantic, they're undertaking a major European tour next month — and they climax their travels by headlining their debut British concert at London Rainbow Theatre on Friday, April 20.

Rock revival package

THE BILL has now been finalised for the big rock revival concert at London Rainbow on April 29, recapturing the Mersey Sound era of 1963. It features Gerry & The Pacemakers, Merseybeats, Fourmost, Billy J. Kramer & The Dakotas, Dave Berry & The Cruisers, Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders and compere Tommy Bruce. Admission is £4, £3 and £2. The show is being filmed for TV and recorded for a live album, and will subsequently go on tour to ten major cities.

Waddywaddy in town

SHOWADDYWADDY headline a major London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on May 2, and tickets are on sale now priced £3.80, £3.20, £2.60 and £2. Their gig at Oldham Civic Centre, postponed recently due to blizzard conditions, has been rearranged for April 30.

Marty Robbins in six concerts

MARTY ROBBINS, the veteran C&W star who is already set for a headlining appearance at the Wembley County Music Festival on Easter Saturday, is staying on in Britain to play a string of six provincial concerts in his own right — at Norwich Theatre Royal (April 15), Ipswich Gaumont (16), Aberdeen Capitol (17), Middlesbrough Town Hall (18), Southampton Gaumont (19) and Liverpool Empire (22). Tickets are priced £5, £4 and £3 at all venues. His new album 'The Performer' is released by CBS on April 6.

Alberto men in movie

C. P. LEE and Jimmy Hibbert of Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias have acting roles in the film "Red Saturday", currently being shot on location in Southend. Lee plays the manager of a disco, while Hibbert has the role of a disc-jockey. Meanwhile, the Albertos have now completed their new single with Pete Shelley producing, and release is planned for mid-April. It's likely that they'll be doing a few selected gigs to promote it.

NEWS BRIEFS

JOHN OTWAY has made two changes in his UK tour schedule, exclusively reported last week. Exeter Routes (April 26) is cancelled, but Aylesbury Friars (28) is newly booked.

THE INVADERS have added keyboards player Philip Manchester to their line-up, in time to work on their debut album for Jimmy Pursey's JP Productions label.

THE PRETENDERS have added two nights at London Marquee to their current club and college tour, next Monday and Tuesday (2-3). These are their last London gigs before going into the studio to record a new single and debut album.

THE POP GROUP complete their current short gig series with a newly-confirmed date this Saturday (31) at Cheltenham Witcombe Lodge. Support acts are again Alternative TV and Manicured Noise.

SHIRLEY BASSEY stars at London Royal Albert Hall on April 22. She is special guest for the second half of the show that features the finals of the Pub Entertainer of the Year contest.

ROD McKUEN will be returning here in the autumn to undertake a short concert tour, his British representative said this week. Venues have not yet been arranged.

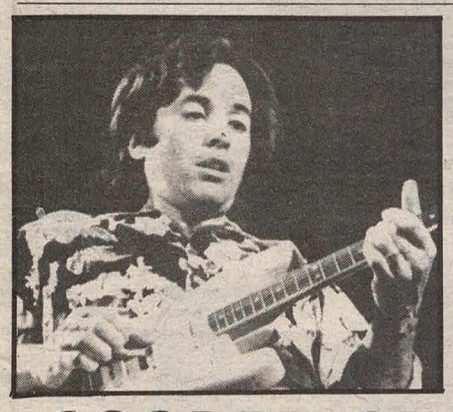
MATCHBOX have new May gigs at Feltham Bison Club (4), Colchester Woods (7), London Southall White Hart (9), Bournemouth Tiffany's (10), London Tottenham White Hart (11) and Mansfield Swan (12).

IAN GILLAN has been ordered to rest after breaking four ribs in a charity football match. But he'll be fit for the UK tour planned for his band Gillan in May, to tie in with the release of their debut album.

THE RED CRAYOLA, with Laura Logic and Scritti Politti supporting, add Oxford Caribbean Club (tonight, Thursday), Lancaster Catholic Club (April 2) and Birmingham Festival Rooms (3) to their current tour.

ANTHONY NEWLEY and Juliet Prowse co-headline at the London Palladium for a week from May 7, together with their entire Las Vegas show of singers, dancers and musicians. Tickets range from £2.50 to £10.

THE CUBAN HEELS, one of Scotland's leading bands, have a featured spot performing two numbers in the TV drama production 'Weekend In Lost Paradise' for screening as a BBC-1 'Play For Today'. As reported, it stars Frankie Miller.



COODER AT CAMBRIDGE

RY COODER was this week confirmed for two headlining appearances at this year's Cambridge Folk Festival on July 28 and 29. These will be his only UK dates on this occasion, and he will be performing as a soloist without his Chicken Skin Band. However, it's understood that he's likely to return here with the band late in the year for a full tour.

The heat's off Blast

IN THE High Court last week, Heatwave unreservedly withdrew all allegations that Blast Furnace and The Heatwaves had been attempting to pass themselves off as Heatwave. Blast and the band are currently out of action, but this means that existing stocks of their first EP 'Blue Wave' — bearing the name Heatwaves on the sleeve — can now go back on sale. However, future pressings will officially be by 'Blast Furnace and the —', the name they adopted while the court case was pending.

Lux: daily chart show

RADIO LUXEMBOURG, now operating its Summer Time schedule (8pm—4am nightly), has started broadcasting a different chart show every night. They are the Top 30 Disco Show (10pm—midnight Sundays), Top Ten Disco Albums (3—4am Mondays), Top 30 Singles (9—11pm Tuesdays), Disco Computer Show (midnight t—2am Wednesdays), another Top 30 Disco Show (2—4am Thursdays), Top Ten Disco Imports (10—11pm Fridays) and Top Ten Rock Show (9—10pm Saturdays).

No Dice for Rainbow

NO DICE are going out on their most important tour to date, opening on May 17 and taking in 20 major concert halls and colleges, before closing at London Rainbow on June 9. Their full itinerary will be announced shortly, and it ties in with the April 6 release by EMI of their new LP 'Two Faced', produced by Rupert Holmes — to be followed in late April by a new single. The British dates are preceded by an extensive tour of Europe.

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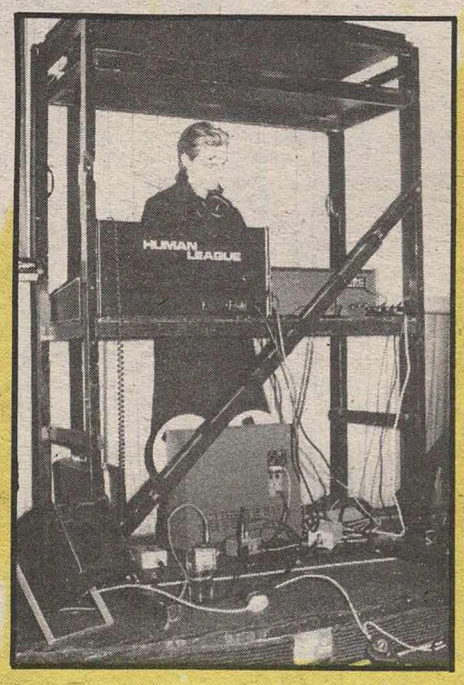


PAUL MORLEY grasps the soldering iron by the hot end, tackles the tack with THE HUMAN LEAGUE

"PROVIDING THE PRICES OF SYNTHESIZERS BECOMES LESS PROHIBITIVE, AND THERE'S EVERY SIGN THAT THAT'S HAPPENING, THERE'LL BE MORE AND MORE BANDS LIKE US . . ."

I HAVE just seen the future of rock and roll. And there's not a guitar in sight.

The Human League, an electronic pop group, have intuitively discovered — along with such equally primitive pioneers as Robert Rental, Daniel Miller and Thomas Leer — that you don't need guitars, drums and contorted vocals to make a music that is rock'n'roll.

All you need are a few boxes, knobs and wires plus a fair amount of insolence.

The Human League have drifted, perfectly naturally as they see it, into a procedure for making rock'n'roll that does depend for its essence on emotional input and discipline, but that does rely for its specific impact on economy and overall animation — that uses synthesizers, electronics and, for live performance, prepared backing tracks.

The potential is awesome — more so, because The Human League are undoubtedly going to be *popular*. A catalyst.

Whether you like it or not The Human League are the approximate shape of things to come. Let your pre-conceived notions drop away, and you'll probably like it.

RIGHT NOW, talk of synthesizers and drummerless trios tends to induce groans and frightful thoughts of sterile pretension and indulgent obscurity. But The Human League are not concerned with making a pseudo classical music, or mood music. What they've done, ingeniously and simply, is to use electronic instruments to make pop music the way everyone else uses guitars. Ultimately, they're not particularly adventurous — about as derivative as your friendly mainstream new pop group — except they are using totally the *wrong instruments*.

They're proving that electronic music can be fun, fresh and just about everything else thought impossible.

For instance, they'll use old man John Cage's name purely in jest, and you'll be glad to hear that they shrug indifferently at the mention of Philip Glass and Steve Reich.

"Who? No, never heard of them. No, we're interested in the, um, cultural side of electronic music."

Although they're not particularly vivid or convincing at explaining their music, they are fully acquainted with the pitfalls involved in using electronic instruments — the inviting inclination to doodle rather than dazzle, to inwardly exercise rather than outwardly agitate on instruments which, as they'll repeat many times, are the easiest of all on which to quickly play 'proper music'.

"We've listened to Stockhausen and just think it's a load of garbage. You can experiment with tonality and rhythm, but it's only of interest to the composer and a limited number of people as an academic exercise. It's not entertainment in any sense of the word. Perhaps you can get some sort of satisfaction out of understanding what was going on in the composer's brain . . . probably not even that . . .

"Tangerine Dream interested us for a while, being interested in synthesizers, but live they were totally unimpressive, absolutely boring . . . we just thought there must be better ways of using synthesizers. No one until recently has tried to write songs using purely electronic means . . . there's been plenty of long flowing pieces of music, but that's not the same as writing structured songs. We're interested in writing songs.

"We sometimes feel guilty about just doing what we want to do. We feel we've an obligation to entertain audiences. I don't believe people enjoy the intellectual experience as much as they enjoy the fun experience. There's a hell of a difference between the two.

"There's a great temptation to be indulgent when you're playing synthesizers. It's something we've always had to control — it's been a definite conscious decision since the very beginning not to be self-indulgent. It's very easy to create something that interests you personally, because we all love synthesizer sounds, but to actually adopt self-discipline and make the music more accessible is actually a lot harder than just choosing the first crummy sound that comes out . . . or the first nice sound for that matter.

"We are definitely trying to popularise electronic music. It should not be elitist."

The Human League are about assault and effect, not tease. Their influences are as random as those of any other rock'n'roll group whose members are in their early 20s, except that the way they use and fuse those influences is unique because they're not tied to ordinary poses and noises.

Imagine the feeling you get from all these people and corporates; the Maels, Bolan, Bowie, Lou Reed, Zappa, Roxy, the Goodies, Robert Fripp, early Eno, Neil Innes, Sweet, *Space 1999*, Rezillos, Andy Warhol, Alice Cooper, Hanna-Barbara, Roy Wood. Now mash it all together and think of a sound that doesn't flow, dawdle, float, but thumps, cracks, insists. You're now close to an impression of The Human League.

(If you think what you've arrived at is Giorgo Moroder producing The Sparks, let's just say that fab though that collaboration is, that sound is but one tenth as impressive as the League's — which is ironic considering how often Moroder's name is linked with theirs and that Sparks are the one group the band members will agree they're all keen on.)

More clown than frown, the theatre, vigour and stimulation of pop grafted into a totally radical perspective.

"We don't actually like the term pop group. It evokes too much . . . it almost infers you're not serious about what you're doing. Entertainers would be a more flattering description of what we're about . . . if a paper like the *Daily Mirror* called us a pop group, then that'd be fine."

"DAVID BOWIE ASKED US BEFORE WE WENT ON AT THE NASHVILLE HOW LONG WE WERE WORKING FOR. WE THOUGHT HUH? OH ABOUT FOUR YEARS I SUPPOSE . . . AND HE SAID NO, HOW LONG ARE YOU ON FOR . . . OH 43 MINUTES AND 23 SECONDS . . ."

THE FOUR HUMAN beings in The Human League are likeable, restless goons; they're a temperamental, dry unit.

Ian Marsh, who handles synthesizers and 'devices', is small, quiet, tense and speaks quickly and keenly. Philip Oakley is awkward, argumentative yet amenable, his conversation constantly cutting and sardonic. He has, as Siouxsie once exclaimed, "a real voice" — a smooth, strong, soulful voice that gives the group considerable melodic and emotional depth. Martin Ware, synthesizers and voice, is steady and straightforward, his comments measured and emphatic.

Gruff non-musician Adrian Wright, grandly labelled as visual technician, whose visual contributions give the group even more idiosyncratic depth, is the unseen fourth member. While they perform, Wright is perched at the side of the stage with crude programming equipment, projecting selected slides onto two screens. Such decoration, the group emphasise, is not simply a mild diversion but part of The Human League whole.

Each member is proud in his own way at the state and potential of The Human League. They also take the piss out of each other relentlessly. Wright is usually the target for (perhaps) affectionate ridicule. Halfway through our conversation in Oakley's smart Sheffield flat, Wright turns up excitedly informing the rest of the group that he's just picked up some slides from the

■ *Continues next page*

Hey hey we're The Human League. . . Top left: IAN MARSH wonders: what does a synthesizer player wear under his overcoat? Pic: ALAIN DE LA MATA. Left: the first synthesizer pop group of the spring. L-R: MARTIN WARE, IAN OVERCOAT, PHIL OAKLEY, ADRIAN WRIGHT. Right: ADRIAN WRIGHT on lead slide projector and digital notebook. Pic: STEVE DIXON.

Colour pic: IAN KRAFTWERK

BOTTOM OF LEAGUE

■ *From previous page*

developers for inclusion in the act.

"Really!" mock the group.

"Yeah, I've got some *Bonanza, Crossroads, Emmerdale Farm, Tommy Cooper . . .*"

"Very useful . . ."

". . . Daffy Duck . . ."

"There's some really good programmes on TV," Oakley sighs. "*Horizon, Life On Earth* — where you'd get some great pictures. And he takes pictures of Tommy Cooper and Daffy Duck. The Stupid League, starring Adrian."

Great chunks of the interview degenerate into formless and futile dialogue as the group methodically pick holes in each other's opinions and likes.

Typical of their repartee, and the ultimate proof that The Human League are hardly the frigid, undemonstrative pseuds often assumed, was a few minutes in a Sheffield pub where we had moved towards the end of the interview. Marsh had mused aloud that . . . "we do want to popularise the electronic music form. I can't think of any other band like us. And that's why I think we'll do well and will become popular."

"But," piped up Wright, "whilst *they* want to be popular, *I* want to be popular too. I want to be a famous film director!"

Ware: "I want to be more popular than you!"

Wright: "When they've got millions when they're 30, which I can see happening . . ."

Oakley, mimicking Wright: "I'll still be walking through Barnsley market finding *Man From Uncle* cards."

Wright: "I will be, because they come to me like a magnet . . . no, but the group is a vehicle for a lot of things, it's a vehicle for them to make lots of money . . ."

Ware: "Hey you're painting us really black here . . ."

Wright: ". . . and it's a vehicle for me to be famous and start making movies . . . I was really pleased when we met David Bowie, but I'd really like to meet Gerry Anderson."

Oakley (mimicking Wright again): "I was in Barnsley Market, right, and I saw these *Man From Uncle* cards that I'd got, right. Now most people don't understand about *The Man From Uncle*, right, but Gerry Anderson does, right. I want you to write this down. Gerry Anderson is my hero!"

Wright: "What I like was that David Bowie mentioned me in the *NME* . . . he didn't mention you!"

Ware: "I'm not bothered. I don't want to be famous. I only want the money . . . oops! . . ."

Oakley: "MONEY MONEY MONEY."

Ware: "Yeah, I love money. No, I'm not bothered. I just want enough to be able to buy a video cassette recorder. That's quite a lot of money actually . . . look, we're not obsessed with money, honestly."

Marsh (dreamily): "Y'know, I'd really like for us to appear on *TOTP*. Us appearing on *TOTP* like we do on stage would be quite something. I can't think of anyone who's like us, with just synthesizers. . ."

Ware: "You're getting a bit obsessed about us being different, a bit over the top."

Marsh: "But there hasn't been anyone like us!"

Ware: "What do other groups think of making money?"

Oakley: "Do they like the feel of it in their fingers . . . do they like the rough jangle of it in their pockets against their thighs. . ."

Ware: "Hey, you haven't asked us about our new EP!"

Interviewer (eyeing exit): "Oh no. What about the new EP?"

Ware: "We're fairly confident that the rock press is going to hate it."

Marsh: "We're fairly confident that when we hear it we're going to hate it."

Ware: "That's possible. It's like archive material, music from our past stuff, things we did fairly spontaneously using our new equipment. They're all instrumentals. We never get the chance to play instrumentals on stage, mainly because we never want to bore our audiences to death. . ."

Oakley: "So we thought we'd bore them on record. . ."

Ware: "We thought that before we got tied down to a major company it'd be quite nice to get it out. We don't really want to make a profit out of it . . . just a few pence, jangling away. . ."

Marsh: "It's going to be a four-part EP and it's called 'The Dignity Of Labour Parts 1, 2, 3 and 4'."

Oakley: "And it's on Fast Millions. . ."

You'll realise that not only are The Human League the most revolutionary rock act around but also the New Monkees.

"WE'RE INTO CHEAP CULTURE BUT NOT IN A CHEAP SENSE. WE RESPECT OUR AUDIENCES. WE HAVE TO. THEY THROW THINGS AT US. IF PEOPLE COME BACK TO SEE US A SECOND TIME MAYBE THEY'LL BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND THAT THERE IS HUMOUR INVOLVED IN WHAT WE DO . . . BUT POSSIBLY AT THE MOMENT WE'RE NOT VERY GOOD AT PUTTING IT ACROSS. PEOPLE THINK WE'RE TRYING TO BE ENIGMATIC. BUT WE'RE NOT.

THE HUMAN League came into being at the end of 1977. Prior to that Marsh and Ware had been involved in a group called Future. They never performed, but tapes were pushed towards record companies. "It was very much the same as now, but less melodious, less refined and virtually no vocals." They got rid of the third musician in Future, and searched for a new member. "We thought of Philip for no good reason."

Oakley: "It was the word member that did it . . . who'd make a good member?"

Ware: "In fact I'd known him since school."

Oakley: "Martin has always looked up to me."

Ware: "I have, actually."

Oakley: "Hero worship."

Ware: "More that you are three inches taller than me."

After toying with the name ABCD they settled on The Human League, and played a first, moderately successful gig at a local art college — "although we've no particular affiliations."

Despite the fact that their influences and musical loves were largely obvious mainstream rock people, the guitar was spurned in favour of the synthesizer. Perhaps it was the logical extension of listening to Bowie, Bolan, Reed, Sparks, etc., being intrigued by their edge of eccentricity and bizarreness, and being fascinated by the experimentation of those people on the fringes of rock like Fripp and Eno.

Whatever, The Human League have played electronic music from the beginning, when it was totally the 'unfashionable' and even reactionary thing to do.

"Synthesizers are very easy to play. It's one of the easiest things to do to get an impressive tune out of. We've had no musical education or anything like that. It just seemed obvious to us at the time that electronic music was going to be the thing. Rock just couldn't expand any further as it was. The fact that we were interested . . . well, it just all seemed perfectly logical.

There's still a considerable mystique around electronic music, with all the knobs and initials . . . people think it's really complex. It's not! Anyone with a modicum of common sense can play a synthesizer. Even Phil."

In those early days they committed themselves to buying good equipment on HP. "We just had to do something once we'd got that first equipment. It was an inspiration for us not to sit around."

Almost as soon as they'd begun, the problems of presentation threatened to halt their progression.

The incorporation of slides into The Human League was initially intuitive. They quickly adapted and realised that the use of pictures was a productive and appropriate way of enhancing their performance.

Both musically and visually they have become aware of the potential of the devices they've utilised *after* they've committed themselves. The Human League story is one of accidents and coincidences.

It was after four shows that they realised that three straight-faced guys standing uneasily on stage was not a pretty sight, and didn't help the unpretentious effect they were after. So Wright, who had a camera, an interest in films and a passionate love for tack, trivia, pulp and general memorabilia, joined up.

"I like them. Not as people . . . I like the music.

Ware: "So you thought you'd donate your immense talent."

Marsh: "And he had an interest in collecting Daleks and bubblegum cards that we thought was quite amusing at the time."

Ware: "But has since got totally out of hand."

Wright: "Yeah, I got a *Rin Tin Tin* book today. . .

Rest: "Oh gawd . . ."

Wright: "Yeah, and I got a *Fantastic Four* book that's really good."

Obviously Adrian's 'lovable' fetish for cheap comic culture helped in shaping the content of the slides, but they do blend and bolster imaginatively the edge of eccentricity, the bizarre, the tang of surrealism in the League's songs.

Ware: "I think Adrian's interest was definitely instrumental in the way the visuals were approached . . . The fact that Adrian is totally around the bend."

Wright: "For that first concert every song was *Batman, Star Trek* or a few horror ones that I'd borrowed. They were nothing to do with the music, I didn't have the slides. Didn't have the facilities."

Marsh: "Initially the slides were simply a prop because we were worried about the visual aspect of the group. But it rapidly became more than that. We soon saw the potential."

Ware: "In the beginning it was just a set of random slides, then we got into programming. The whole band now confers on slide selection. We've got a good slide pool now. About 400. Sometimes they complement the music, sometimes they contradict. They trigger off associations. Some of the associations are incredible. Like for 'Circus Of Death', the slides at one point are a rocket, the Statue of Liberty and an oil rig, and this guy came up once and said, 'Have you read Marx?' 'What, pardon?' 'It just shows where you where capitalism's going doesn't it?' 'What, huh?' 'When you put that slide up of an oil rig I just knew that capitalism was finished.'

"We couldn't believe it.

"No two people will react the same way. We'd like it so that there are six screens and people won't be able to take it all in. And they'll go away and talk about what they saw and felt, swap ideas. The slides stay up on the screen for a certain amount of time, so that you can absorb the image, whereas film, which we were going to use, dictates your pattern of thought. With slides you need to use your imagination more."

After 50 shows they have established a sophisticated, seamless and suggestive balance between music and slides. They have become a strong, unique live act, most effective in a large hall — musicians all but motionless, and quite nervous, equipment sparsely laid out, their synthesizers housed in crude wooden frameworks. On either side of this bare functional activity the slides flick through swiftly and systematically.

They're fun, different to watch, never monotonous to listen to, and good to dance to.

"MUSICIANS DO HATE US. PEOPLE WANT TO SURROUND PLAYING MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS WITH A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF MYSTIQUE. ALL THIS 'WE ARE BETTER THAN YOU'. THERE'S NO CHANCE OF US GETTING BOGGED DOWN IN TECHNOLOGY AND TECHNIQUE. WE PLAY OUR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS BECAUSE IT'S SO EASY. MORE PEOPLE OUGHT TO DO IT. PEOPLE SHOULD GO OUT AND BUY THEIR OWN SYNTHESIZERS AND CREATE THEIR OWN MUSIC."

EARLY LAST year, someone suggested that the group send a tape to Bob Last — then manager of The Rezillos — whose Fast label was emerging, taking chances and winning.

"So we did and he said yes, I'll put out a single. He initially thought the tape we sent him was good enough but we ended up doing it on a two track tape."

The single, boldly wrapped, electronically yours, 'Being Boiled' b/w 'Circus Of Death' is a crude but charming representation of their sound.

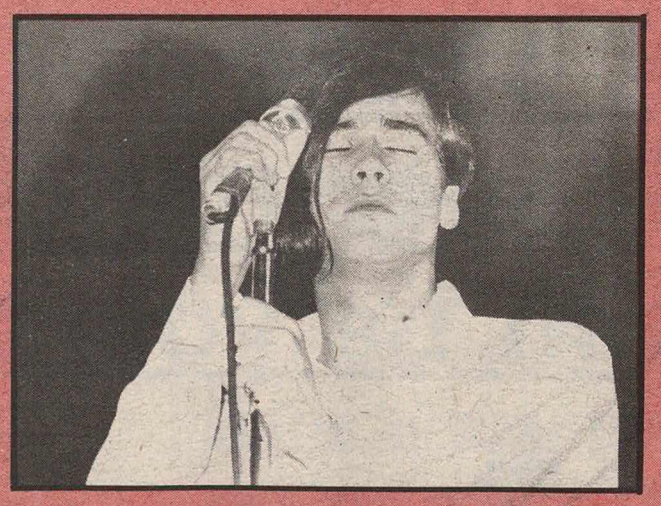
Last has since become their manager.

"The way he became our manager developed from Fast. He put the record out and said he'd help us but didn't want to manage us because of The Rezillos. We didn't actually meet him until that gig in August, which was almost six months after he'd put the record out. We'd always spoken to him on the 'phone until then. He didn't look like we expected. He turned out to be a greasy little twerp!"

The group do, however, have faith in Last's perceptive and ambitious management, but after the 'Dignity Of Labour' release all future League product will be on a major label.

Their rise really starts here. Thanks to The Banshees (who the group toured with at the end of last year, and who you must remember are notoriously choosy about who supports them) persuading Polydor people that the group have considerable commercial potential, it looks set to be Polydor who will pull the hottest

■ *Continues page 50*



Asleep at the mike: PHIL FUNNYWIG. Pic: STEVENSON.

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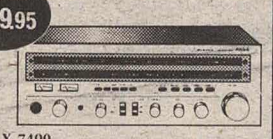

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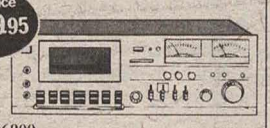

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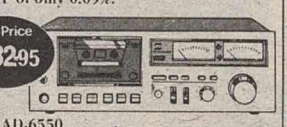

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Los Angeles riot squad survey teenage wasteland debris. Pic: FRANK GARGANI

THRILLS

AMERICA'S BURNING

1. Gang movie violence erupts in the aisles

THE AMERICAN obsession with violence and social disorder has apparently reached new depths in the aftermath of a new Paramount film, *The Warrior* — an everyday story of integrated city gang warfare.

The Warriors is currently on the circuit in the USA and doing box office busting business, grossing (sic) £6 million in its first sixteen days of release. City fathers across the States have demanded that Paramount pull the movie before it triggers off a real civil war.

Already, three youths have been killed in cinema queues and lobbies where the film is showing and the film company has been forced to install armed security guards at touchy venues.

The worst violence has occurred on the West Coast. In Palm Springs a 19-year-old Hells Angel was shot in the head at a drive-in; in Ventura a 16-year-old was fatally stabbed in the lobby during a black and white gang confrontation; in Boston a teenager was killed with a hunting knife.

A recent correspondent to *Gasbag* — who blithely claimed that the citizens of Los Angeles knew nothing about slums, poverty *et al* — might be reassured by the comment of Ernest Smith, veteran of the anti-gang programme in Watts, LA's notorious black ghetto: "This film will trigger a race war if it isn't taken off the circuit."

The Warriors is simply one instance of what the trade paper *Variety* calls "the year of the gang flick". It shows now to an accompaniment of aisle-touring guards, sporting batons and guns. In the Flatbush area of Brooklyn one security chief commented: "Every youth gang in Brooklyn has been here for this one. Some of them have weapons . . . we have guns and we know how to use them. When they get real tough, we kick them out, and they threaten to come back. But talk is cheap."

Much of the film's action centres on the New York subway, and one scene depicts the common teenage practice of jumping the turnstiles — choreographed, of course. There have been several instances of gangs aping the Warriors' routine on the IRT, at least one of which ended in death for the ticket checkers. Cheap talk?

The lead role in *The Warriors* is taken by a 21-year-old Puerto Rican, Marcelino Sanchez. He plays the part of Rembrandt, a graffiti artist whose exploits will be immediately recognised by anyone who has seen his real life peers aiming their spray cans at passing trains.

Sanchez claims: "We had no idea of the waves this film would make. The original screenplay had more realism and moralistic views. It was crude, violent, and hit the gut. They switched it to a fantasy script, with superheroes, and *Star War*-type confrontations. The end result is like a cartoon."

And Paramount chairman Barry Diller says in the film's defence that it is no more responsible for inciting violence than *Superman* is responsible for inspriring children to believe that they can fly.

Meanwhile bone fide gangs — The V-13s, The Crisps, Reefers, Skulls, Savage Nomads, etc — pack the cinemas, screaming approval every time their heroes assault a cop and hailing the screen with bottles and cans if the action is going against them . . .

Now comes the news that *The Warriors* will be shown uncut in Britain.

British film censor James Ferman thought the film's content was unlikely to provoke riots in the aisles. "There have been far more violent films," he said. "*A Clockwork Orange* was far more sympathetic to the violence it portrayed."

Ferman attributes the violent reaction to *The Warriors* to Paramount's American ad campaign. Original key artwork showed a mass of armed gang members with a blurb reading: "They are 100,000 strong. They outnumber the cops five to one. They could run New York City."

The text later substituted simply says: "*The Warriors* can be seen at these theatres at these times."

Could it be that *The Warriors* is just a sign of the times, like *Little Caeser, The Wild One, West Side Story* and *Summer Holiday* were of their period? Anyone for a good stall seat, a bag of popcorn, and fifteen rounds of ammunition?

MAX BELL

THRILLS

Sharks and jets come of age on the strip and on the street — a truckload of clean-cut Americana from The Warriors.

A MINI-CYCLE of gang pictures is already in production — although all the companies concerned seem anxious to play down the connection. All are due for release later this year.

● *Boulevard Knights,* directed by Michael Pressman for Warner Brothers. Featuring a cast of unknowns, it deals with a young Mexican—American who turns his back on the East Los Angeles gang culture.

● *Walk Proud* (originally entitled *Gang*) directed by Robert Collins for Universal. Stars Robbie Benson as another Hispanic gang member who gets involved with a proper young lady from a good family. Officially described by the studios as "a love story set against the background of street gangs."

● *Over The Edge,* directed by Jonathan Kaplan for Orion Pictures. Centres on a group of middle-class suburban kids who terrorise a community. Studio claims there are no gangs in it — the "kids travel as a bunch".

● *The Wanderers* directed by Phil Kaufman — a hot director thanks to his classy re-make of *Invasion Of The Body Snatchers* — charts the career of a tough New York street gang. Based on the novel by Richard Price — which, when it first appeardd in print, received the kind of accolades first-time novelists usually dream of. Lauded by the likes of John Fowles, Hubert Selby and William Burroughs, *The Wanderers* should be the one to watch out for.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

2. Punks riot in Los Angeles

IN WHATEVER chronicles are written concerning the struggling punk scene in Los Angeles, St Patrick's Day 1979 will be remembered as the day the music got busted.

The concert at downtown Elks Hall wasn't the first time the Los Angeles Police Department (LAPD) had gone cruisin' for a bruisin' — one recent concert was shut down by a squad armed with tear gas rifles! — but last week's action at a show headlined by local punks The Zeros surprised everyone by its size and ferocity.

As police lined the roofs of nearby buildings and an LAPD helicopter beamed powerful searchlights down into the street, some 50 riot police stormed the lobby of the Elks Hall, clearing a path up the stairs to the first floor concert hall with batons and sticks.

Though many of the bouncers were off-duty cops and a constant presence of uniformed and plain-clothes cops had been maintained in the lobby since the concert began, no warning of the close-down was given to either the promoters or the audience, who numbered most of the city's committed punk fans.

It was over fast. After the audience had been made to leave the venue through a gauntlet of baton-wielding cops, a confused and angry crowd gathered outside the main entrance and attempted to re-group. As kids were thrown out into the street, illuminated by the hovering chopper and secured by new police arrivals, the chant went up, an echo of the recent Clash concert: "White riot! White riot! White riot!"

Some of the hysterical crowd threw themselves against the police lines and received a further beating, but the majority nursed their bruises and skirmished off into the night, screaming hatred and trashin the odd car, followed by a cordon of gum-chewing police to whom green hair, bondage strides and loud uncouth music is an anathema.

There were seven arrests — on charges ranging from incitement to riot to assaulting the police — and a score of injuries.

Elks Hall is not the best place to hold a concert. Sited next to Macarthur Park, the scene of massive '60s anti-Vietnam demos, the building's architect might have doubled as a designer to Cecil B. De Mille. The main auditorium is a massive room with a highfalse ceiling, requiring only Ursula Andress as high priestess to complete the Rider Haggard scene.

The surrounding area is run-down, with tacky working class bars in a Mexican neighbourhood, the whole

■ *Continues next page*

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Capt America Against Racism

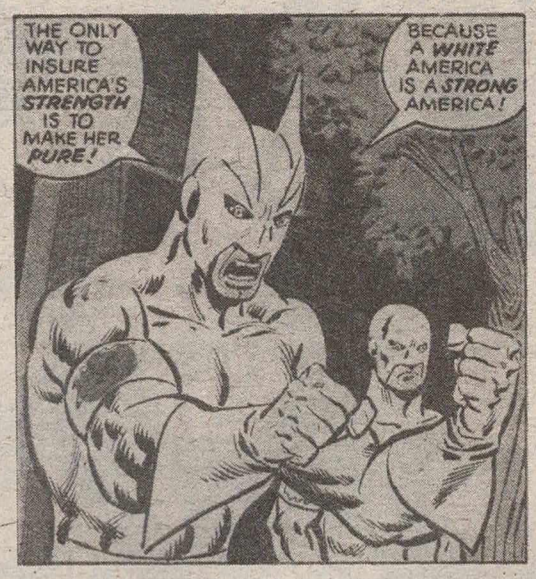
IN THE ISH presently on your news-stands, *Captain America,* Marvel Comics' star-spangled so-called "living embodiment of the American ideal", has turned his fighting physique to the fight against fascism — and not for the first time either.

Just ask any true believer . . . in 1941 in a secret laboratory frail Steve Rogers became the American super soldier, battling the Axis powers to the bitter end.

But old comix heros don't die, they just go into suspended animation. As fate would have it, the Cap awake in our era to embark on a perilous odyssey through a world of would-be global dominatrix, a world where, in the Marvel manner of social realism, truth and right is sometimes not quite the American way.

Captain America No. 231 contains the first episode of the Cap's run-in with the National Force, an organisation seeking to gain control by means of racial hate-mongering.

Sounds familiar, doesn't it? Subsequent issues reveal the Force to be led by a misguided character called the Grand Director, whose desire to see America become once more a great nation makes him the perfect tool for the mysterious Dr. Faustus — the real megalo-villain of the piece.

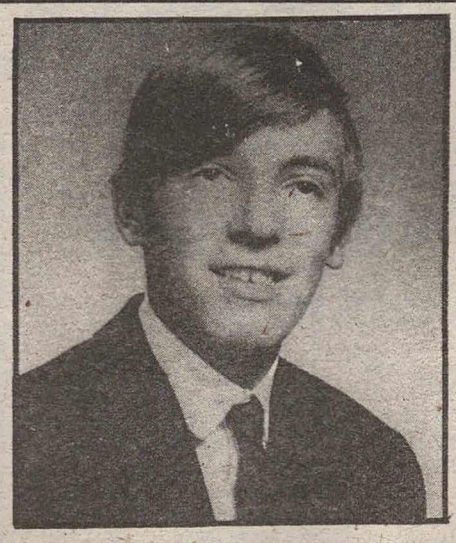


There are other pertinent points raised in this allegory of our time, but those you'll have to discover for yourselves . . .

Perhaps, in the wake of this and the Kiss Comics, Marvel might like to consider the idea of immortalising Tom Robinson. They could even resurrect the bizarre caricature villains based on anti-gay Bible-belt crusader Anita Bryant (first seen in *Howard The Duck*) and have Tom do bass-wielding battle.

KLUNK KENT

THRILLS



BLACKMAIL THE BOZO

A man goes through changes. A man grows up. A man learns through pain and trials and the purifying fire of ROCK AND ROLL. Down those mean streets a man can walk who is not himself. *(Hang on aren't we getting carried away a bit here? — Ed.)*

We certainly are, but this man is one who makes people get carried away. People come away from his shows babbling like idiots or religious converts. People come away from listening to his records ready to *kill* anyone who slights him.

And yet . . . there once was a time when this mighty man was a booze. A nerd. A complete and utter *dork*. The one in the picture, in fact.

And he still managed to grow up to be a hero. Which hero? Aha! That's up to you, 'cause once again it's time to BLACKMAIL THE BOZO. If you can see past this absurd facade to the Real Man who lurks beneath, then a tribute to your perspicacity, ability as a Judge Of Character or simple all-round Clever Dick (or Dickette) will be paid in these very hallowed columns.

Get on the case, ace!

PO' BOY KAPP

THRILLS

L.A. RIOT

■ *From previous page.*

lying within the Ramparts police district, whose very name evokes fear amongst Angelenos.

In addition to the concert, which featured some of the best LA new wave acts, including 'X', The Zeros, The Alleycats, and The Go-Gos, the Elks Hall had also booked a wedding reception and a party of Vietnamese emigres in adjoining rooms. It was to prove a recipe for trouble.

Kids from the concert, which attracted about 800 people, over-spilled into the lobby and the stair-well, dropping beer cans and Quaaludes and occassionally bad-mouthing wedding guests, the majority of whom were middle-aged and middle class. The confrontation between Punks and Straight America proved too much for the sensibilities of the off-duty cops moonlighting as security, and the riot squad was called in.

This time, however, the punks had had enough. That evening, the phone lines to KROQ, a local FM radio station with the best new wave programming in LA, were beseiged by angry kids. Through the night, and into the next morning, the 'ROQ of LA' played tracks ranging from Jefferson Airplane's 'Volunteers' to The Clash's 'White Riot'.

By the next day, network TV stations and the heavy guns of the LA press had got into the act, contrasting accounts from the blooded and bruised kids with the official LAPD line — that police had been called in to quell "a potential riot situation". A hurried press conference was called, attended by emissaries from *Rolling Stone, The LA Times,* and a TV news crew, and the shit started hitting the media fan.

Given the disorganised state of the new music in LA — a results of concerted apathy on the part of the Rockbiz interests that control the city's musical life — the Elks' Hall debacle was probably inevitable. It was the wrong venue for the wrong bands, held in the wrong part of town at the wrong time.

At various inquests held after the event, the blame was laid at many doors — the police, the concert promoters, the LA music business, and even Jimmy Carter, who has supposedly put the word out against punk.

Three days after the event, the more active members of the new wave attempted to put together a benefit for the seven jailed kids. The gig was cancelled when it was discovered that the organiser, an out-of-towner, had McLarenesque delusions and had booked the concert within three blocks of the Elks Hall, hoping to provoke an incident which would make his bands into 'the next Sex Pistols'. An uneasy postscript to the latest chapter in the saga of LA's embattled new wave scene.

JOHN TRUX

THRILLS

JOAN JETT gives PAUL COOK some intimate advice, STEVE JONES plays Liberace. PENNIE SMITH takes the pic and runs.

RETURN OF THE RUNAWAY

'The One True Star' (Joan Jett to you) tells Messrs Cook and Jones to keep it rolling while she gives Thrills the news . . .

"*YOOOOO DON' own meee,*" howls a mournful, feather-cut skylark deep in the bowels of New Bond Street's Chappell recording studio. "*Don't say. . .* er. . . oh, shit!"

Joan Jett stamps her sweaty sneaker petulantly, her tiny cans jiggling peevishly.

"Do-it-again," sighs Steve Jones in narked sing-song.

"I'm getting *pissed,* you guys!" snarls the petite Joanie.

"It'd be all right if you sang it in the right bloody key!" snaps the engineer from behind his impressive control panel battery, his tether all but totally terminated.

"It's not easy," sulks Jett. "I can't hit that high note. . and I don't *want* to!

"I'd sound like Lesley *Whore,*" she bitches, the cat.

"Um. . can't we speed her voice up on that bit and then drop it back in when she gets to the chorus?" suggests a helpful Paul Cook, Zen calm as ever.

"It'll sound like bleeding Mickey Mouse," moans Jones.

"We'll do that if all else fails," shrugs the engineer. "From the top, love."

"Keep the good bits, coz my voice is going to go soon, I just know it is," whines Joan, pawing at her throat for symptoms of infection.

"Just do it again!"

Ah, the trials, tribulations and sheer ho-hum tedium of the recording studio! But even if the old supergroup glamour is a bit thin on the wall-to-wall thick pile Cyril Lord, at least the occasion of what's left of The Sex Pistols and the only member of The Runaways visible to the naked eye getting together in the studio to lay down a few tracks, man, gives us a chance to answer the burning questions currently befuddling the show business demi-monde.

Like are The Sex Pistols going to reform? Have The Runaways disbanded? What does it all mean? Why are we all here? Is there any point to it all?

Joan slips out of her headphones and into something a little more comfortable — a baggy fungi-green GI 'Nam-vet jacket — and joins me and the other working-class tossers up on the flight deck. Everyone in the studio is labouring under the effect of a heavy cold after another hard day of undiluted creativity, so feet killing us we peel off our panty-hose and sit around grateful for a chance to gossip, chew the cud, a bull session.

So what's all this about, Ginger? This anything permanent?

"Nah," says the drummer. "We're just doing three songs for the single to come out at the start of May, probably."

"We're doing Lesley Gore's 'You Don't Own Me' as the A-side," explains Joan, "and on the B-side there's one of my songs, 'Don't Abuse Me', and a very old, obscure toon by Arrows called 'I Love Rock And Roll'."

"Great title," titters Paul.

"It is," nods Joan seriously.

Two rumours currently emanating from the whispering gallery of the rockbiz Musical Differences Department concern the end of the road for The Runaways (Californian nymphettes reach the inevitable 20th birthday kiss of death and start choking on their own platform-booted cliches) and some kind of renaissance for the Pistols (with a top ten album and single, rolling in the clover commercially but as artistically solvent as Kathy Kirby in the bankruptcy court).

The Runaways are without a recording contract in this country, Sandy West and Lita Ford are currently employed doing session work on the West Coast, and the band have just got through their third bassistette in as many years — Jackie Fox quitting for law school after a few suicide bids, Vicki Blue eventually chucking it in after taking so many downers to combat her epilepsy on the road that she rattled, and now new girl Laurie McAllister taking off only a few weeks after joining, saying she only got involved because she thought The Runaways were still a Kim Fowley project (she's now involved with a Fowley scheme that includes Lovely Previn, daughter of Dory and Andre, plus a bunch of boys).

"The Runaways have *not* split up," asserts Jett, "we just haven't seen each other for a while, except on the beach. . . we're gonna audition a new bass player when I go back on the weekend. Last time we saw each other was when we played a gig in LA on New Year's Eve. Then Kim got to Laurie and she split. . . but we're still together. It's just Lita and Sandy were gonna do this session work with this guy called Alan Ross. . ."

I never heard of him.

"Me neither! Anyhow, there ain't much call for a rhythm guitarist session musician so I complained to Toby (Maimis, Runaways' manager) that I didn't have anything to do and he set it up for me to come to Europe to do some press — had to blow out our tour when Laurie quit, man — and to do this single with Paul and Steve while I was here. I guess I'll have to sign a recording contract, a *solo* one, with Phonogram for this single," she says wistfully, eyes misting over. "It's coming out on Phonogram, see. . . but The Runaways definitely ain't splitting up — although *maybe* Sandy and Lita will be upset when they find out I'm over here doing this," she adds ominously. "I dunno. . ."

And wherefore the Pistols, Paul? Branson has asked Steve Jones if he would consider recording with J.R. himself again ("If the price is right," was the integrity-laden riposte of our 'Sex Pistols Guitar Hero', to quote the legend sprayed on his amps), Glen Matlock's Rich Kids are getting bored shitless seing everything they release turn immediately platinum, Sid has indicated from beyond the grave that he is up for exhumation. . . what about it, huh? (Personally I just can't see it myself — Lydon's not going back after the way he got treated and I doff my titfer to him.)

"Nah, we ain't gonna get back together," smiles Paul. "Richard Branson might be thinking about it but I ain't. . ."

Your contract with Talcy Malcy don't end for another six months, I know, but have you already split with him?

"I suppose we have, really. He was pissed off with all that stuff with retainers and that when the court said that 'The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle' wasn't his anymore."

He's trying to get all the parts of the movie with him in it taken out, ain't he?

"Yeah, and that's most of the fucking film! That film — it's taking so fucking long to come out that by the time it's released it's gonna be *soooo* out of date that it ain't true. . ."

Have you occupied your place in the 1/9's yet, Paul?

"Nah, I ain't seen it," replies Paul, understanding my banter perfectly.

McLaren's living in Paris now, ain't he? What's the old bastard up to, then?

"Well, I know he's had lots of offers. . . making three films for some Dutch company, is he?"

I express astonishment that The Sex Pistols have a new single released this week ('Silly Thing' backed with Viv Westwood's 'Who Killed Bambi?') only a fortnight after I saw Legs and Co. doing the frug to "Something Else". Cook says that this is all down to Virgin who told him and Jones they were releasing it and ignored the inseparable bosom buddies' pleas for clemency and another choice for a new 45.

"We said we'd do something new, they said all right 'but we're releasing this one anyway'."

I notice Joan Jett's nose is coloured various ugly shades of black, blue and scarlet that match the long scar stretching from her forehead to her chinny-chin-chin.

"Oh, I got that when I got drunk with Stiv Bators of The Dead Boys and this girl I know a few years back. We went to this hotel room, then on to some apartment and I had this bottle of Tequila that nobody wanted so I drank the whole pint myself. Apparently I fell over and smashed my face up on this elevator. I was as smashed as I was the last time I saw you and Julie, right? — and Stiv and this chick had to try to get me into a cab to take me to hospital while I was trying to punch them out! The cab driver was apparently really *old* and *straight,* man, he thought I was weird! Stiv had to give him five bucks to let me into his fucking cab. . ."

The whistle blows and it's back to work, Joan complaining about the full, rich, fruity sax that embellishes all the cuts.

"I want that sax mixed right down," she tells Steve Jones. "The only reason that guy's on everything is because Toby brought him in to do a bit of stuff on 'You Don't Own Me' and so he thought he'd get his money's worth. Sounds like some crap my parents would listen to, 'Moon River' crap, that kinda crap, y'know?"

So how confident are you about the success of this single, Joan?

Her reply is thoughtful, calm, reasoned.

"If it doesn't make Number One I'm gonna string Toby up by his balls."

TONY PARSONS

THRILLS

LOWRY

"They've taken the concept of self-efficient, industrial rock to its logical conclusion — they brick themselves into the back of the stage while intoning earnest statements in Czechoslovakian."

Putting the squeeze on spots

YOUNG PERSONS everywhere need no longer fear the prospect of being openly ridiculed by members of the opposite sex, thanks to a marvellous new discovery by scientists at the National Institute of Health in Washington.

After intense research activity spanning more than two years the boffins have discovered an antidote to the ugly red pustules that have long disfigured adolescent visages and brought many a romantic adventure to a premature conclusion.

Yes! Throw away the Polyfilla and sandpaper! There is now a cure for spots!

The formula is based on a synthetic relative of Vitamin A. It works by turning off certain skin glands, and scientists claim a 94 per cent success rate. One of the side effects is a dryness of the mucous membranes in the nose, meaning people who live in the fast lane will now be virtually indistinguishable from everybody else.

More tests have to be made before acne-ridden horrors will be able to purchase this great leap forward for cordial teenage relations at their local beauty counter.

So, zit-sufferers, keep your eyes open. (And in the meantime keep your pores clean).

KATY BOIL

THRILLS

The Return Of . . .

REEFER MADNESS!!

JUST WHEN it seemed that the Stateside battle for a more lenient attitude towards marijuana was gaining ground, came trouble: The return of Reefer Madness.

Until last July the NORML (National Association for the Reform of the Marijuana Laws) bandwagon was rolling fast. President Carter had recommended the relaxation of federal penalties for marijuana users, 11 States had already passed decriminalisation bills, Chip Carter had admitted to being a user, and grass had been openly smoked on the White House lawn.

Then last July Dr Peter Bourne, President Carter's personal drug adviser and a strong advocate of decriminalisation, resigned after he was caught out forging a Quaalude tranquiliser prescription for his assistant Ellen Metsky.

Hard on the heels of this, a story was leaked from the NORML camp that Bourne had snorted coke and smoked grass at a NORML party.

This in turn led to dissention within NORML's ranks and the resignation of Keith Stroup, their National Co-ordinator, the backstage rumour being that he'd broken the unwritten law of the group — you never snitch on someone else's drug habits.

The Bourne scandal threw a fright into the White House image-makers, and the hardliner head of the Drug Enforcement Administration, Peter Besinger, saw his chance to make a move.

His initial step came last autumn at the International Association Of Police Chiefs Convention in New York, where he launched a major propaganda offensive against marijuana reminiscent of the 'Reefer Madness' campaign conducted by Harry J. Anslinger in the 1930s.

Under close investigation, Besinger's claims fall apart.

His statement that the American Cancer Society had confirmed that "marijuana represents a more serious threat than cigarettes" was totally denied by the ACS, who said they had never spoken to Besinger and, in fact, believed the opposite — namely that marijuana is far less dangerous than cigarettes.

His marijuana-causes-birth defects story was traced to an unscientific study whereby a number of rhesus monkeys were forced to smoke 30 joints a day; the human equivalent of working through no less than 100 joints a day — surely beyond the range of even the most hardened dope fiend.

In Washington, Besinger's motives were crystal clear. His aim was to try and restore the fallen political prestige of the DEA and also to shift their activities away from the harder drugs — which they could not stop — towards marijuana where they could easily notch up an impressive arrest record.

There were further setbacks for the pro-pot lobby.

Many states, including Montana, Washington and Georgia have outlawed the sale of marijuana paraphernalia in an attempt to hit back at marijuana acceptance.

Needless to say, this is bringing a strong reaction from the Paraphernalia Trade Association who now run a $3 billion a year business. As their director put it: "We're not a bunch of stoned-out hippies carving pipes in the basement. We're normal businessmen with shirts and ties."

More problems: In a recent statement Frank Fioramonti, NORML's Eastern regional co-ordinator, told *Village Voice*

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INSIDE DOPE

By DICK TRACY

magazine that the organisation's activities are seriously threatened due to shortage of funds.

"It's a horrible fact, but people just don't give a damn. They take what we do for granted . . . Here we are fighting to get grass legalised and regulated so consumers will have an orderly market where the price is fair and the purity and potency ensured, and we have no national support.

"Dealers, who are raking it in, obviously don't want to help, while white-collar cannabis users are afraid to lend support for fear of repercussions since marijuana is still illegal, even though what we're doing is not.

"It's a sorry state of affairs that at a time when so many more millions of people smoke than in years past our money problem has become worse instead of better."

However, this view of the struggle depicted by the East Coast media is counterbalanced by the optimistic views of two women I interviewed on a recent trip to Los Angeles — Linda Lucks, the Los Angeles co-ordinator for NORML, and Phyllis J. Lesson, a scientific researcher and expert on therapeutic uses of marijuana.

It became clear from our discussion that, shortage of funds aside, NORML's activities were undergoing a radical shift.

Linda Lucks explained: "California's the vanguard for the country on all issues. We have a bill in the legislature right now which would decriminalise cultivation which, to my mind, is the key to the whole legalisation issue. If we get home cultivation then we've got control."

The bill would reduce penalties for cultivation of small amounts of marijuana to a $100 fine. This measure would permit a person to grow up to three plants and a household up to six plants with the $100 fine being a maximum penalty. A similar bill was defeated two years ago but, at time of writing, this particular move has already passed through the first stages of legislative procedure.

NORML's latest national advertising plugs the cultivation theme:

"Imagine planting a Victory Garden and reaping the harvests legally. No illegal market. No dangerous herbicides. And no hassle."

Ms Lessing, who has done scientific research on tobacco, alcohol and marijuana, pointed out that the therapeutic use of the magic weed is now a very important issue.

Among the known medical uses are: as an anti-nausea agent for cancer patients undergoing chemotherapy, as an appetite stimulant for *anorexia nervosa* patients, for sufferers from epilepsy, multiple-schlerosis and glaucoma, as an anti-depressant and an analgesic and, finally, for preventing menstrual cramps — as Queen Victoria well knew.

Ms Lessing pointed out that "a lot of these therapeutic uses stem back thousands of years.

Four States have so far passed legislation allowing marijuana to be used as a medicine, some 20 studies into its medical uses are currently underway around the USA, and it seems clear that a lot of attitudes have been changed due to marijuana's new-found medical legitimacy.

The lessons for the UK are clear. There are too many hardliners around to expect easy victories in the battle for legalising marijuana. "Reefer madness" attitudes run deep — as does public apathy.

At present the main thrust of the British Legalise Cannabis Campaign is directed towards changes in legislation, and it seems clear we can expect little on this score in the near future.

A "grow-you-own" campaign presents one viable, if illegal, alternative which could circumvent the current stalemate, while the medical uses of marijuana could go a long way towards changing public attitudes towards a more sensible appraisal of the plant's true value.

Elvis Costello forces his arm

AS WE GO to press a tired and emotional *Thrills* asks to bend your ear — so to speak. Pull up your bar stool, fix another slug of Jack Danny, and we'll tell y'a shtory. Hic . . .

Picture this . . . Our old friend Elvis Costello is propping up the counter at his favourite Chicago hostelry, during his current American bonanza, when who should mosey in? None other than Stephen Stills, ably supported by the shapely Bonnie Bramlett, female session singer and former sidekick of wheezing Delaney and croaking Clapton.

Naturally enough, 'tain't long before E.C. is setting up the round: "Make mine a coke man," says Stephen. "Mine's a light," chirps Bonnie. "Well you'd better put it out then," replies Costello, quick as a flash.

After a while, the three get into a heated tete-a-tete vis-a-vis that perennial topic . . . is the new the same as the old wave? And soon the conversation has degenerated to the "I don't talk to people with steel noses" standard.

Suffice to say, a frank exchange of views ensued, and *Thrills* is disturbed to learn that in the resulting fracas blows were struck and various diverse opinions were somewhat forcefully aired.

Finally, to cool his ardour, we hear that Ms Bramlett stuck one on last year's model — after politely removing his spectacles. This may or may not be true. It's also not beyond the realms of possibility that some of Stills' employees, who happened to be sinking a few in the self same bar, leapt into the fray to protect the aging Americans from the wrath of the slight but surly Irishman.

Elvis was shaken but not stirred. He incurred minor injuries to his arm in the process.

BUSY BEBE

THRILLS

The Lone Groover — BENYON

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Crook start to a dinkum income

Do wombats poop in the billabongs? What precisely, is a "swagman"? No use asking THE SPORTS, sport. But MAX BELL does.

THE SPORTS are from Melbourne, Australia — a fact which doesn't weigh heavily in their favour as far as the British public is concerned.

Australian rock possesses an image about as right field unfashionable as it's possible to get — so right field, in fact, that their record company, Stiff, could even be expected to capitalise on the English view of folk from Down Under, as beer-swilling, foul-mouthed sheep dippers who like nothing better than to go on the rampage after a hard night's booze, scalping a few abos en route and making out with the sheilas.

I put this to Steve Cummings, lead singer, writer and principle Sports face.

"Yeah, we are pretty much like that," he deadpans. "Naaw, actually the English are patronising about us, an Australian audience is rowdy, they dance a lot and drink a lot but the kids are pretty similar, especially on campus. The major difference is the type of venue; we play on a hotel circuit whereby you start in the inner suburbs and then graduate to the larger hotels in the outer areas."

Stiff came to notice The Sports when Dave Robinson and Jake Riviera picked up on the band's privately pressed 'Fair Game' EP; then when the band supported Parker in Australia he spoke highly of their live aggression and ability. Stiff found a producer for their second album (Pete Solley of Wreckless Eric, K.C. and the Sunshine Band fame), which emerged on the home independent Mushroom Records. An EP's worth of toons surfaced in England on Stiff, who have so far declined to release the entire disc.

"Solley wasn't the right producer but we were glad to have him — he knew all the little tricks, where we are very naive in the studio. The LP is over-produced, so Stiff want us to substitute some of the material."

The Sports appear a trifle shy, bemused by the lubricating star ethics of the English scene. Apres le gig Parker commands the normal claptrap that one associates with rock at the top, the conspicous waste, hangers-on, phonies. The Sports on the other hand are just a regular bunch of guys, quiet and reserved.

Cummings and guitarist Martin Armiger relate a tale of woe: "We had no preconceptions about England when we came, in fact we sold the people at home the line that we'd bomb out 'ces they all think you're over-reaching yourself, getting flash.

"But it can get depressing. After one gig a girl who was, how shall I say it, on the case, came over to me and the Rumour bassist (Andrew Bodnar) and said to him, 'You were good but I hated the support band' — this is right to my face. In Liverpool some kids came up to us afterwards and said they were surprised at how good we were. If people like us they are surprised — there seems to be a big barrier in getting accepted."

This is partially explained by the sight of The Saints and Radio Birdman collapsing in disarray over here, breaking up, bankrupt, embittered. The odds on another Aussie outfit making their presence felt must be pretty bad — but at least The Sports arrive with a good reputation preceding them. They've played on major bills in Sydney with Parker, Thin Lizzy, Big Wha Koo and upstaged them all.

Their dual guitar attack, Armiger and Andrew Pendlebury, are perfect rhythm and lead counterpoints, matched for ferocity by a rhythm section that sweats blood, Paul Hitchins and Robert Glover, and finally given the necessary spark of original chutzpah any band needs to separate itself from the chaff in the sheer frivolity of pianist Jim Niven's barrel-house dexterity and the magnetic attraction of Cummings, constantly snapping the beat, pulling out the changes and keeping the entire show moving at a pace that demands vertical attention.

The Sports are new wave to the extent that they've updated their previous style, mellow, Little Feat tinged rockability — by the addition of a second guitar and a whole new catalogue of short, explicit material. Punk never caught on in Australia for the simple reason that the economy and the climate preclude its relevance. And anyway, Cummings and Armiger maintain, it is a conservative land.

"Though the Pistols got daily coverage, any local punk bands suffered as a result, they'd be used to illustrate the antics of Rotten but never recognised in their own right. There is one surviving punk group, The Boys Next Door. A group like Radio Birdman were always more Americanised — even their name comes out of a Stooges song — and they live in Sydney, the most American city we have."

The Sports agree that it was essential for them to test new ground — "we'll go anywhere if it's free" — but so far they are fighting an upward battle for acceptance from the Parker fans. That should change when they get headline clubs after this tour. Some Nashville dates have been booked, and The Sports are anxious to work a real crowd over.

"Stiff already had us play the Nashville for a press function. It was fuckin' horrible, nobody danced and they'd set up cans of Fosters all round the bar. It's such a cliche, like the cover of our EP where they've used some shots from an Australian Tourist Board brochure. We're not like that at all."

The Sports shrug it off. When the time comes it'll be them doing the laughing.

STEVE CUMMINGS of THE SPORTS

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LOOK OUT FOR THE CELTIC OWL — IT'S THE SYMBOL OF EXAM SUCCESS

Master-minding The Militant Roadshow

Last week the ideology, this week the practicalities . . . STEVE CLARKE squeezes sideways into the R.A.R. nerve-centre to check out the organisation behind the Militant Entertainment tour. He also visits Revolutionary West Runton.

WITH JUST one more working day to go until the kick-off of Rock Against Racism's most ambitious venture to date — the 90-odd band, month-long Militant Entertainment tour — RAR's cramped North London headquarters is on red alert.

Bouncy RAR staffer Irate Kate (who's nothing of the sort) is putting the finishing touches to booking hotels for all concerned — no mean task when you consider she has had to arrange accommodation for several hundred people in a bewildering variety of 40-strong entourages.

The four-bands-a-night line-up is completely changed every fourth night, and no two line-ups are the same, as a different local band is brought in each night to augment each block of three bands.

"There have been some difficulties booking 40 people into one hotel. If a hotel objects to having us, they object 'cause it's a bunch of pop groups," she says with characteristic good nature.

"We don't say RAR are coming to beat up the NF in your town," she adds, smiling.

The thought of Kate beating up anybody is difficult to imagine. She's a friendly, wholesome looking 19-year-old who's "supposed to be doing my A-levels". Instead she's the mainstay of the RAR office. Until October she ran the office on her own, but a growth in RAR's activities has meant that two others have given up their day-time jobs to not only hold the RAR fort to make sure that the 100 or so letters RAR receive a day are answered, eventually, and that the worldwide orders for RAR badges, T-shirts, stickers and posters are dealt with as promptly as possible.

RAR receive mail from lands as varied as Japan and Scandinavia. Of late there's been a marked upsurge in communiques from America which RAR put down to The Clash's recent tour.

And that's only half the work-load, for RAR's primary function, other than to rid the isle of rancid racism, is to put on gigs. Since their inception nigh on three years ago they have staged over 800 gigs, but the current tour, involving the kind of logistics that would give even an experienced promoter a headache, is by far the most significant project.

"A tour like this will put us on the map," opines John Dennis, who along with Wayne is the other full-time RAR office worker. He adds matter-of-factly: "This is just the start of RAR in rock terms."

A former adventure playground leader, Dennis is the only one of the crew wedged into RAR's office this Thursday afternoon who comes close to fulfilling any preconceived notions people may have about RAR being "a bunch of earnest politicos".

Tall and thin, with striking angular features, he has the air of a consumptive romantic poet. Neither he nor his two colleagues are remotely punky. There isn't a leather jacket between them, let alone a pair of bondage strides. Of late this trio have been working a 13 hour day seven days a week to ensure that all goes off according to plan on the tour.

Also present is RAR initiator Red Saunders — a garrulous gent of Falstaffian girth, a trifle 'paranoid' and fond of using left wing slogans — and three 'temporary helpers'.

There are two girls, one who types out copy for the latest edition of *Temporary Hoarding,* read aloud by Red, and Jane (I think) whose job it is to enter mail order sales of RAR 'product' (badges, posters, T-shirts) into an accounts book.

There is also Alan, a disarmingly callow-looking member of Her Majesty's Armed Forces who's set for his first-ever tour of Northern Ireland. He deals with the out-going mail.

In the last five months sales of RAR 'product' have amounted to £7,300.

"The sales go up and down," Jane tells me. "Obviously they increase after a carnival, but the maximum is about £6-700 a week."

To get any more accurate picture of the finances is impossible without further investigation into the organisation's out-goings. Certainly the rent of the office is not high — £5 a week — and neither is the amount spent on staff wages.

Until three weeks ago Kate, John and Wayne were paid a pittance, but this was increased three-fold to a figure in the region of what the ambulance drivers were being paid before their strike.

Red's contribution to the RAR effort is entirely voluntary, although temporary helpers are paid expenses. "We want to avoid the martyr syndrome," explains Kate. At present they have a solicitor engaged in doing the work which is necessary for RAR to become an official tax company.

The bulk of the organisation's income comes from the sale of their fortunately ubiquitous badge. Little money is made from gigs.

"What money we do make," says Kate, "is always used to finance the next gig."

Right now they have around £1000 in their bank account which is kept at the Co-op, as much for geographical convenience as for reasons of ideology.

This, as Red is eager to point out, doesn't just sit there. And RAR are hoping to save up enough money to buy permanent premises. They've got their eyes on a building in Finsbury Park which they hope could double as a dispatch office and as a record shop. Kate, perhaps a little naively, also sees it as a place where fans could hang out before going to the Rainbow.

RAR have occupied their current office for the past two months. Since their inception they've worked from a variety of locations in the metropolis, starting out at Red's photographic studio.

The Militant Entertainment tour is, to put it mildly, a strain on the RAR finances. So much so that Kate's father magnanimously agreed to stand as guarantor for a £750 overdraft. Similarly other monies have been borrowed from friends and supporters.

No donations to any political parties are made from RAR's funds, the money instead going to keep the wheels turning and to further the cause.

"It doesn't all get put in a bag and put on the 8.15 to Prague," says Red caustically.

One other source of income that in Red's words is "something of a red herring" is the question of RAR membership. For a £1 it is possible to actually *join* for life and RAR estimate that 3,500 supporters have done just that.

Apart from life membership one gets a 'free' badge and reduced admission to RAR gigs. But, they point out, most 'kids' can't afford to lay out a quid on life membership, and instead just purchase a badge or a sticker.

This question of membership is being raised at RAR's July conference. It seems that one can belong to the organisation without forking out the necessary green one, as is illustrated by the fact that Leeds RAR has some 500 members each of whom is entitled to badges etc and admission to gigs at concession rates.

One other feature of the organisation that needs to be dealt with is *Temporary Hoarding.* Apparently this isn't produced from the North London base. All contributors, who include John Dennis, work for it for free, and one potential source of revenue RAR refuse to milk on political grounds is selling advertising space to record companies.

They are currently trying to find a major distributor for *Hoarding,* but so far have found that all the major publishers they've approached have refused to touch it because they're afraid it would attract too many libels. Penguin Books are, however, interested in publishing a *Temporary Hoarding* book and a deal is currently being negotiated.

An atmosphere of thriving chaos reigns this Thursday afternoon in the RAR office. The clutter is such that it's almost impossible to walk unimpeded around the four jammed-together desks that occupy most of the space. Lord only knows how Jane's three-month-old baby manages to sleep through the cacophony of work. As Red opines: "You have to have an incredible sense of humour to work for us."

FIVE days later and Militant Entertainment has reached its third stop, a tiny village on the Norfolk coast called West Runton — a generous spit from the better-known seaside resort of Cromer, renowned for its crab.

■ *Continues page 46*

Weirdness at West Runton. Pic: VIRGINIA TURBETT.

IRATE KATE. Pic: STEVENSON. And MISTY. Pic: VIRGINIA TURBETT.

THE RUTS. Pic: STEVENSON.

RED SAUNDERS 'n' SID. Pic: STEVENSON.

UK

EDDIE JOBSON

JOHN WETTON

TERRY BOZZIO

NEW ALBUM

-DANGER MONEY-

polydor

THE MEMBERS

offshore banking business
c/w
solitary confinement

New single

Virgin VS 248

available 7" & 12", special bag

SINGLES

Music To Get Disillusioned By

REVIEWED THIS WEEK By JULIE BURCHILL

THOUGHT OF THE WEEK
After punk everything else is playpens. It's more fun this way, with a parent's unassuming, charmed attitude to pop, got naturally through one year of believing that some band will change all the bad bits of the world. Rock really isn't the Holy Grail or even an ongoing situation — it's casual '70s nature like trees and TV, immaterial to fuss about. What gap are YOU trying to stop with your disproportionate passion for pop?

JOHNNY CASH: I Will Rock And Roll With You (CBS).
Petulance, but with perspective — Johnny knows, y'know. *"Baby I will rock and roll with you — IF I HAVE TO"* he keeps on resentfully, the song (despite cuckoo title never daring out of country) begrudging the fact that rockanroll ever blemished America. For once, I can see the other man's point of view like the liberals advise. *"A world of weirdos waiting in the wings,"* warns Johnny — here we go.

GENERATION X: Valley Of The Dolls (Chrysalis).
SEX PISTOLS: Silly Thing (Virgin).
MEMBERS: Offshore Banking Business (Virgin).
SIMPLE MINDS: Life In A Day (Arista).
There won't be, and there isn't any left, of a movement for this generation; Punk Rock was not so much a tidal wave as a chimney sweep, leaving new improved beat bands and cute, life-enhancing novelties for the rest of your life.

Pity the poor tout; Gen X tart it up and trundle it out for another try, Cook and Jones scavenge till they drop, while the others try to act like the life-saving second-generation punkies some silly people are trying to persuade themselves can carry on where Rotten caste off. Pathetic really.

Notice how Gen X stayed quietly up shit creek till the Movement crumbled, whereupon they felt free to bribe people with Disney-coloured plastic, *Top Of The Pops* and songs about '50s pop stars in the grand tradition of Showaddywaddy. They may as well cough up at this late stage that they're nothing more than this season's Sweet — the teenage rampage rhetoric, the empty ambition, the tunnel vision — except for a large audience and a pair of successful song-writers. This is a real plodder by Billy and Tony, about how great Billy and Tony and their two friends are. Well up to your usual standards, boys.

Cook and Jones chew their fat about how hard it is to get along with a brain-cell between the pair of them, playing for time with this prime scrap of Jack Smethurst Rock. All the little punk nouveau morons, from those who used to pogo on *Revolver* onwards, will probably rush out as fast as their bondage britches allow and stick this single in the charts alongside the wretched album it's lifted from. Funny how it's this type of rookie who bleats about how disappointed they were with Public Image at the Rainbow and how Rotten has betrayed the "true punks" with his new project, and never realises that THIS asinine crap is the direct antithesis of the Sex Pistols ideal — rebellion, energy, grace, all those antiques.

Cook and Jones could just as well be refugees from The Dickies on this showing . . . that's probably why Joan's so fond of them.

After their hit, The Members try to act all smart and ironic within a song about how money is the root of all evil to a reggae tune, which all these short-haired young whites do at least one of to prove they don't dislike blacks. White voices just sound so feeble singing reggae, so forced — people should stop dabbling in forms they don't *feel* just for the sake of fashion.

Still, I feel sorry for The Members, what with all the hype that's spread the burden of the Voice Of Punk (deceased) partly on their shoulders — as Jimmy Pursey has discovered, you need to be rather intelligent to withstand the pressure of a nationwide peer group.

The B-side is the best song The Members will ever manage — the very clever and funny 'Solitary Confinement', a very inferior version to their first Stiff single.

Simple Minds are already being launched into this *Young Literate Punky Late-Comers To Bring Down The Government* category; of course, their single is nothing new, everything old, borrowed and blue-eyed-boyish.

EDDIE MONEY: Baby Hold On (CBS).
CHEAP TRICK: I Want You To Hold Me (Epic).
SHAUN CASSIDY: Hard Love (Warner Brothers).
They like these shiny minds of vinyl in America — nowhere else, though. Except Cheap Trick who are big in Japan — who isn't, what with the size of those slit eyes — and seem to have dedicated their lives to informing the world that they recently released a live Jap LP. Cheap Trick really do flog away at it — they had a studio single out three weeks ago with a cut from the live album on the back, while the A-side is the live version of the song they brought out as a single last year to no avail, and is tacked on the B-side of this. They're annoyed at being ignored by our charts when they've been told for years what classics they fashion out of ancient Anglopop licks. They really think their oopy-doop harmonies should appeal to the cutesy-orientated English in a big way. Well, they don't.

This song, as the B-side displays, is sweet, possibly the only contender Cheap Trick possess — but the way in which they perform it live! Talk about with bad grace. Taxi drivers take your money with more charm and imagination than this.

Eddie Money has a bleat and a whine and feels all the better for it by the end of this redundant re-issue.

Shaun Cassidy is game for anything in the manner of all these gormless Yankee blonds, choking covertly on the blow of having lost out to little Leif Garret. Poor old Shaun, always the bridesmaid — I bet when beauteous big brother David was baring acne and appendix scar to all cameras in his heyday, little Shaun would smirk and dream of the time when the ever Cassidy hungry public would crawl drooling to his doorstep soon as Dave's bum dropped. Well, kid, we've been without a Cassidy all these years and we're not exactly crying out for one at the moment. Not so lanky and raunchy as YOU, anyway. Are there anymore at home about five years younger and half as hulking? Never mind, I expect we'll get by with Leif.

ADRIAN GURVITZ: The Way I Feel (Jet).
CRAIG PRUESS: Moving In The Direction Of Love (Ariola).
SARAH BRIGHTMAN: The Adventures Of The Love Crusader (Ariola).
THE MONKS: Nice Legs, Shame About The Face (Carrere). Token anti-sexist jape. Though I have no deep-rooted moral disgust at the way pictures of parts of girls end up on record sleeves with which they are no way connected — especially considering what eyesores an awful lot of musicians are — I don't think that the bands and record companies concerned should be too outraged if their product is judged by its most prominent selling-point.

You'd have to admire Adrian Gurvitz's cheek if he wasn't so old and cynical. This record, a clear 12-inch with no label, is presented in a plastic bag over a 12-inch circular picture of a pretty blond Pirrelli-class model, a moonshine and tumbleweed-type girl, so that you would swear it's a picture disc. Instead it's a hideously boring attempt at making money via disco (seems to be the route currently favoured by every old hairy around), a record that's such a void as to be miles under any type of rating. Congratulations to photographer Keith Ramsden and his unidentified muse for their part in the endeavour.

The artwork on the Craig Pruess sleeve (Kelly Freas, this is *your* bouquet) portrays the Valkyrie as early-'60s screen-cake, Meryl Streep and Sharon Tate meeting in a negligee and sharing a transistor. Good art, shows talent — drag record, shows hand (itchy). Dull disco for dull people.

Young Sarah Brightman doesn't flaunt herself or anyone else on her sleeve, but she belongs here as an example of the type of thing ornaments get up to when they make their own records — considerably better than the men who use 'em, that's what. Mind you, Sarah has her own problems in the interior decorating department. Without that perverted troupe of blacks and blondes to slither about behind her as she sings on TV, can this painfully-punned disco comedy follow 'Starship Trooper' into the chart? Things with half as much 'artistic merit' — 'Keep On Dancing' by Gary's Gang, 'Don't Stop Me Now' by Queen, anything by Sham 69 — manage to.

Meanwhile, Monks — nice legs, shame about the record.

BILLY JOEL: Until The Night (CBS).
Billy Joel must be one of the most unappetising personalities to emerge in years — which is to say, he is not offensive, he is not untalented — he is just unglamorous. Like all musically unglamorous people he sings about real situations in unreal, sterile ways, smoothing his unpleasant path into the public heart. He's so clean and tepid, singing about how sordid and vital the streets are these days. To match the suit, his voice has undergone a startling shift from shrill Manilow bitching to butch Martino simpering. *"I'll have my fears like every man / You'll have your tears like every woman."* Shoot, a bit of really sensitive stereotyping there, Billy, that's what the team likes!

You know those silly, huge production jobs where people try to do a Spector and end up as the last word in blowsiness? Yes, so does Billy, intimately. We've got John Miles to support — can't America look after Joel without any help?

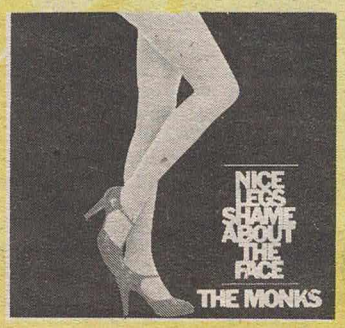
KEVIN COYNE: I'll Go Too (Virgin).
Great, another sensitive chap who still manages to be one of the lads. Kev writes plays about hard-core criminals, so it doesn't really matter that he sings like Worzel Gummidge, couldn't carry a tune if he presented with a ready-made one, has no sex appeal and doesn't sell records by the million. What are you, man, uptight or something, not liking Kevin who's so deep?

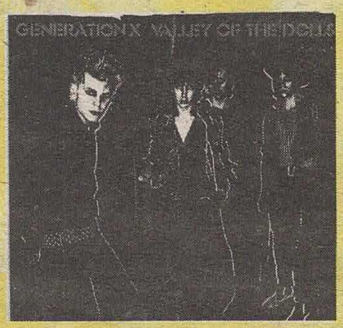
"Little white hands in the atomic night / The face of the future so clear and bright." If that is how a sensitive person writes, please God let me be the most thick-skinned, nasty person on earth. *"Come round my house, we'll have some fun / You can dance on the table and fire your gun."* Or a robot, or anything that's not sensitive.

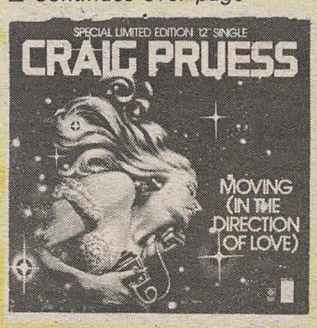
Gosh, when I listen to something as "warm" and "natural" as Kevin Coyne, I begin to see why people get kinky about Kraftwerk and that.

DON RAY: Got To Have Loving (Polydor).
Gorgeous brassy disco record which does more swooping than a vulture over a Palestinian refugee camp, a gorgeous tune that you've known forever, twitchy, torchy entertainment — the best thing and the furthest disco distance since and from Gloria Gaynor's current ruler, though it too has those finger-pointing, preachy lyrics that disco dictates so naturally.

■ *Continues over page*







"Love and only love can solve our problems": at what point does this Rasta metalanguage degenerate into empty sloganeering? Is **Fred Locks' 'Love And Only Love' (Tribes Man, 12")** a genuine attempt to confront reality, or is it a neat sidestep, allowing reality to pass him by unscathed?

Search me, chum, I forgot to listen to the words, but it did strike me what a good record it is in every other department: dubbed-up dickiebirds, tuneless but rock-hard bass supporting the melody, and Fred's apparently committed vocal all add up to his best record, 'Black Star Liner' notwithstanding. We'll forget about the lyrics for now, eh? The reverse of my copy features, instead of the expected version, a dub cut to **The Survivors' 'Angel Of Love'**, another Tribes Man 12", and a good record in its own right. Still, as the dub, with Lloydie Coxsone pulling out the old equaliser on the horns, is best, I'm happy to have a copy which couples Fred and the Angel Of Love. The mistake's been rectified now, although there are probably enough copies of the faulty pressing in the shops for you to take your pick.

Prices being what they are, it's a shame that there's so little decent music around on

Pic: Murphy/Hersham

Fred Locks Dread

7": I quite enjoyed **'Why Do You Cry?'** by **Revelation (Burning Sounds)**, a straightforward story of confused love which isn't soppy enough to deserve a Lovers' Rock tag. The perplexed bloke asks *"Why do you cry when I tell you I'm leaving you"* but goes on to confess *"I'm so crazy for you"*. Amiable and charming, but an essential record? Hardly, even though there are a few pleasant dub surprises tucked away on the B-side.

Also on 7", **Freddie MacGregor's 'Mark Of The Beast' (Soul Syndicate)** is

ROCKERS TIME

YOUR REGGAE ROUNDUP

closer to the reggae pulse, with Biblical quotations and the ghostly figure of Aleister Crowley slumped over the mixing board (the version is called 'Six Sixty Six'). After a suitably dramatic intro, Freddie makes it mystic with a warning against iniquitous Satan: *"Don't be no part of his system, I'm sure he'll make you one of his victims'.* Thanks for the tip, Freddie.

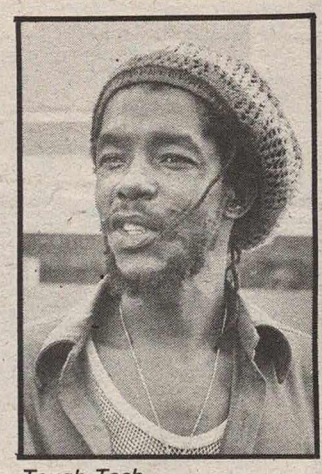
Freddie's imminent album debut, it's a promising sampler, with a horn arrangement lifted from 'Satta Massa Gana' and an organ straight out of church; meanwhile Freddie strings together a few platitudes in convincing fashion. It's actually the B-side of MacGregor's version of 'Oh No Not My Baby', an over-rated song which he

Reviewed by NICK KIMBERLEY

Baroque piano and crispy horns add to the atmosphere, and our lad continues to demonstrate why he's one of reggae's few reliable men of the moment, alongside Freddie McKay, Sugar Minott and a small handful of others.

Back on 12", MacGregor pops up again with **'Third Cut (Rasta Have Faith)'**, an Observer production on the **Observer** label. Taken from

Pebb 'erd



Tough Tosh

Pic: Adrian Boot

treats no better than it deserves.

While **Inner Circle** woo the hearts and twinkling feet down at the disco with **'Everything Is Great' (Island)**, lead singer **Jacob Miller** gets back to reggae, weighing in with **'Keep On Knocking' (Joe Gibbs, 12")**, which mixes a classic Gibbs rhythm with Jacob's revival of a tune he first cut for Pablo's Rockers label. With the usual Gibbs bag of tricks (someone sweeping the floor in one speaker, by the sound of it), some grumbling Clavinet, and a tuneful all-round performance, this has much the same appeal as 'Money In My Pocket'. The toasting cut (for extra sales, always feature a DJ on your discomixes) has U Brown and surplus bongoes, but dispenses with the Clavinet, which would have helped a lot; while Glen Brown fans will be appalled to hear that melodica virtuoso Bubblir, star of the dub side, went to The Glen Brown Academy For Melodica. He apparently used to be a boxer — it'd help if he took off his gloves for the next session. Nevertheless he gives us a breathtaking rendition of 'This Old Man': not quite a match for Pablo's original 'Knocking Version'.

Pablo himself is still the Discomix King; his **'East Man Sound' (Rockers)** from a couple of months ago outshines everything else reviewed here, including his own more recent Rockers productions: **Hugh Mundell's 'That (Little) Short Man'** just isn't good enough for a discomix, and only Pablo's work dubwise makes it worth a listen.

Jnr Delgado's 'Away With Your Fussing And Fighting' is much nearer the mark in every way, but again it's Pablo who provides the high spots — the dub section, called 'King David Melody', spotlights Augustus on melodica (played properly of course) over a trombone riff which recalls the best Studio One horn sections. The link between instrumental and dub is one of the clumsiest I've heard, but don't let it spoil the fun.

Derrick Harriott has taken to reissuing his vintage productions (like Scotty's 'Sesame Street' and Dennis Brown's 'Silhouettes') on 12", an eccentric habit which should be encouraged. Best so far is the **Keith And Tex (Move And Groove label)**: the A-side has **'Stop That Train'** and **'Tonight'**, two of the best rock steady performances neatly spliced together (take note, Pablo!); while on the other side the lads give us **'Leaving On The Train'**, almost as good, and a redundant cover of the Tams' **'What Kind Of Fool?'**. Like the Impressions, the Tams were revered by rock steady singers, but this isn't one of the best versions of their songs. Never mind, the other three are essential and well worth forking out for if you haven't got them in the collection already.

Bragging his way through **'I'm The Toughest' (Studio One re-issue), Peter Tosh** addresses the rude boys: *"Dont be no fool, do as you are told"* — whose side is he on? I can't tell, but he had me quaking in my boots in contrast to his new version on **Rolling Stone Records.** The original (slightly re-mixed here) is ska on the point of changing into rock steady; the new version is nothing whatsoever, probably not even a hit.

SIOUXSIE·AND·THE·BANSHEES
NEW SINGLE THE STAIRCASE

REGGAEMATIC CHARTS

PRE-RELEASE 7"

1	**ANTI APARTHEID**	Peter Tosh (Solomnic)
2	**PRESSURE ROCK**	Captain Sinbad / Sugar Minott (Youth Promotion)
3	**NAW GO A FUNERAL**	Prince Alla (Joe Gibbs)
4	**POPE PAUL DEAD**	Trinity (Thompson Sounds)
5	**RUB A DUB STYLE**	Ranking Michigan (Studio One)
6	**MCDONALD**	Prince Mohammed (Music House)
7	**BARBER SALOON**	Mickey Dread (Black & White)
8	**MAN TO MAN**	Rita Marley (Tuff Gong)
9	**I A FIELD MARSHALL**	Peter Brogo (Cry Tuff)
10	**STOP THEM COMING AND COME**	Ranking Joe (Highnote)

Chart supplied by DADDY KOOL RECORDS, 94 Dean Street, London W1

Bunny Wailer/pic Kate Simon

SINGLES CONTD.

From previous page

Don Ray (who wrote this with Cerrone) has a shouty white rock voice that under other circumstances might prove unbearable. Here it just melts into everything else and seems essential.

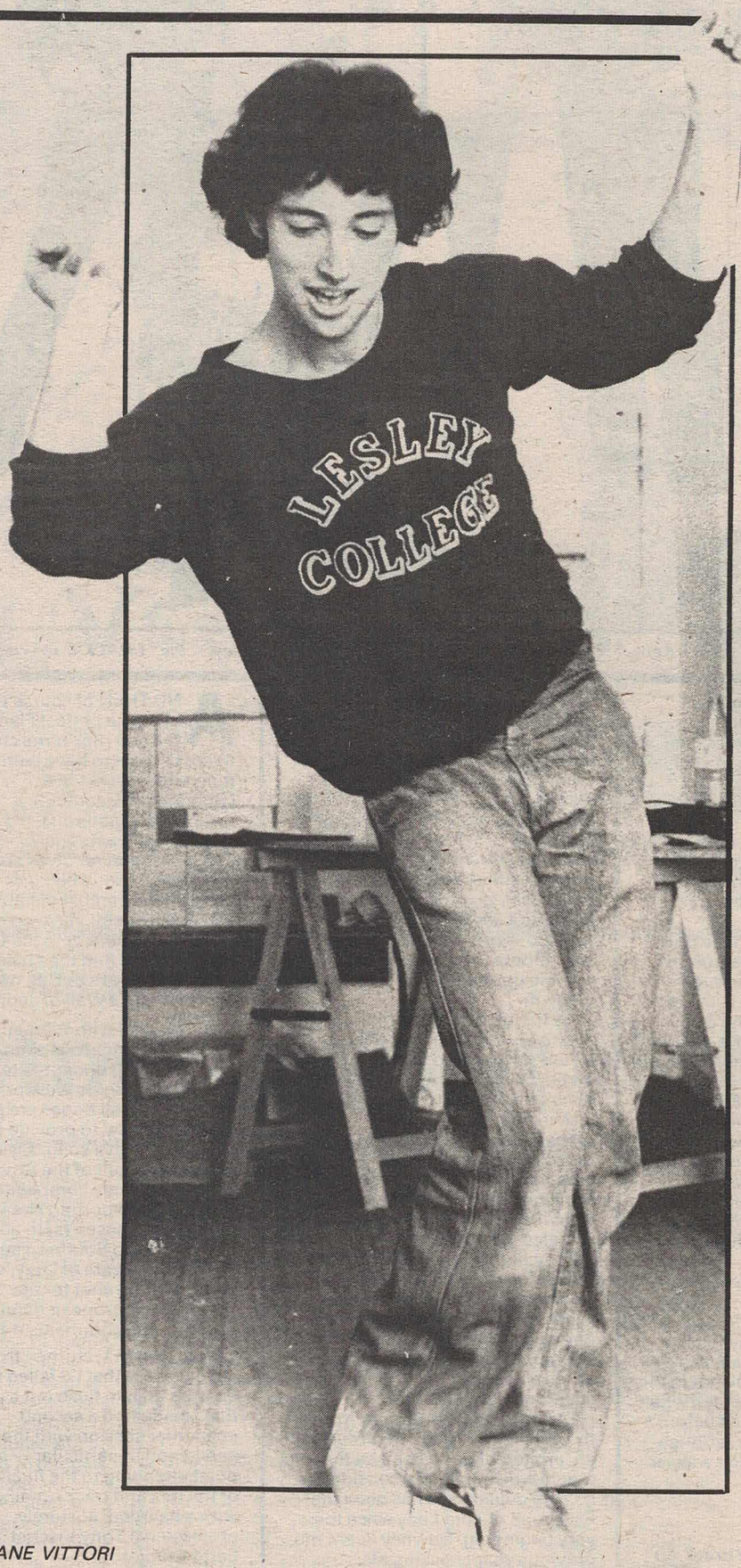
Disco is very over-rated these days, but why I like it is that approximately every three weeks a great disco single enchants men, whereas rock ones only do it about every two months. Disco, for all its image of cold calculation, rushes in again and again where rock would fear to flaunt and exhaust itself. Disco doesn't keep people hanging about, whereas rock seems to have gone back to only serving those who sit and wait for it.

M: Pop Muzik M Factor (MCA).

Ah, the page's last playpen — Moderne! Moderne, to be brief and brutal, is basically people who want to be cool but can't be, so they work at being COLD instead. See? I was expecting something weird, or at least dat dere disco dat dese clever white folk do — instead it's some old hippie watching *Star Trek* with the sound turned down, playing old Roxy records and reading . . . mmm . . . Spinoza or some equally trendy Now Philosopher For Silly Stylists — all this while posing like David on the cover of 'Low.'.

Chin up, M! Didn't you know that the great thing about being a failure is never having to say you're a has-been? Excuse me while I freeze you out, young modernes, but I'm just not nice to people who don't fill my fun quota.

Dum dum dum diddy diddy diddy dee dee dee dee



Pic: LILIANE VITTORI

The above is JONATHAN RICHMAN'S view on nuclear power. And he doesn't mince his words on racism either — 'Dum dum diddy diddy dee dee'. Straight out with it, no holds barred. BOB EDMANDS got every word down on tape.

"*DUM DUM dum diddy diddy dee dee dee diddy dum diddy diddy dee. . .*"

Jonathan Richman is giving an interview.

"Dum dum dum diddy diddy diddy dee dee dee dee diddy dum diddy diddy dee. . ."

Jonathan has been asked about his views on nuclear power, because he's wearing a badge opposed to nuclear power. This is his reply.

"Dum dum dum diddy diddy diddy dee dee dee dee diddy dum diddy diddy dee/No folks, I don't want no nuclear power plants/In my-y-y-y life."

That's the chorus of Jonathan's song about nuclear power plants. This is one of the verses:

"I'm sure that there's many a grannie or grannie-pa in New Hampshire and Vermont/Who know at a glance that these little plants are not really what they want."

When Jonathan Richman plays this song later to a crowd of several hundred students at Sussex University, they laugh admiringly at that particular verse. Naturally, they also sing along to the chorus. It's unavoidable.

Jonathan Richman is playing a solo tour of Britain. Just him and a couple of guitars. Sometimes he sings without either of the guitars. Sometimes, he walks away from the microphone and sings without that, too.

At Sussex University, Jonathan played and sang for about two hours, and that included seven — maybe eight — encores.

People who think Jonathan Richman is crazy are crazy. He's inspired. For the first few songs, there were students standing at the back making smart sophisticated remarks to one another about how silly, how naive, how twee Jonathan was. By the end of the show, they were singing along and stamping their feet.

"To me," says Jonathan, "sophistication and gaol have a lot in common."

I've just said to Jonathan that a lot of people feel the need to adopt a sophisticated pose, but he doesn't. Why's that?

"I tell you why — I don't bother," he says. "In fact, I'm getting better at not bothering. I'm aware of pressures to make one bother. I try and stop it whenever I can.

"I don't think it's healthy. I don't think that does anybody any good, least of all me. I think it's like having chains.

"If you worry too much about what other people gonna think, how much fun can you have? Be you adult or child.

"People feel they have to be cool. In the record business, it's extreme. Everybody's worried. Is this the right jacket to wear? Is this the right kind of leather to have your jacket made out of? Is this the right this and that? What an imprisonment!

"Are these people really your friends, if they're gonna look at you funny just because of a slight deviation like that? Where's the freedom in that? There's no freedom in that."

JONATHAN has gone to the University of Sussex via an early evening commuter train from London to Brighton. In among the city gents, he stood up for half the journey as there was no seat.

At Brighton, he gets off the train with his guitar case in one hand and a bottle of apple juice in a brown paper bag in his other hand. In the station, he pauses to take off his sweater, and says "excuse me" when he reveals his stomach and chest. In the station car park, he briefly does some windmill arm exercises as he waits to get in the car. Also, he sings to himself.

I understand, Jonathan, that you've already played a gig this afternoon?

"Yes, it was a secret gig."

A record company bash?

"No".

What then? Is it really a secret?

"No, it's not really a secret. I'm just not saying. It was just a bunch of friends."

In fact, it turns out — though Jonathan doesn't say so — that he's been performing for the kids at Great Ormond Street Hospital. Just the man to do it.

A lot of people would think Jonathan's songs are deliberately childish and naive. Would they be right, Jonathan?

"No".

Well, you seem to sing songs about bees going buzz-buzz. That kind of thing.

"What's naive about bees?"

Well, you don't seem to sing about the things that are the normal concerns of adults.

"What are the normal concerns of adults?"

Don't you know what the normal concerns of adults are, Jonathan?

"No, I don't know. I'd have to meet an adult first, then I'd tell you."

Why do you succeed with university audiences?

"For the same reason that I succeed with non-university audiences."

And that is?

"They like it."

ANYONE WHO thinks Jonathan Richman is naive is naive. His songs have great emotional impact. His words and his melodies are subtle and witty. You really need to see him perform to understand.

Jonathan used to have a group called The Modern Lovers. Together, they produced an all-time great single called 'Roadrunner' which many people considered to be an ultimate rock'n'roll statement.

Then Jonathan and The Modern Lovers turned themselves into an acoustic band, thus bewildering the rock critics but pleasing the general public. The instrumental tune 'Egyptian Reggae' was an even bigger hit than 'Roadrunner'.

"It outsold 'Roadrunner' by two to one," says Jonathan. "The trouble with rock critics is that they think too much. Let me tell you, I know. I used to be a rock critic. It takes one to know one."

You never theorise about your music?

"If I do, it's probably a mistake. Sometimes I do, but it's a dumb idea."

So it has to be instinctive?

"I don't know. I can't say that."

In theory, it's crazy that Jonathan Richman has gone solo and sometimes sings without a guitar or a mike. In practice, you can't really hear where on earth an electric band would have fitted into his repertoire.

"I thought people would be disappointed that I'm on my own," he says. "But no one was. People sing along — without my saying anything — not one or two at a time, but in big, giant groups. Some people dance."

At Sussex University the audience sang along to Jonathan's song about an ice-cream man. He played the song through once. Then played the chorus on its own, maybe four or five times.

Each time, the crowd sang along cheerfully, then applauded madly, and called for him to do it again. Finally, he decided to go on to another song, but he needn't have. The words are something like this:

"Well ice cream man, please ring your chimes / On this pretty afternoon so fine. Well ice cream man, you're now upon my block / I love your chimes, they reel and they rock."

Jonathan's music overflows with the spirit of the best '50s and '60s pop music, and his great gift is for melodies — whether ones he's written himself, or other people's that he's made his own.

At the sound-check, but not at the gig, he sings a tune that's one of the catchiest in his repertoire:

"When you think you're ready / Come on down to Crazy Eddy / The man who's got everything in stereo sound. / His audio selection / Will meet with your perfection / And he's got the lowest prices around."

Jonathan heard that song on the radio in New York. He likes it so much, he sang it half-a-dozen times at the sound check, and the way he sings it it's one of the funniest stanzas ever written.

During the sound-check Jonathan has to deal with a hippie in an Afghan coat who says he's a student radio reporter and will Jonathan give him an interview, please?

Racism is apparently a hot topic at Sussex University, where they get excited about such things in their academic way.

The hippie says to Jonathan: "If I ask you whether you oppose racism, and you just say: 'yes", would that be all right?

Jonathan wrinkles his nose at that: "That's kind of a pointless question, isn't it? I mean, who's gonna say 'no' when you ask them whether they oppose racism? It's kinda dumb to expect me to say 'no' when you ask me whether I oppose racism."

Still, the hippie persists and asks the question when the tape is running. Jonathan just says "of course" he opposes racism, and then answers the question about nuclear power plants with his song.

The hippie looks pleased and overwhelmed and rushes off, perhaps to teach one of his classes.

The gig itself is advertised as "Jonathan Richman and The Modern Lovers", a disconcerting blunder. But why does Jonathan like being a solo performer?

"I'm nakeder".

Why do you want to be nakeder?

"I like it".

Isn't it scarier?

"Yes, but it's scarier in a way I like."

IN MANY WAYS the success of Jonathan Richman is a triumph for the notion of the natural man. No pretence at sophistication, no stage trappings, no band, sometimes no guitar, sometimes no mike. Just Jonathan and his songs. There's the lingering suspicion that his public personality is a pose, an affectation. Maybe it is, but the whole performance is carried out in such a brave, generous-spirited manner that the question becomes purely academic.

THE BOYS ARE BACK ON VINYL

NICK KENT wangles a trip to Gay Paree for an earful of the new THIN LIZZY album 'Black Rose'. Here's his report from the aural frontier.

Who're those blokes with Nick Kent . . .? L-R: Gorham, Kent, Lynott, Moore, Downey. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

EVER HEARD the one about the bloke trying to write a feature on a group lead by a black Irishman? The joke has no punch-line, because more often than not, trying to produce a strong perceptive article on Thin Lizzy is a frustrating, sometimes pretty much pointless task.

Not that that should generally — or genuinely — be the case mind you. Lizzy have been in the rock writers' thumbs-up list ever since 'The Boys Are Back In Town' and the excellent 'Jailbreak' suddenly unveiled on we jaded, elitist buggers the true clout of a band previously bucked and spurned for their work and image by the press.

Three years back and things suddenly changed, jettisoned primarily by said single and album, both great '70s clsssics and as relevant to 'Anarchy In The UK', as 'C'Mon Everybody' in terms of the sheer epic joyous rock action hyperdrive.

Since then the flood-gates have opened and the band have been regularly courted by the media through three subsequent albums, gargantuan bouts of touring and even a recent line-up change.

Features, however, have tended to fall into categories, centering their substance (or lack of same) around Phil Lynott's loquacious manner, his 'Jack The Lad' modern Don Juan predilictions and the generally held fact that he's an all-round sort. Results, with the marked exception of Chris Salewicz's excellent in-depth study of Lynott some 18 months back, covering four pages of his very paper, have all too often been genial, insubstantial, cocky, facile, pointless.

Not that Lizzy themselves don't help these tedius enterprises. They (and/or their managers) are well into sending reporters out into foreign parts for a good story. America has seen more than a few OK rock journalists on the gravy train with the band, for example — but again often to little avail with the old Lizzy stereotypes, with everything from Lynott's gift of the gab to former Lizzy guitarist Brian Robertson's volatile nature in action dutifully wrung out.

My shot at the Lizzy story caused the PRs and managers on the case to do the whole all - expenses - paid number and fly me to Paris where the band were at the point of finishing up recording and mixing the forthcoming 'Black Rose' album. The very fact that 'Rose' was the first TL studio album to be worked up in some 18 months, since the release of 'Bad Reputation', was cause enough for a check-out, not to mention the addition to the ranks of Gary Moore replacing Brian Robertson making for added human interest material.

Unfortunately circumstances — principally timing, and the ever-beckoning finger of Parisian night life pleasure-seeking — caused my two-day sojourn with the band to be something of a failed mission in terms that have arguably as much to do with my own lack of discipline in such contexts as anything else.

Throughout the weekend stay, the band were extremely affable, readily forthcoming — but somehow circumstances conspired to avoid granting a good context for the soul-searching rap/interview that I was after.

Instead I elected to observe what is in effect a new group, clocking the individuals and the human chemistry at work. It needed no penetrating intelect to grant me proof positive of a much-improved constructively amenable, four-sided relationship currently at work.

Lynott himself is in fact in a state of well-founded elation at this current set-up and doesn't hedge on the issue of Brian Robertson's departure.

"It had simply reached the point where 'Robbo' was more trouble than he was worth. It was even down to him refusing to listen to play-backs of his solos, he'd become so arrogant about his worth. That, plus the fact that there was always this tension, this really grim weight of concern around the time we were about to set out on a real important tour — the American tour for example — just praying that he'd be in control enough not to end up doing something stupid like smash his hand up in some dumb fight down at the Speakeasy.

"In fact, you asked me earlier whether Lizzy, in their pre-'Jailbreak' days, ever reached a point where we seriously felt like knocking it on the head an' all. Well not really — and certainly not in the sense that I later experienced when Robbo broke his hand just before a US tour and I really felt . . . Christ, well what's the point. That was far closer to the bone."

SO . . . NO amicable break-up stories fronting the 'unofficial' truth, although no grudges appear to remain and the old corporate still see each other socially.

In Robertson's place Gary Moore comes as a definite plus to the enterprise. A former rough-houser, a nasty scar permanently embellishing his lower cheek and tapering off close to the chin stands out as a livid reminder of his days as the feisty young guitar hero with Skid Row and mid-period Lizzy. The forces of temperance and discipline, however, have caused the guitarist to drop all immature cockiness of yore and, as well as, improving his playing no end, Moore provides a sturdy, reliable quarter for the others to work off.

As for the others, Gorham, despite having the kind of brazen, all too obvious, good looks that instinctively make one suspicious of him and ready to down right dislike him, disarms those preconceptions almost instantaneously by being a regular, personable soul, and a good drinking partner with his candid reminiscenes of the Old Los Angeles days when his desire for getting high got all too close to him becoming nailed to a junkies' existance, built on four years of pretty solid abuse involving narcotics and barbiturates "until I realized that I was getting too damn close and had to clean my act pretty damn quick."

Brian Downey, drummer from the outset, isn't often regarded as an 'arbiter' of good copy by the media which is stupid considering he's no dullard and has been the backbone of Thin Lizzy since the very beginning. Downey spent the previous year checking his proverbial bearings, a task that involved dropping out of one American tour due to a firm desire to sit this one out and gather his resources for the pacing involved in this year's onslaught.

AND THEN of course there is Lynott, a perfect Flann O'Brien rock'n'roll character (were O'Brien to have penned his marvellous works in a contemporary context), a disarmingly generous, big-hearted, sly, powerful personality whose current elation revolves around the fact that he firmly believes that his band, in the context of hard rock and heavy metal, have no real rivals either here or in the U.S. and that 1979 will find the Lizzies playing Joshuah to U.S. mass acceptability's Wall of Jericho.

A new deal with Warner Bros — 'Live And Dangerous' was the first work released under the terms of the deal — augurs well for this detente, and all hopes are pinned on 'Black Rose' to provide the dynamite with a solid, assidiously planned assault of the Americas (*not* the recently completed tour of the South supporting Nazareth which was chosen (a) to acquaint themselves to Southern audiences hitherto unaware of Lizzy, and (b) as a warm-up shot for the up-coming European gambit shortly to be commenced.)

It was when I returned from Paris all too aware that I'd failed to glean enough grist to flesh out a piece, that I instigated a second encounter session with the band, and Lynott in particular — at this point attending to the final details of the mix and track running order with a bearded, austerely professional Tony Visconti at Good Earth Studios.

And here, unfortunately, comes the rub, because now I'm able to hear the finished product pumping out of the speakers I realise that the work is *not* the masterpiece Lynott believes it to be.

In fact, after numerous plays, I can only conclude that 'Black Rose' is nothing more than another 'Thin Lizzy album', certainly no greater than 'Johnny The Fox' or 'Bad Rep', and depressingly bereft of anything that can lift it above the gash and thunder that will always make Lizzy a worthwhile band to check out.

No, 'Black Rose' is eminently listenable to those already enamoured with the enterprise, but it fails to break any new ground. The 18-month sabbatical has provided nothing more than a new variation on the same damn themes.

Thus 'Do Anything You Wanna' boasts great Gary Glitter type drums impeccably recorded, but the song structure itself is nothing new, and the lyrics nothing to write home about. Similarly 'Got To Give It Up', 'Toughest Street In Town', 'Get Out Of Here' and the single 'Waiting For An Alibi' serve up lusty, fist-fuck tight rock action but little to provide firm proof of new directions.

Only two numbers deviate particularly from the norm. The first is a ballad, 'My Sarah', the second, the album's touted piece de resistance, 'Black Rose' itself. 'Sarah', a Moore/Lynott ballad, is destined to be an enormous AM hit in the States, brimming as it does with an exquisite prettiness and a brilliant acoustic /electric blend-in guitar glissando from Moore.

'Black Rose', however, is a touch worrisome. The song itself is Lynott's most full-blown anthem yet to his Irish heritage, replete with amazingly adept guitar run-throughs of 'Danny Boy', 'Go Lassie Go', traditional Scottish jigs and an American folk song tossed in as well (spotlighting the Irish, Scottish, and USA origin of Lizzy's protagonists) and climaxing with a clumsily conceived run down of Ireland's finest, from Yeats, Joyce and Behan to George Best and Van Morrison, concluding not unnaturally with Lynott himself referring to 'Whisky In The Jar' and 'Playboys Of The Western World'.

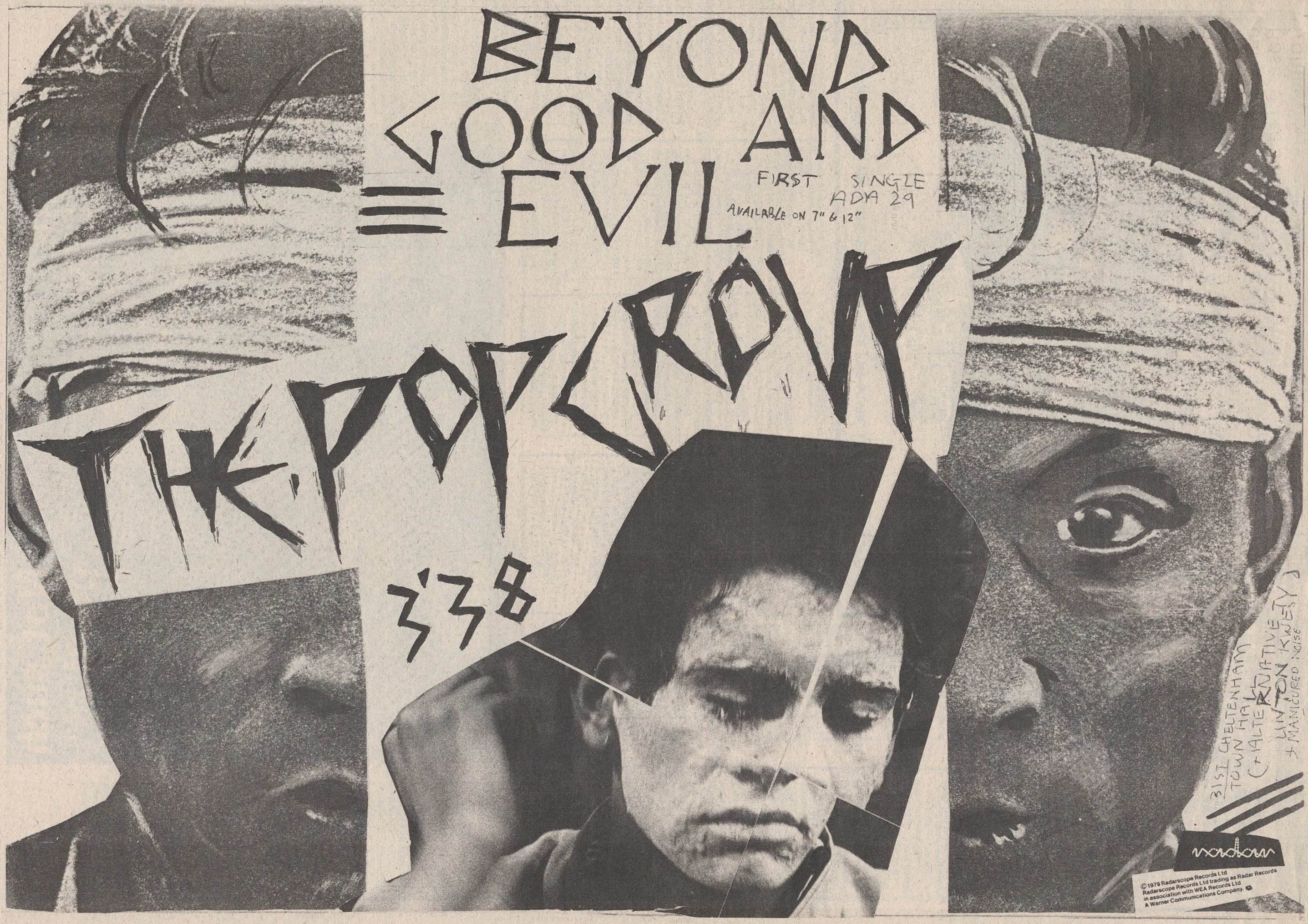
I have few doubts that 'Black Rose' will be the first album since 'Jailbreak' to receive a real critical drubbing — mainly for the reasons stated above but also because of songs like, say, 'S & M', a well-structured rocker with lyrics meant to parody the whole daft ritual but ending up far too ambiguously and failing to state just exactly what Lynott feels about the subject — choosing to be coy instead of dogmatic.

Talking about the album Lynott maintains his sense of pride and confidence in what he's putting out, but beneath that spirit of quasi-arrogance one comes face to face with a peculiar, somewhat contradictory figure.

Here is a man, after all, whose proudest achievement was to have a book of his lyrics published as a slim volume of poetry, but who adamantly counters — "I long ago gave up trying to be Bob Dylan." More to the point, Lynott himself, I believe, hasn't come to terms with his creative potential as a songwriter — certainly not in terms of the songwriter spotlit in 'Jailbreak'.

The latter album suggested that if Lynott got totally to grips with his muse he could be as forceful, passionate and eloquent as Bruce Springsteen. But whereas Springsteen now writes from the soul, having, with 'Darkness On The Edge Of Town', stripped away all the jive street characters and bogus rock dreams in order to make honest statements, Lynott seems forever locked inside the archetypes he has created — with 'Black Rose' ultimately

■ *Continues page 50*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SILVER SCREEN

Not such good ol' boys

Gregory Peck comes over all unnecessary in The Boys From Brazil.

The Boys From Brazil

Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner
Starring Gregory Peck, Laurence Olivier and James Mason
(ITC)

Serious entertainment or cheap thrills? Don't ask me, I'm still flipping the coin . . .

Ira Levin (on whose best-seller this film is based) sure gives good thrills enough. He has a tenacious grasp of exactly what combination of skeleton and closest bangs the biggest gong. Like *Rosemary's Baby* before it, *The Boys From Brazil* seizes the fast-beating heart of popular paranoia and pumps it up to bursting point. *Baby* served an almost masochistically nauseous meal of witchcraft and demonic possession, whereas *The Boys* swings a two-edged blade: on one side, sinister gaggles of ageing Nazis in Paraguay; on the other, human genetic engineering (or, if you prefer, cloning).

Only a fool could fail to make good with Levin's material, and director Schaffner is obviously no fool. Even if it doesn't twitch as many nerve-ends as Roman Polanski's film of *Baby, The Boys* is hardly easy viewing, especially in its final stages.

The film cuts and chops busily across the world, tracking its main protagonists through Europe, North and South America. The extent and lunatic purpose of the Fourth Reich conspiracy in question only emerges after several washes (of blood, mostly).

Veteran good guy Gregory Peck turns the other — now rather puffy — cheek to wear svelte white suits and play the abominable Dr Josef Mengele, a renegade Nazi 'scientist' responsible for all manner of hideous human experiments at Auschwitz concentration camp. He's unpleasantly convincing in the role.

Meanwhile Laurence Olivier, recently seen playing a Mengele-type character in *Marathon Man,* also shuffles his deck to become decrepid Nazi-hunter Ezra Lieberman. He's superb, balancing the pathos of bumbling senility against fierce pragmatism and unrelenting determination to bring war criminals to book. James Mason, forever on call for German officer studies, brings his usual professionalism to the part of Colonel Seibert, but is simply under-used.

And so it all goes until the world has to decide what to do with 94 little Hitlers. Nick Lowe and Elvis Costello excepted, any offers, anyone?

But despite the film's inherent strengths, I came away confused, suspecting that the brew Levin has stirred here boils alarmingly towards the vicarious.

Levin's a painstaking writer and lends his characters more depth than they (perhaps) deserve, but there's an unwelcome air of sheer sensationalism about *The Boys'* plot that seems more actively distasteful than passively detached. Maybe the exiled Nazis in Paraguay and elsewhere *are* always hatching weird schemes to re-establish themselves in power — they certainly enjoy more than their share of tacit support from the various dictatorships across the sub-continent — and maybe they're not.

Whichever, *The Boys* struck me as somehow revelling in the very fact that these mass-murderers had survived at all. Even the incredibly unpleasant end meted out to Mengele fails to justify the show of interest in his activities. The moot point is made clearly enough by Mengele when he remarks that his megalomaniac plan *will* succeed, if only because 34 years after his death there's still an inordinate amount of interest in Hitler.

The Boys, you see, is ultimately 'irresponsible.' I'm on very slippery ground (and I'm sure I've got no more time for the Mary Whitehouses of this world than you have), but the film refuses to define its — or, for that matter, any — 'morality.'

There are neither heroes nor villains here. Maybe that makes *The Boys* a quintessentially contemporary film. However, I'm afraid I just happen to believe that, although by no means unique in modern history, the monstrous inhumanities committed by the Nazis should even now be roundly condemned as precisely that: an extreme example of man's inhumanity to man. I resent the fact that *The Boys* passes no judgment on characters and events that I think should be judged.

The Boys is actually a very good film in purely cinematic and dramatic terms. But it still, to paraphrase De Niro in *The Deer Hunter,* says "This and this and that is that," shrugs and leaves it there. I wasn't asking for any self-righteous propaganda against Nazism, just *some* tacit acknowledgement that yes, so much of what the Nazis did was — and remains — criminal in the widest sense of the term.

On this point *The Boys'* silence is deafening and infinitely disturbing.

Angus MacKinnon

California Suite

Directed by Herbert Ross
Starring Richard Pryor, Jane Fonda, Michael Caine and Alan Alda
(Columbia)

Who would have thought so many would have been here? They keep appearing all through this undistinguished structure in twos and fours, sliding through the plasticine premises of Neil Simon's latest off-Broadway superimposition for Da Movies.

California Suite? It seems to be some very extensive museum, a place of cold-stored caricatures and new presentations of — *not* new perspectives on — old cliches that generate like living tissue. Though if it does grow toward some shape, those here inside can't see it.

California Suite merely injects eight grammes of international box office appeal into a hopelessly beached stageplay, meandering along predictably predictable lines: the misanthropy of monogamy. Arriving at punch-lines takes, on average, more manoeuvring than a Sherman three - point - turning in a taxi rank, and is marginally less subtle.

Everybody has a fair share of the script — *'I was naughty all yesterday' 'Not with me you weren't' 'You'll just have to learn to turn up on time'* — but only Fonda delivers with any level of characterisation beyond below-average sit-com. Even there, it's just too obvious, ol' Jane stereotyping away as wise-ass NY divorcee. The bureaucracy of bitchin'.

It comes as littel surprise to find *California Suite* is this year's Royal Film. Another 'Lifestyle' film produced by a pantheon and consumed by a passive public: seductive, exclusive and aesthetic, for the maintenance of its maintenance.

Ian Penman

Eraserhead

Written and Directed by David K. Lynch
Starring John Nance and Charlotte Stewart
(Mainline)

These days, a horror film that doesn't rely on nauseating pigments and pig's blood thrown up in the wake of some unspeakable devilry is a rare event indeed. But then, to label *Eraserhead* a horror film would be a dishonour to a genuinely strange and sinister screen experience.

In the year or so since the film first appeared on the U.S. flea-pit circuits it has won an enviable word-of-mouth reputation among the late-nite cult crowd. Whatever notoriety the film has — and it now has plenty — was achieved solely through that, since the independent shoe-string production left no spare cash around to grease the usual film promotion wheels.

Inescapably, it's a product of vision and dedication — written and directed over a period of almost four years by David Lynch on sets built from scratch in an empty loft, financed by an American Film Institute grant.

And inescapable is the operative word. *Eraserhead* lingers in the mind like a skulking half-recalled nightmare, such is its deeply disturbing effect.

The cinematography that conjures this eerie reality is never less than totally compelling: a black and white

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"And they thought the Nazis were weird . . ." John Nance in Eraserhead.

American Gothic in the tradition of Val Lewton's pulp horror flicks of the '40s such as *The Cat People* and *I Walked With A Zombie* — although film buffs will no doubt also make comparisons with the earlier German cinema in the light (or shadow) of *Eraserhead's* obvious and very powerful surrealism.

Yet the film's content is much more than simply surreal (and therefore at times perversely humorous). It captures the mood and logic of dreams, as if Lynch had actually plucked those small hours from the mind of the dim-witted Henry (John Nance) and transferred them wholesale onto celluloid.

If *Eraserhead* is immediately confused and confusing it's because Henry himself has the barest grip on his self and his existence. Like a character from a Pere Ubu song, trousers three inches too short and jacket buttoned too tight at the chest, Henry's world has him perpetually stymied.

And when this hapless protagonist becomes the victim of evolution gone wildly off the rails, all he can do is view the event with mute idiotic curiosity. When the mutant infant's night-time wailing starts to invade the sanctity of Henry's dreams, he just retreats even further. Until there's nowhere left to retreat . . .

Eraserhead, in the most original manner, made me feel as if I'd had too much to dream one night. I could almost touch the clammy sheets.

Paul Rambali

Brass Target

Directed by John Hough
Starring John Cassavetes, George Kennedy and Sophia Loren
(CIC)

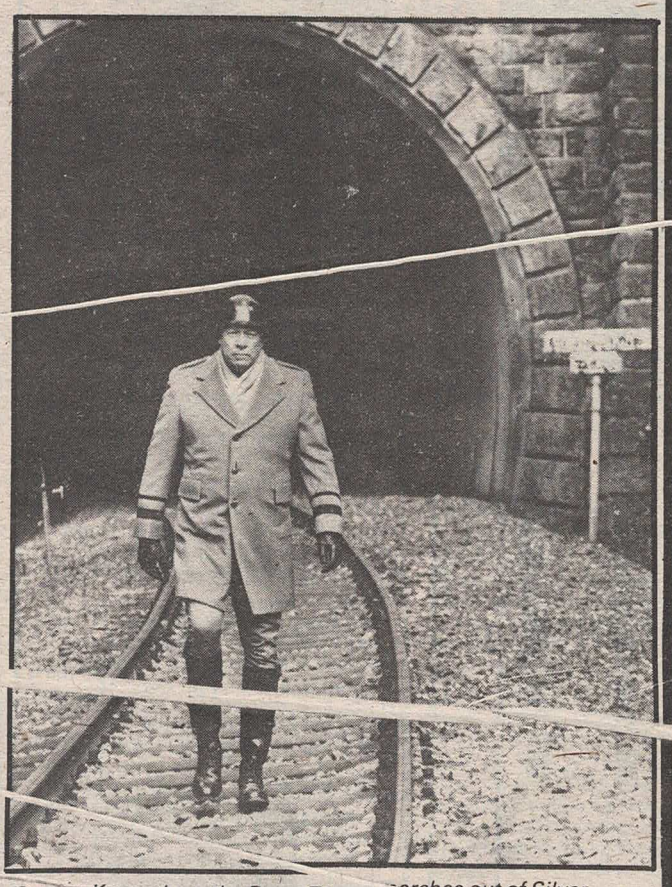
Easily the dumbest and most implausible 'war' movie since *Operation Crossbow* — funny, Sophia Loren was in that too — *Brass Target's* surface sheen, all snappy '70s telephoto visuals, is absurdly at odds with its '40s melodramatic script (give or take a few mild epithets) and its '50s Cold War paranoia: George Kennedy's excruciatingly blustering General Patton mugs as remorselessly as his tiresomely cartoon Russian opposite.

What we're *supposed* to believe is that some naughty American quite-high-ups are planning to cover up their theft of the Reichsbank gold reserve by assassinating George (Patton and Kennedy).

Ingenious? Not really, and when the 'baddies' are led by Robert Vaughn (another of his weasly homosexual portrayals) you know everything will be cocked up, so to speak. Matters are complicated by the arrival of Max Von Sydow's urbane hitman (more doleful than ever — he, at least, must have read the script before taking part) and Ms Loren's wan mistress (just about everyone's, it transpires), suffering in a fetching line of silky underthings.

Good to bring back a bit of *colour* and *romance* to those dark days, don't you think?

Monty Smith



George Kennedy as the Brass Target marches out of Silver Screen.

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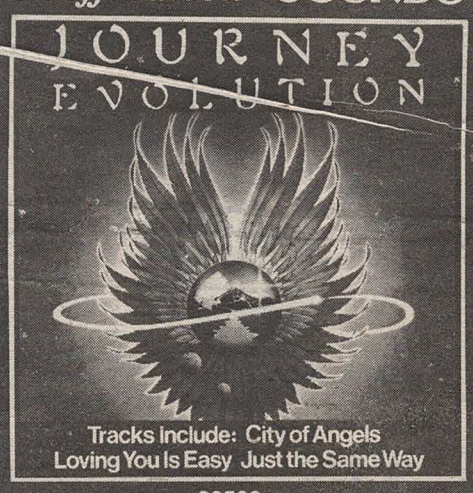

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PSIOUXDSIE'S CORNER

But enough of the innate fallacies of Empirical Romanticism — can't we just talk about leather underwear?

Scene 1: Into The Commercial Zone!

MOVEMENT along these passges is without friction, skipping and rapid, often headlong, as if on perfect rock 'n' roller skates. Parts of the long galleries are open to the public. There are certain positions to sit in and watch the ascents or descents, depending.

Fantastic pop music charts come by, big as pantomimes; one has to go *inside* and search the numberless shelves, each revealing treats sharper and more modern than the last.

The labyrinthine path turns out to have been set up deliberately to give the stranger a tour of the company. Meanwhile the inspector (myself) feels obliged, impassioned and duty-bound to turn some tables. Facts collected from previous interviews are turned into states of affairs which may or may not be the case, previous 'agreements' turned into recommendations and warnings which may be either correct and appropriate or incorrect and inappropriate. The relation of the subjects to the symbolic or imaginary is the final barrier. Beyond that . . .

Scene 2: The First Risk!

SIOUXSIE & The Banshees are convenient.

Our conversation, ostensibly to deal with their new single 'Staircase', and their upcoming Rainbow benefit gig for the National Society for Handicapped Children, was actually a long overdue occasion for conflict. It concerned the relative claims to validity or otherwise of the criteria which support the hitherto fairly inviolate, heavy and heavily credible Siouxsie & The Banshees' image.

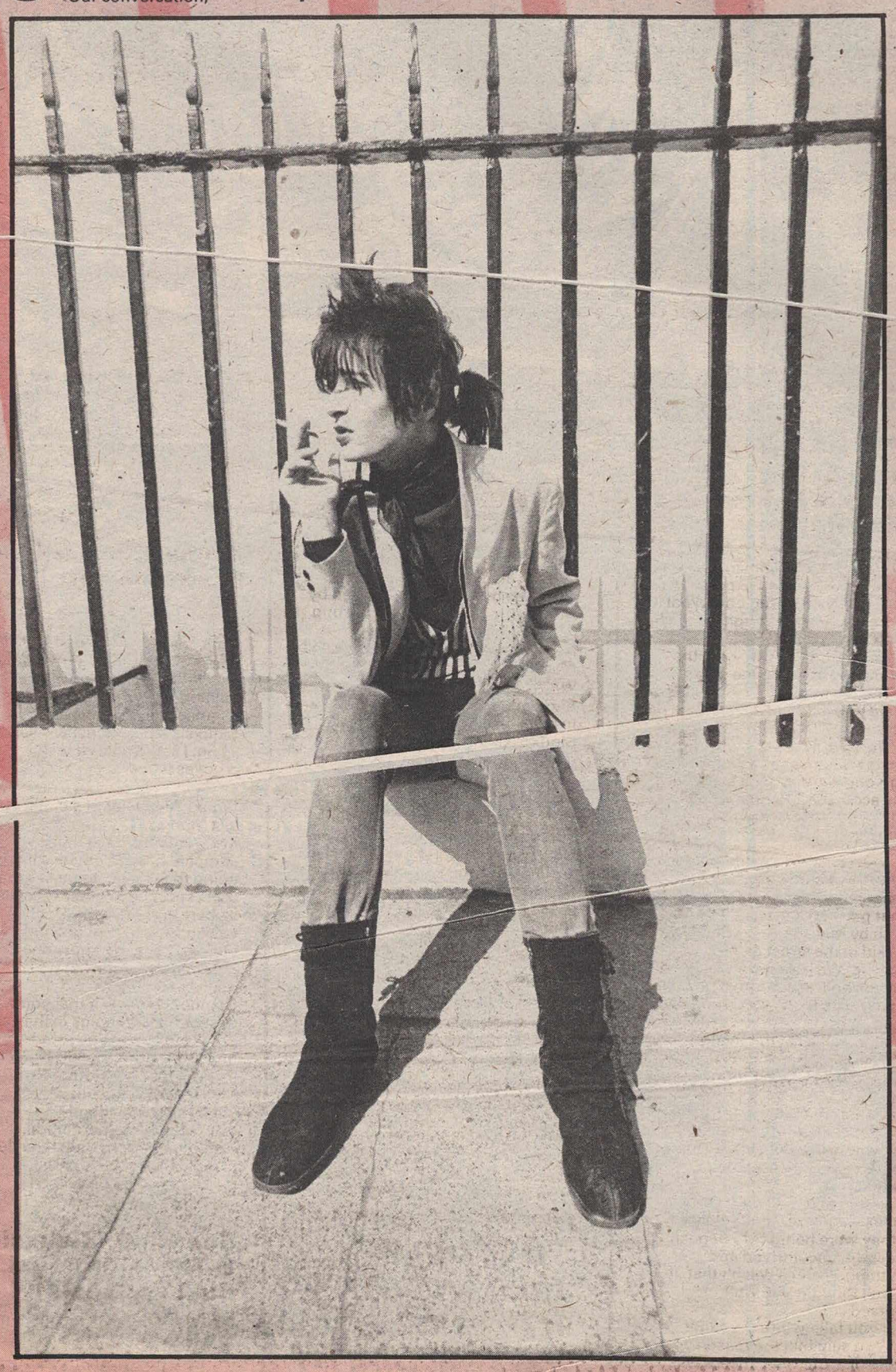
If anything, the purpose of this article is to stress that it seems impossible to either carry out or criticise the motions and articulations of recent rock and roll independently of its political and ideological inclinations.

Listen to: don't just hear.

The role of instruments, techniques, institutions, events, ideas, and interests in rock was very much changed by the New Wave. Rock and roll is healthier than it's ever been, true, but it still needs to tighten up its outputs and input, interrelations, passions and questioning. Revolutionary movements or moments such as the New Wave show the desire to rearrange organisational structures — playing, publishing, providing — and at the same time replace redundant forms of identification.

Look at: just don't see.

An immense complexity characterises the appearance of the concept of control of the rock medium. A succession of different mystiques announce the presence of what appears to be a vacuum.



Scene 3: The Empiricist's New Clothes!

"Won't someone assist me? / Solve this mystery / Somebody assist me / Arrange the symmetry."
('Staircase') Siouxsie & The Banshees.

'At most, they are expected to provide evidence of a state of mind, an intellectual fashion, a mixture of archaism and bold conjecture, of intuition and blindness.'
— Michel Foucault

SIOUXSIE & The Banshees are irrelevant.

Empiricism is, crudely, the belief that knowledge should be gained through observation and experiment, not through theory. Empiricism and romanticism are two boils on the seat of current beat music. Empirical argument — as provided by, for example, Siouxsie & The Banshees, The Pop Group, This Heat, Brian Eno and Danny Baker — tends toward common-sensical bias. Combined with classic romanticism, it will produce investments in Art — and with all the capital ambivalence that this both promises and affords.

But the real limits on expression must be clarified, before we're overrun. The first rule is no more biographies. Let's find out instead about the regularities and restraints which actually determine how something comes to be made, made public and publicly accepted as understood (even when not). What actually gives something value? What basis do the rock press generally work from to determine something's value?

Siouxsie says that "People keep picking on their own reactions as rules . . ." That's bad. I wholeheartedly agree. But don't you deserve it, I wonder?

In common with many of their contemporaries, Siouxsie & The Banshees like to present rock and roll as Art, and thus as something which one finds oneself, naturally, quite incapable of explaining or understanding.

The meaning of any music resides purely in the use to which a spectator puts or fails to put it. Beyond this, meaning is determined by common-sense dumb ideology or everyday commercial market forces. Rock and roll therefore has no real strength or resistance. Concerns, traditional or otherwise, simply don't escape any dominant assumptions. They can't do anything more than decorate, refine or polish already established structures.

Let's not pretend that there's no planning involved in somebody's use of restricted or elaborate kinds and codes of rock expression. Let's not pretend that any one entertainer is any more or less 'political' than another. Let's not even pretend that only a few have any chance of or interest in effecting real change.

You either sustain or you subvert. You try to control completely.

Scene 4: J'Accuse!

THE supercilious tone and mostly insubstantial content of drummer Kenny Morris' conversation suggest an ill-sorted sort of person suddenly elevated into a position where he feels he might safely lord it a bit with the ol' intellectual facade.

The equally supercilious tone and apparent desire to contribute a minimum to conversation that is guitarist Severin's particular pole, both suggest the same sort of person elevated into the same sort of position. Severin, however, feels as yet unsure quite how to lord it — although he is nevertheless determined to go ahead and do so. Rock journalists are suckers for this one: the sour, silent sage.

Bassist McKay and singer Sioux are fairly accomplished by comparison.

Provisionally, the inspector is accused by Severin of having made an 'infantile' remark; the group are evidently unconvinced by certain comparisons made in a Kate Bush album review *(NME)*, late November '78):

'Lionheart' starts with words which could easily slot into 'The Scream': 'Blue on the walls, Blue out of my mouth'; but where a Banshee might follow that up with, say 'Blood on the walls, Blood out of my mouth' . . .

Well, I reply, in all your interviews you seem to be quite obsessed with 'control' at various stages of the music business. One of my doubts — by no means specific to you — is the amount of control exercised over meaning, by which I mean image — and aesthetic meanings. Is the music press wholly to blame, for instance, for your particular 'shock horror' image? Don't you leave yourself open to such things through ambivalent or ambiguous expression?

KM: "Yes, we do. But it's a certain thing . . . it's only certain things people pick on, time after time after time."

So don't you want to control it a little more? I recall that, for instance, in the recent *ZigZag* feature 'Staircase' was described as being about "unfathomable mystery". Doesn't such ambiguous nonsense invite cockeyed aesthetic judgement?

Sioux: "The song's just taking a very day-to-day thing, and the nature of that thing is very . . . mysterious."

In what sense? Staircases are mysterious? What do you expect people to take away from that?

Sioux: "I want them to take what they want to take from it. We've never tried to control people's reactions. It's just people who should know better."

BANSHEES (L-R): Siouxsie, Severin, McKay, Morris.

"No," cries IAN PENMAN sternly, "I insist we talk about the innate fallacies of Empirical Romanticism — or if you're really in a hurry, how about the onset of Western Stoicism?"

Scene 5: A Banshees' Privileged Insight Into Real Life!

YOU don't exist isolated within the music biz structure. You're part of it. Just on a pragmatic level, you're part of the financial structures: income, outcome, profit. You're entangled in that up to your necks.

Scene 6: The Thing That Goes In Your Ear!

BUT what sort of information in or on a record do you find relevant?

KM: "The vinyl itself . . . what is actually on the vinyl."

The plastic object?

KM: "No, the thing that goes in your ear."

OK, what's

. . . what's it important to put in there? What's going to alter people's day-to-day misery?

KM: "I don't say it will alter them. You do a thing, they can accept it or leave it, but it will *affect* them, it won't alter them. You do a thing, they can accept it or leave it, but it will *affect* them, it won't *alter* them. I'm not . . . worried totally about completely changing people's attitudes, because I don't have that kind of faith or belief in people. All I know is it's there and it's for them to choose; they can take it or leave it."

I'd give up if I were you.

KM: "If they alter, they alter. But it'd be ridiculous to have faith in the belief that you're gonna alter masses of people. I'm not talking about little London, I'm talking about everywhere, the whole globe."

JM: "Why did you talk about 'giving up'? I mean, if I give up, this band falls to pieces, I don't give up, I don't give up creating. It comes out anyway."

But don't you think there's a danger there of subscribing to the belief that 'whatever comes out' is holy: the sanctity of the artist, the mystery of creation?

Siuox: "It's not at all a mystery of creation — if there's been a misunderstanding then that's . . . luck, but what comes out is a result of what you're affected by, and it's around everyone else."

Well, how do *you* think you *affect* people?

Siuox: 'Because they're not being presented with a standard method."

It seems to me to be very much just a parallel standard method: exchanging one set of 'mysteries' for another.

KM: "They're not 'mysteries' — why is that a recurring word in this interview?"

Ambi . . .

. . . ambiguity?

KM: "NO, they're obvious everyday things, but they're sort of themes and relations that usually lie strictly under the carpet in people's minds. Rather than write about something that's pure broad daylight, um, dole queue or whatever, there's no mystery involved . . ."

But what *change* will that effect?

KM: "Change what?"

You're saying . . . your lyrics are pointing at things and you're hoping that people will go "Oh, yes, now I see!"

KM: "Not exactly. You can wipe that off for a start. As I said, we're not there to alter people, not exactly. We don't have enough faith — I certainly don't — in people."

'Faith in people' meaning what? You have faith in yourself — you being a person, presumably . . .

KM: "Of course I do. You can see our album looking glossy in the racks, along with everybody else's, and that's the way we want it — *that's* the way we know we're gonna get over to so many people. We want it there in the media with all the rot so that it'll shine out."

Scene 7: The Phantom In Your Living Room!

IF you don't have 'faith in people', how do you expect them to see it shining out? What if they're not bright enough to perceive it?

KM: "Rubbish, no, it's there in the racks, shining to everyone else's eyes. They're not blind."

You said you didn't have faith in people.

KM: "No. Exactly. That's why, for one instance, out goes a single like 'Hong Kong Garden' which is readily accessible. People won't exactly — I'm sure — hardly anyone I . . .

. . . never spoke to understood the lyrics, or heard them, but it was a very good way of drawing people in. That person was excited enough by that single — whether it was a kid in the street or a housewife. We reached a whole range, a whole spectrum of people who would go to a record shop and buy the album.

"It's there. It's in your living room. We want Siouxsie &The Banshees to be a living room name."

Jusy another object in the living room that no-one understands? I mean, what was Siouxsie & The Banshees a reaction against, initially?

Sioux: "A reaction towards the falseness of people maintaining that they were being very honest, expressive, uncontrived and everything — and it wasn't that, it was well thought out, well rehearsed . . ."

Aren't you falling into the same trap? You said that the reason you didn't make your own record was because you wanted it to be 'perfect.'

Sioux: "We wanted to do it one hundred per cent."

You think, in other words, that there's some 'perfect' way of doing something?

Sioux: "The drive behind you is that you want to do something as perfectly as possible, yet always after you . . . attempt you realise the mistakes you made, and have to carry on going up.

"We're by no means satisfied by what we've done. We're not smug or satisfied. We haven't really reached anywhere we think we will reach."

What are you reaching for?

Sioux: "Success."

In what terms?

Sioux: "Global terms. And in ourselves, as impressing ourselves."

JM: "I don't . . . really think in terms of success. I think in terms of my satisfaction. I don't think 'I'm writing this tune for the Banshees to be globally successful.' "

Sioux: "No, I didn't say that."

JM: "You did in a way."

Sioux: "I said I want us to be. that's not the reason why I'm doing it."

JM: "Well that's what you said in answer to the question . . ."

Scene 8: Ho Hum!

JM: "People can relate to records. Not even on a heavy level; to have a record that they like and can identify with — lyrics or even just the feeling put across, the sounds — is, like, a great thing to have in their lives, for just a while, until they get fed up with that album and need another one. It's just, um . . ."

Production and consumption? One more sharplysleeved, sharplyproduced, sharplyplayed pop record. Who needs it? *(Well I wouldn't mind a few m . . . more.— Ed.)*

"But can you take pictures of it?" asks PENNIE SMITH

Scene 9: It's A Free Marketplace!

AH, the index of 'freedom' as the right to aggressively . . . idle, vagrant expression and opinion. The right to the aggressively idle, vagrant Siouxsie & The Banshees. Once again, I ask, what is it in the grooves which is so valid?

Sioux: "For want of a better word, just, *honest*."

KM: "I dunno, I just think comparisons are obvious if you're going to ask a question like that. I don't know what you expect us to sit here and say to that. Other than, you know, we've got confidence in our creativity, we know one hundred percent what we want to do."

Damned if I do. Is it that you want to stick honest things in the ears of people in whom you've absolutely no faith, in the hope that they'll prick up and plug into the great, glossy, global gestalt where everything is evidently self-evidently supernatural, peeping out from under the deep pile of the collective carpet?

What a useful project!

Scene 10: Siouxsie & The Interglobal Building Society!

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Magazine's mad minstrel gains momentum

Howard Devoto, looking less manic than usual

MAGAZINE
Second-Hand Daylight ***(Virgin)***

"Whatever your feelings about Howard Devoto are, they're no doubt strong" — the opening salvo of the last feature penned on the subject in these pages was no doubt earnestly conceived but . . . well, I just had to laugh because at that point I had absolutely no feelings for or against Devoto, his music, his lyrics, his stance in interviews, his high forhead, you name it.

'Spiral Scratch' was no startling revelation to me and 'Shot By Both Sides' left me impressed with the conclusion of its conceit without moving me to any fervent degree. Similarly, 'Real Life', the first Magazine album, had a half-baked quality to it — yes, there was potential and yes, there was master of ceremonies Devoto intoning intriguing obscurities — but there was also an overwhelming sense of the premature about the project. Magazine as a band were obviously still coming to terms with the task of mustering their full resources; the record was also badly produced, more often than not burying Devoto's voice when clarity was all important.

'Second-Hand Daylight' rectifies the latter vocal problem with a degree of success that is almost disarming. More essentially, the combination of a nine month lapse between 'Real Life' and the new album, also the fact that prodcution duties have switched from John Leckie to one Colin Thurston, all this has given Devoto and Magazine a context in which they can provide the listener with a Grade A representation of their talents.

Where previously there was half-realised potential, there is now an austere sense of authority to the music. This becomes clear from the first bars of 'Feed The Enemy'. These are very 'Low'-period Bowiesque, right down to the stray saxophone bleats and lulling synthesiser chords, both of which are sublimated into the dank neo-Gothic sound to which Magazine seem so partial (the same ingredients precede the first moments of the second side as well).

And then Devoto begins the song itself. Lyrically an account of a plane crash (I think) with imagery that runs the gauntlet from the vivid to the obscure, the arrangement is precise, focused and ingenious. A fitting prelude, this, because it presents the all-important balance between band and front-man the whole album goes on to establish. Magazine have well and truly become a group.

'Rhythm Of Cruelty' is a slightly different take from the single: a wiry, jittery piece with Devoto at once presenting sone of his better lyrics but vocally nodding a little too archly in the direction of Sparks' cuteness and even hitting at a Lydon sneer.

'Cut-Out-Shapes' continues the Sparks' vocalese, but this is Devoto's prime precinct. He wrote the music, an ominous motorik which the band enhance to a degree that gives the composition — at a guess, a paean to 'numbness' — just the right cutting edge. Both 'Talk To The Body' and 'I Wanted Your Body' provide diversity to good effect. The first is subversively 'poppy', the second has a really gripping melody courtesy of keyboardman David Formula and bassist Barry Adamson.

Meanwhile 'I Wanted Your Heart' joins side two's 'Back To Nature' and 'Permafrost' as one of the album's three comparative masterpieces. 'Back To Nature' is the finest song and performance Devoto and Magazine have ever executed; Devoto finally finds his voice — aterse, uncompromising instrument — and lets fly with floods of imagery that owe nothing to anyone, while Magazine match him punch for punch.

'Believe That I Understand' is Magazine-rock with a sterling chord change and Devoto again using his 'real' voice. It's a forceful performance but, sandwiched between 'Nature' and the final 'Permafrost', it tends to lose its momentum.

"As the day stops dead / At the place where we've stopped / I will drug you and fuck you / On the permafrost": 'Permofrost' owes passing nods to both Iggy Pop (lyrically and vocally) and John Barry (an old and burgeoning influence), but transcends its debts by establishing once and for all the animal known as Magazine. It's an appropriately chilling and seductive end to a strong album.

So. Farwell then, 'Second-Hand Daylight'. You've convinced me that Howard Devoto and Magazine are a force to be reckoned with. No mean feat, seeing as I dislike lyricists who tend to play coy and *wallow* in obscurity and as I also detect a plethora of influences peaking out of every note at times. But you've arrived and have harnessed your considerable potential to the dictates of 'professionalism' whilst still taking chances.

After all, as Devoto himself says — and I'll back him up to the hilt — "I've got to admire your ingenuity".

Nick Kent

Fear no dread inna Inglann

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON
Forces of Victory ***(Island)***

One of Britain's top policemen yesterday claimed that a 'simple, insidiously dangerous and damaging' campaign against the police was gaining momentum. Mr James Anderton, Chief Constable of Greater Manchester, told members of the South Lancashire Magistrates Association that it was being engineered by criminal factions and subversive elements . . .
—The Observer, Sunday 18 March 1979.

It was said by an *NME* colleague recently — in connection with Belfast group Stiff Little Fingers — that there existed a set of social/political conditions which none of us could ever *'fully comprehend'*, a kind of *'frustration none of us can understand'*.

Without wishing to take particular issue here, with the reasons and ideas which lie behind those statements, let me just say that . . .

Here it is again. Here, the problem might possibly be one of a white critic dealing with a black music. It's not a question of certain 'art' *transcending* such considerations. 'Forces of Victory' is not a work which might have any such trustworthy 'universal' qualities ascribed to it.

'Forces of Victory' deals with *specifics*. Specifics you can neither ignore nor fail to understand. It deals with social articulations on a level of understanding. Linton Johnson deals with social frustration, understands the nature of that frustration, and the nature of the historical conditions which produced it and carry on doing so.

'This is the age of reality — so leggo mythology.'

Origin and application. Resolution and abolition. 'Forces of Victory' analyses and articulates the pride and problems of the black community in 'Great' Britain today. It is both more effective and more accessible than Johnson's previous 'Dread, Beat and Blood' album. Here it is again: anger in the 'United' Kingdom.

Here, the problem might be one of the white critic dealing with sublimated personal responses to the predicament . . . were it not that 'Forces of Victory' is such a tight, cogent piece of work, is so rigorously structured as to make such doubts the subject of severe assessment and reconcilement.

The Poet hears another Charlie Smithers joke

The eight statements of 'Force of Victory' define the perspective. Critical of accepted (white) political ideology, it asks what lies behind the consensus that supports the domination, the oppression — the 'dread, beat and blood'.

Contempt is equal, whether it be for the fascist instruments of this country's Right, or the instrumental fascism of its Left: *'What a cheek, them think we meek, that we can't speak up for ourself . . . the SWP can't set we free / The IMG can't do it for we / The Communist party, true dem too arty farty . . .'*

('Independent Intavenshan'.) The almost flippant ferocity is unquestionably justified. A persecuted, colonised community obviously does not need any more isolationist strategems or strategy, whether it originates from the inconclusive policies of the liberal-mobilisation-against-*ism* sector, or from the Conservative school of psychological crisis management — the isolation and branding of groups or 'minorities' who are held responsible for everything people feel to be wrong with society.

'Sonny's Letteh (AntiSus Poem)' is the perfect illustration, an indignant answer without trace of pity, the most painful realisation of the set: 'Sus' is short for Section 4 of the 1824 Vagrancy Act, through which police are granted the right to arrest, charge, and even convict someone for 'suspicious behaviour'. The poem takes the form of a letter written from Brixton prison back to the defendant's mother: one son detained on 'sus', the other on murder. The steadily narrated storyline is curled and clipped around the stealthily natural dub instrumentation, which cuts out noiselessly to leave Linton's surely spoken account of police brutality.

'Mama, I couldn't just stand up dere an do nuthin.' The letter closes with a plea for the mother not to be *'depressed or downhearted . . . Me 'ave good courage.'*

Detention without charge is the next stop, tell you that. At every level the fight is to *'defeat the State'*, to defeat all the things a State allows. Chief Constable Anderton, for instance, was the man who allowed NF marches to carry on in secret. Things must be seen *clearly*.

At every level of 'Forces of Victory' the resistance and rebellion is calm and rational, whether it be the depersonalisation and degradation of our wonderful 19th Century liberal Welfare State in 'Want Fi Goh Rave' *('Me no goh work for no pittance / Me noh go draw dem assistance')* or the hemmed-in historical legacy of 'Time Come': *'But it too late now, I did warn you . . . when you chuck me against the wall I did not bawl / but I did warn you.'*

Around every line of 'Forces of Victory' the subtle 1979 dub dynamo shadows, paces and emphasises. Dennis 'Blackbeard' Bovelle's production of Rico, Dick Cuthell, Julio Finn and John Kaipye is restrained and refractory, a languid stoicism threatening splinters, a shadow walking behind the occupied foreground. Kaipye's guitar, especially; both the storm smashing the sky and the moisture seeping through the field after the rain, scales indexed to the relentless revision upfront.

The rhythms swimming through Johnson's lyrics and the musicians' playing are a familar, traditional, real 'street' motion — upright and beyond reproach. Unblinkered, sure and tense and *almost* arrogant, that singular identification caught in music, dress, speech, expressions — it's called *rass*.

It's where, when, and how. It's music, message, and militancy. It's tight and inseperable, distinct, unselfishly structured. It's *'dressed in red and feelin' dread . . .'* It is designed to *'make we hold wi' clarity.'*

'Forces of Victory' is an album which makes you feel ashamed of (and angered, embarrassed, confused by) rock music's still surviving maintenance of insubstantial myths and hollow idols. It effectively, irresistibly gives lie to the old contention that 'chaos' is the only path toward change. That's a cop-out.

Linton Kwesi Johnson is a numbingly provocative commentator (not to mention political activist, teacher, journalist, broadcaster, and poet) who shows that what is needed is the *right amount* and *right kinds* of control. A rigorous approach does not rule out rhythm, or regulate its risk.

When Linton Kwesi Johnson sings *'Forces of victory and we're comin' right troo / We're the forces of victory now whatcha' gonna do?'*, there is nothing in his delivery which suggests revenge, power, ego, or superiority. Understanding and knowing how to assess accurately one's enemy means that one already possesses a necessary condition for victory. Understanding and knowing how to assess one's *own* forces . . .

You can take 'Forces of Victory' as a threat, a warning, a symptom, a rallying call, a reassurance, or maybe even an insult. But take it you must.

It's so much more *alive* than anything else. It's music proper for the *'age of decision'*.

It dread inna Inglann.

Ian Penman

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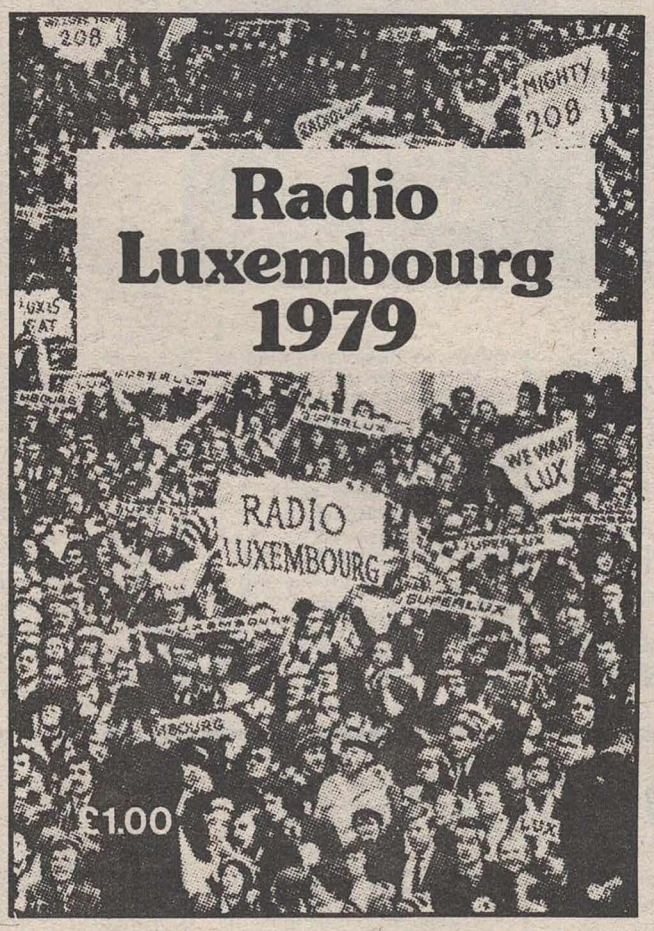

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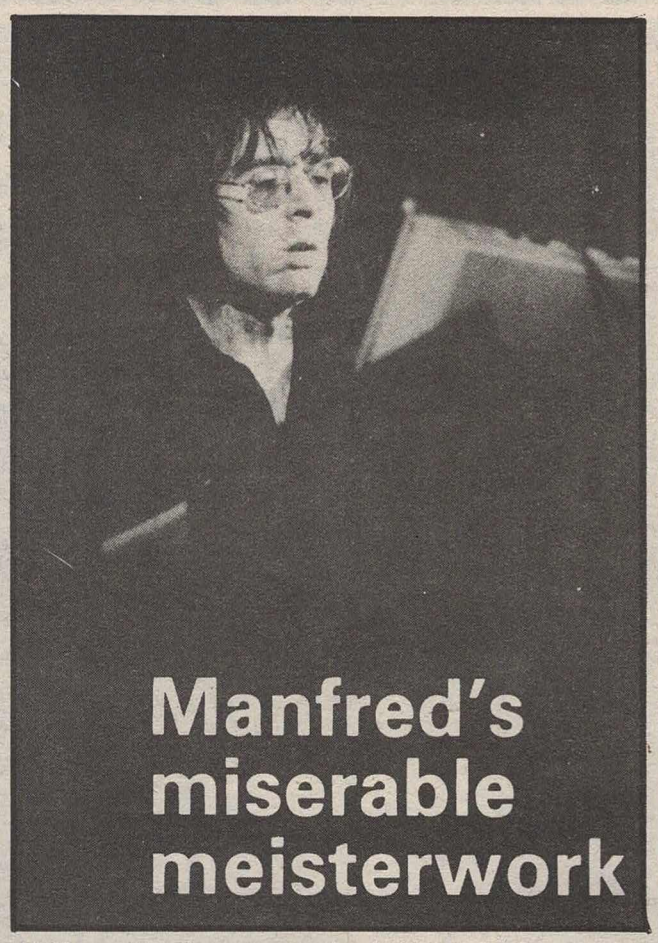


Manfred's miserable meisterwork

Mr Mann makes the masses melancholic

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND
Angel Station *(Bronze)*
While UK fans and reviewers drool over Munich disco, this is what the Germans are listening to.

Manfred's last album 'Watch' was the third biggest seller there last year. The first two (naturally) were 'Grease' and 'Saturday Night Fever'.

In this country, Manfred's best known as the creator of chirpy chart singles, many of them versions of Bob Dylan songs.

His latest single, 'You Angel You', is yet more of the same, taken from Dylan's 'Planet Waves' album. As usual, it's elaborately arranged to create an illusion of simplicity.

This album's opener, 'Don't Kill It Carol', is also a jolly pop song, but both are atypical of the album as a whole.

As with 'Watch', the mood is predominantly both solemn and meloncholy. Manfred clearly has an over-riding fondness for slow, understated ballads which convey their emotions through melodies and arrangements rather than their lyrics.

The outstanding examples on this set are sinister 'Angels At My Gate' and low key love song, 'You Are — I Am', both of them original works by Mann.

The appeal of this kind of thing is undoubtedly strong. Clamp on the headphones and you can make yourself quite miserable in a matter of minutes. Bet they love it in Norway, Henrik.

This is the last Manfred album to feature vocalist Chis Thompson. He's off to work with his own band Night (formerly Filthy McNasty) and they're being produced by Richard Perry.

After the subtleties of Mr Mann, Chris should find few challenges with Mr Perry's mainstream commercialism. But good luck to him, anyway.

Bob Edmands

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Lethal Weapons *(Suicide import)*
DUFFO
Duffo *(Beggar's Banquet)*
Monty Python and Barry McKenzie have probably done irreparable damage to the image of Australian culture; but here are two records by real Australians which suggest they've only got themselves to blame.

Suicide is a small 'independent' label (distributed by RCA) — and 'Lethal Weapons' is their collection of Australian New Wave music. Unfortunately, the idea down under seems to be that New Wave means wearing dark glasses and trying to sound like The Rolling Stones.

Jab go as far as affecting a South London accent on one track, with jarringly ludicrous results. Excepting the dreadful arty pretentiousness of The Negatives, 'Lethal Weapons' is a mishmash of weak-kneed R&B and HM glam posturing. Only The Boys Next Door, with a powerful version of 'These Boots Were Made For Walking', show any promise, though even that's largely dissipated by their other contributions.

At least these groups remain in Australia. The same, alas, cannot be said of Duffo, now on the roster of the same peculiarly misanthropic record company that inflicted Ivor Biggun and The Doll upon suffering humanity. 'Duffo', however, beats all-comers in the Abysmal Garbage Stakes. It is, quite possibly, the worst record ever made in the entire history of the world.

A sort of Antipodean Jobriath-cum-Gumbee figure, Duffo mostly rips-off (or is it parodies?) David Bowie, with results that are entirely laughable without being the least funny. Apart from the facts that his voice and the music is woefully inadequate, Duffo's songwriting is not exactly a pinnacle of the pithy and perceptive.

One track consists only of the phrase *Give me back me brain*, while the one preceding has him gibbering *I want to fuck your mind* for what feels like an eternity.

I'm not sure Duffo would recognise a mind if one fell on him from a great height.

This album makes Rolf Harris seem like a musical Einstein.

Graham Lock

TOM SCOTT
Intimate Strangers *(CBS)*
Although Tom Scott has scored considerable successes with some of his earlier ventures on A&M — notably 'Tom Cat' and a series of intelligent horn arrangements for the creme de la creme of West Coast artistes — his record of session piece work with all manner of stultified bananas indicates that this youthful slave driver is high on talent and low on what we metaphysicians like to term 'simple soul'.

Tom Scott: believe it or not, he's dull

In other words Scott has shot his saxophone bolt too many times to maintain any level of lasting credibility as a solo performer. This 'Intimate Strangers' malarky comes replete with a sycophantic liner note courtesy of the editor on *Down Beat* that attempts to pull the wool on some fatuous concept scam wherein Scott, who's an ugly bugger whichever way you look at it, plays horny footsy with some floosie in the third row of the 'gig' (technical term) someplace ritzy like the Roxy in El Lay and, overjoyed at the brilliance of his brainwave, spreads it across many minutes of patronising funk jazz puree.

Assisted by a cast of thousands — including Jaco Pastorius, Hugh McCracken and the excellent Skyde Hyde — Scott bobs and weaves through a selection of tonic sol-fas and associated gook which aforesaid notes translate in terms of classic pseudery.

Hence 'Do You Feel Me Now' is a poignant ballad in which new love conflicts with the necessities of being on the road, for indeed, 'a music man is a one night stand'.

To which one can only add a heartfelf 'bollocks'.

Max Bell

KEN BOOTHE
20 Greatest Reggae Hits *(Charmers)*
Lloyd Charmers, in a display of wisdom as befits a former member of The Techniques, has assembled an agreeable selection of his work with Ken Boothe in the early '70s to present an LP that is guaranteed to soothe the most savage of incendiary breasts.

Culled from previous Boothe albums 'Black, Gold And Green', 'Let's Get It On', and 'Everything I Own', '20 Greatest Reggae Hits' is an item of consummate listening pleasure from this often underrated artist — one of Jamaica's finest singers.

Personal favourites on the set include 'Second Chance', 'Everything I Own' — one of the few *good* reggae records to penetrate the national chart; in fact the best — plus the plaintive 'Crying Over You', the argent revelry of 'Silver Words' (a Niney the Observer production), and 'African Lady'.

Also of merit, Boothey's interpretation of Neil Young's 'Down By The River', in spite of its strident, overblown orchestration, and mostly because of the fierce organ accompaniment that punctuates the rhythm with periodic snarl.

Skylarking Horace Andy is the man responsible for the classic reggae cut of 'Ain't No Sunshine', but Ken's treatment here runs it a close second; while his version of 'Is It Because I'm Black?' beats Delroy Wilson's hollow.

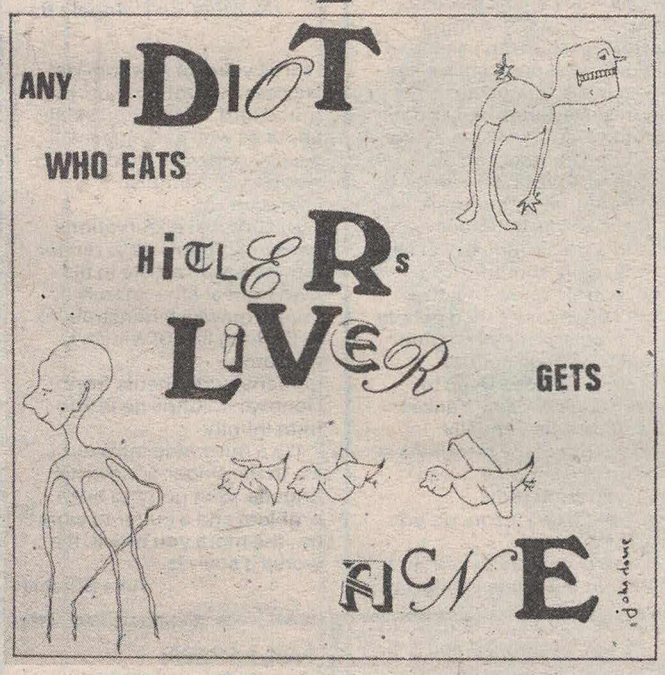
Some might argue that Ken Boothe's greatest performances were his rock-steady sides for Studio One in the '60s, and although the singer deployed fruitful activity at Brentford Road, I'm not too sure I would agree. Charmers is often overwrought in his productions, but the music on this set achieves a nice, relaxed consistency throughout its two crowded sides.

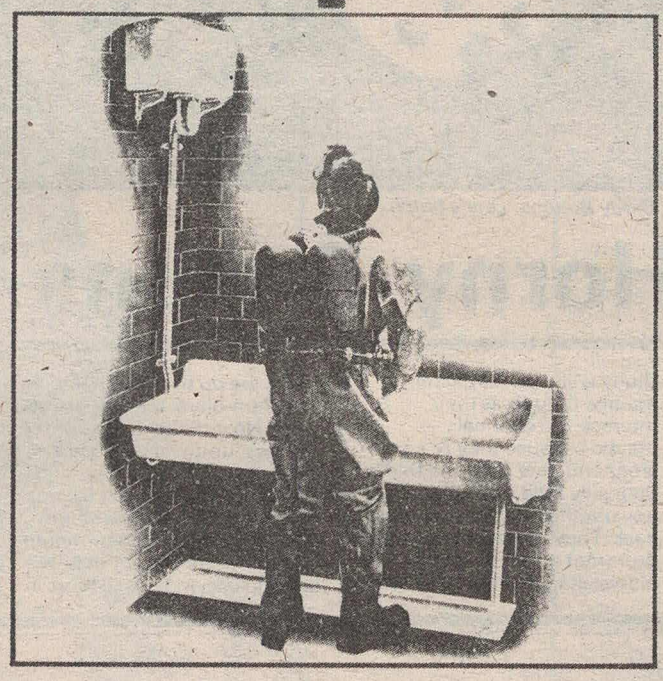
And anytime you are alone, put on this album for the one you love, and let it crystallise.

Penny Reel

DE QUOI T'OCCUPES TU EXACTEMENT ?
DE LA RÉIFICATION
NON, JE ME PROMÈNE PRINCIPALEMENT JE ME PROMÈNE.
JE VOIS, C'EST UN TRAVAIL TRÈS SÉRIEUX, AVEC DE GROS LIVRES ET BEAUCOUP DE PAPIERS SUR UNE GRANDE TABLE.

14B SITUATIONIST GROUP *The Return of the Durutti Column* 1967





Modern life in the UK:

Factory gets it right

A FACTORY SAMPLE
Joy Division, The Durutti Column, John Dowie, Cabaret Voltaire *(Factory Records)*

Conceived and executed by a handful of acute Mancunian idealists (Tony Wilson, Peter Saville and Alan Erasmus), 'A Factory Sample' attempts to represent the nature of performers who appear at the Russell Club, Manchester on Friday nights — The Factory.

The Factory eagerly and consistently concerns itself with staging rigorously and obstinately uncompromising modern entertainers whose music and attitude doesn't desire or pretend to be comfortable, comforting or complacent. Some pretty strange, terrible and wonderful people have been known to play there. "It's nonsense really" is The Factory motto and "some of it's not" is its aside.

Factory Records' first release is a nine track double EP sampler of acts and entertainers who have been associated with the club, smartly packaged in shimmering silver, the design a tender, indulgent situationist parody. Factory Records joke as much as they poke. They are not pretentious, they are affectionate.

None of the acts on "Factory Sample" complement each other — the listener doesn't feel they should — and angles and ideas jut out all over the place. Four compartments. Four noises. For anyone.

Compartment one — aside — Joy Division: Two patient, intent pieces, "Digital" and "Glass", their structure subtly suppressed, drily and dully produced by Martin Zero. Two blurred depictions of desperation and desolation, the missing link between Elvis Presley and the Banshees. The drive and decisiveness, the separation and interaction of each instrument, their unusually supple positions (high bass, drums to the front, meandering guitar) and the deep, round vocals will surprise those whose knowledge of Joy Division is limited to their sluggish EP and their dire "Electric Circus" contribution. More proof of Division's intelligent development. How much longer before an aware label will commit themselves to this individual group?

Compartment two — beside — the Durrutti Column: Two rough, restless examples of an ambitious music the group spent many months attempting to perfect before splintering and all but disintegrating in the latter few months of last year. An uneasy, fluctuating blend of the extreme atmospheres and differing shapes and patterns of dub and psychedelia. Produced with restraint by Martin Zero and Laurie Latham.

Compartment three — seasides — John Dowie: Three irrational, indignant little snaps, "Acne", "Idiot" and "Hitler's Liver", deftly accompanied by members of the Albertos and artlessly produced by C. P. Lee. Dowie's arresting and vigorous delivery is, as always, on the edge of mania, and the seaside humour provides the sampler with a certain balance considering the oppressive, ponderous aura of the other three sides. As you smirk, you're nudged.

Compartment four — decide — Cabaret Voltaire: Neil the Boss opines this Sheffield trio are a bunch of pretentious berks. Me, I think the theoretical input is more attractive than the musical output. So there!

It's not a particularly constructive parallel, but when The Human League 'drop sounds' onto the floor, they do so in to a box so that the sounds collect and form; C.V. 'drop sounds' and let them spread, and the mix and flow is never definite or distinct enough — or shockingly random enough. A collection of ordinary electronic sounds and tricks without design or discipline and rarely worthwhile — as in atmospheric or alienating, edgy or evocative. Splodges and splatters. Ebbs and echoes.

What next for C.V? Research.

The sampler's sound is often untidy, and in a way the selections seem like left overs — but left overs that invite search. In five years' time rock and pop will be utterly different in form and content to what is foolishly accepted as being pop and rock now. And it'll still be changing.

Factory helps it along its way. A game of love. The only way.

Paul Morley

("A Factory Sample" is available from 86 Palatine Road, Didsbury, Manchester — price £1.80, inc. p & p).

STARZ
Coliseum Rock *(Capitol)*

Ever since ol' Frampton made marketing history by the simple expedient of smoothing down the harsh jagged edges of heavy metal while retaining its licks, riffs and driving beat, outfits like Starz have been flowing from Momma America's bosom like warm milk.

Reassuring, it meets all the expectations an audience could have of what an American rock act should be: a standard line up of two guitars, bass, an excellent drummer and crass singer.

The lyrics are just plain dumb, they don't even fall into the 'so bad they're fun to quote' category. Starz steal riffs from the Doobies, Led Zep and Thin Lizzy, anaesthetising them, cutting out the guts and sewing it all back up, producing identikit light metal for considerate teenagers.

The two tracks that would make reasonable singles — 'So Young, So Bad' and 'Where Will It End' — are spoiled by the compressed sound, so when the guitars should wail they whimper.

The band obviously has the power but has allowed it to be creamed off by the production.

Steve Dixon

VAN HALEN
Van Halen 2 *(Warner Brothers)*

Seeing as this is a review of Van Halen, I might as well begin by talking about vans.

In America there is a burgeoning cult based around vans — the four-wheeled variety — which began in the customised set but has grown into a fully-fledged sub-culture dedicated to the premise that the more beer you can drink the more fun you must be having.

They converge at van meets in their thousands to get loose and judge bare tit contests. They call themselves Ignoroids and they call their women Tuna. *Rolling Stone* called them the generation that latched onto the counter-culture too late to realise it was all over anyway.

They like Deep Purple, Led Zeppelin, Bad Company and the rest of the honcho heroes almost as much as they like to eat tuna.

They like Van Halen. How could they fail to like a band that sound like everything you always heard about early '70s rock but didn't think anyone would fall for after all these years . . . rolled into one loud, lurid frenzy of block chords, booming bass bins, bumps, grinds and shrieks.

One British music paper's readers poll voted Van Halen the best new (sic) band of '78, whilst in America they are a mere platinum disc away from stadium-scale stardom. That they will be *b-i-g* is spelled out by the logo-isation of their name — always a good move in the dinosaur league . . . you can sew it on denim or print it on paraphernalia . . . helps people *identify*.

Ignoroids identify with Van Halen because they celebrate the most basic rock'n'roll fantasies (in the most basic of musical mediums): the freedom of the road ('Light Up The Sky' and 'Outta Love Again'); the license to get loose indefinitely ('Somebody Get Me A Doctor'); and what seems their pet subject, licentious sex.

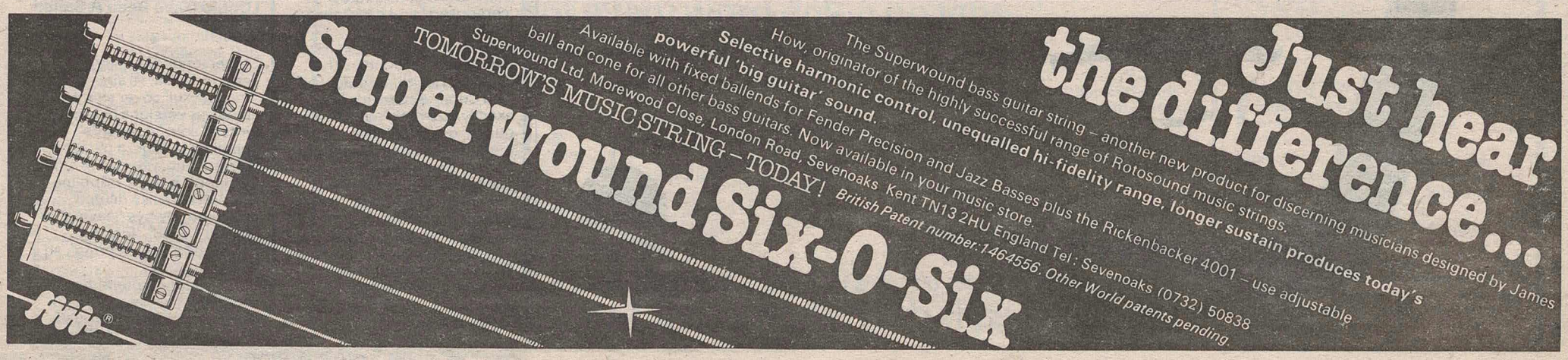
Van Halen's audience is mostly boys. They portray women as mostly sluttish. *"Beautiful girls, sit right down here"* ('Beautiful Girls') . . . *'Cum-um-um on baby, bottoms up"* ('Bottoms Up') . . . *"Pretty maids all in a row"* ('Women In Love'). It's music for the insecure male. After all, there's no danger of any emotional contact with a piece of tuna, is there?

The imagery, like the music, is crude, physical and obvious — less obnoxious than some and funnier than most, because David Roth's cockrock caterwauling sounds more like an old boar on heat than the prize stud he thinks he is.

The music, like the imagery, is crass and simple; the legacy of the Purple/Sabbath powerchord axis. A strictly derivative music that leaves little room for criticism. You've heard it all before and you know by now whether you like it or not. I don't, though I by no means dislike heavy metal, and actively favour the more extreme perpetrators. But this just stays within the confines of a proven formula. It's better than their first album in that it sounds exactly the same only even more so.

The fact is, Van Halen could suffer the most severe critical drubbing and it would not make the slightest bit of difference. Ever felt like you were banging your head against a wall . . .?

Paul Rambali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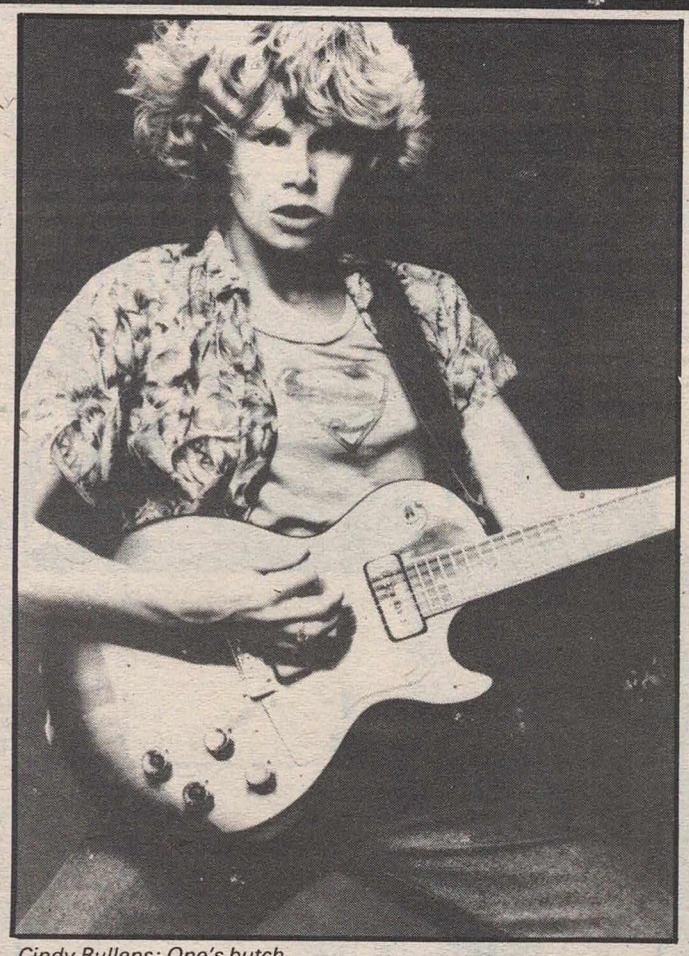
TOMORROW'S MUSIC STRING – TODAY!

CINDY BULLENS
Desire Wire *(United Artists)*

ANGELO BRANDUARDI
Highdown Fair *(Ariola)*



Cindy Bullens: One's butch . .

Horny Bullens?

Two people with guitars take on public distaste and fail miserably.

Cindy Bullens (this moment of my lazy journalism's Nicolette Larsen) comes out of Elton John (she sang on 'Blue Moves') by Bob Dylan (she trailed along on the Rolling Thunder tragedy), picks up her feeble acoustic and gives us "real 1970s rock 'n' roll" just in time for the 1980s.

Solid jobs, solid physique, solid sense . . . some determined effort seems to have been made by, or for, Cindy to present her as clean, asexual and mundane as any other American white chart atrocity — a long, sober way from what we once expected from that semi-successful yet glamourous ring of glittering confidence that called itself MainMan.

Some girls are born to back-up, to hurt no one but themselves when they've got their own album out. Her non-image may not hinder her in America, where low-profiled girls are always popular, but here — adoptive rich daddy of super-sexy Debbie and wildly-weird Lene — white girls personas must be strong enough to waft them like a magic carpet above the heads of numerous and faceless male competitors. We seem to like girls who really put on a music-hall act here, girls who dress up to be watched and to obsess — why, America never even bit the home-grown Quatro bait! We like girls who are leading questions.

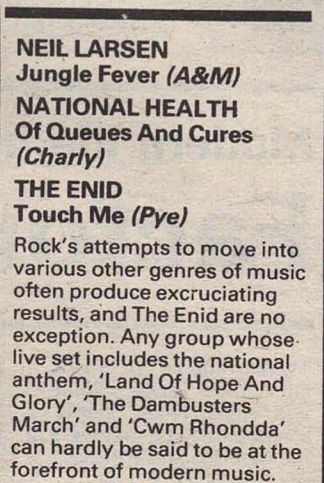
The American fetish that Cindy will probably cater to mainly, though, is their interest in credentials — maybe because they're so crass and new rich, and this is their silly little way of seeing how far they can trace things back. They make Elton John's drummer and Boz Scaggs' pianist stars in their own right; we do the dirt on the only non-blank the Sex Pistols fired. No, not the corpse or the useless lumps of indolence — the one who all the punks-since-1978 hate for not recording yet another album choc-a-bloc with three-minute nursery-anthems about how soul-destroying it is to have a recording contract and how great it is to be a dole-queue-pigeon-killer living in a tent pitched in the middle of the Westway.

Still, it's better to be fickle than fawning when it comes to entertainment. If being on the John / Dylan payroll doesn't sell Cindy to her countrymen, her songwriting might; she's one of these people who could build quite a respectable composing career (until she opens her own mouth) by stealing a wagonload of their most appealing and insidious nuances from assorted rich and famous people, mainly incorporated in soaring orchestral swoops, cutesy doo-wops and raunchy piano frills.

The lyrics are six ways of blanding out the eternal "oooh, baby, ahhh" theme tempered with three token girl-power platitudes, presumably so the sexless, lipstickless, axe-flaunting picture sleeve won't seem *so* ridiculous. It presents a silly spectacle still — three aggressive songs plus tough photo versus six soppy songs — like an earnest person trying to have an honest game of "Snap!" with themself.

If she wants to bother with matters music industry at all, Cindy really should concentrate on writing the right songs for the rich people — a couple of the swooping, moaning songs here ('Survivor', 'Knee Deep In Love') could well be Yankee hits for prettier, equally passive girls (or Boston). As a performer, she's so . . . so plain, so clutteredly workmanlike. I mean, do *you* like dungarees?

If there's anything worse than non-cute girls *acting* tough, it's silly men trying to sell their silliness under the brand-name 'Sensitivity'. Angelo Branduardi is Ariola's latest shit-hot hope (Child were their last giant-killers, I recall) — an "Italian superstar" hoping to cap



. . . the other isn't: Angelo B.

"three years of *phenominal* success throughout Europe" (good lord, Ariola, you spell about as well as Angelo will sell) by appealing to the Hobbit in the English character.

His original observations are so negligible as to render him barely an artiste in his own right at all — merely a minor, mawkish minstrel-link in the long line of wincing, winsome gibberish-merchants from Donovan to Chris de Burgh unto infinity.

It's a miserable introvert's life in the singer-songwriter brigade, with nothing but a problem and a guitar to work on; the more you pick it, the worse it sounds.

Julie Burchill

NEIL LARSEN
Jungle Fever *(A&M)*

NATIONAL HEALTH
Of Queues And Cures *(Charly)*

THE ENID
Touch Me *(Pye)*

Rock's attempts to move into various other genres of music often produce excruciating results, and The Enid are no exception. Any group whose live set includes the national anthem, 'Land Of Hope And Glory', 'The Dambusters March' and 'Cwm Rhondda' can hardly be said to be at the forefront of modern music.

And a similar aesthetic cop-out to that evident in the above selection (which feeds off the rabid nationalism and facile sentimentality such music evokes) can also be found in this, their third, album.

'Touch Me' shamelessly rips off the Romantic vein of classic music — Elgar's pastoralism, Chopin's delicacy, Tchaikovsky's bombast — but waters it down, smooths it out and leaves it for bland. The Enid pick out the pretty and the climactic and stick them together in a superficial patchwork of 'serious' music.

But there's none of the profoundity or emotional depth of their classical sources; none of the abrasive excitement of rock. Just doodling, jolly, brooding, silly mood music — a Billy Cotton Band Show of frustrated 'composers' and half-baked 'mystics'.

A more interesting musical hybrid can be found in The National Health's 'Of Queues And Cures' album. It's not exactly jazz-rock — it's sort of quaint, quirky, murky meanderings much in the style of those eclectic improvisers — like Hatfield And The North — who used to dominate the Virgin catalogue. Precious, intricate, sometimes dreary, 'Of Queues And Cures' has sufficient thoughtfulness to justify a hearing, but too few endearing moments to warrant purchase.

Finally, hip session pianist Neil Larsen has gathered together a gaggle of hip session musicians (Weeks, Newark, Brecker etc) and brought out a solo album of jazz-rock, jazz-funk, jazz-like-Tom-Scott-is-jazz, which is not very much like jazz at all. It's all very polished, easy to listen to, quite impressive in a non-challenging, nothing-out-of-the-ordinary kind of way.

Jazz without sweat. Very *pleasant*, very *clever*, very *entertaining* — you can even whistle some of it. It's the most listenable album of this trio, because at least it moves; even though it never really goes anywhere.

Like wallpaper is still wallpaper, even when it's Laura Ashley.

Graham Lock

BO
Traditional Bard And The Future Inevitable *(Planet Records)*

Recorded as a 4-track demo in 24 hours, and for a minimal lay-out, this solo LP from a Doncaster-based Indie label is not without distinctive character.

As its lofty title (and copyright — 'Infinite Conceptions') might well suggest, 'Traditional Bard' attempts thematic heights that its drumless rough sketches can at best only imply. Bo's lyric muse also tends to drag its heels through a mass of conventionally bleak, pessimistic phrases, or else is overbearingly poetic: *"Surf the New Wave's foaming tide."*

Musically, a good half of Bo's material weighs too heavily on bland four-chord patterns, and its endearing novelty results merely from its skeletal form.

The rest is impressive — bravely discordant and imaginative 12-string arrangements, tempered by his fragile Perrett-styled vocals, the most inspired being the mutant rock 'n' roll of 'Sound Wave Air Wave', and the sweeping title track, complete with psychotic voice-over.

It ends like a cross between Robin Williamson and Ivor Cutler, which is no mean feat in itself.

Mark Ellen

Allen: And some — well, take a wild guess

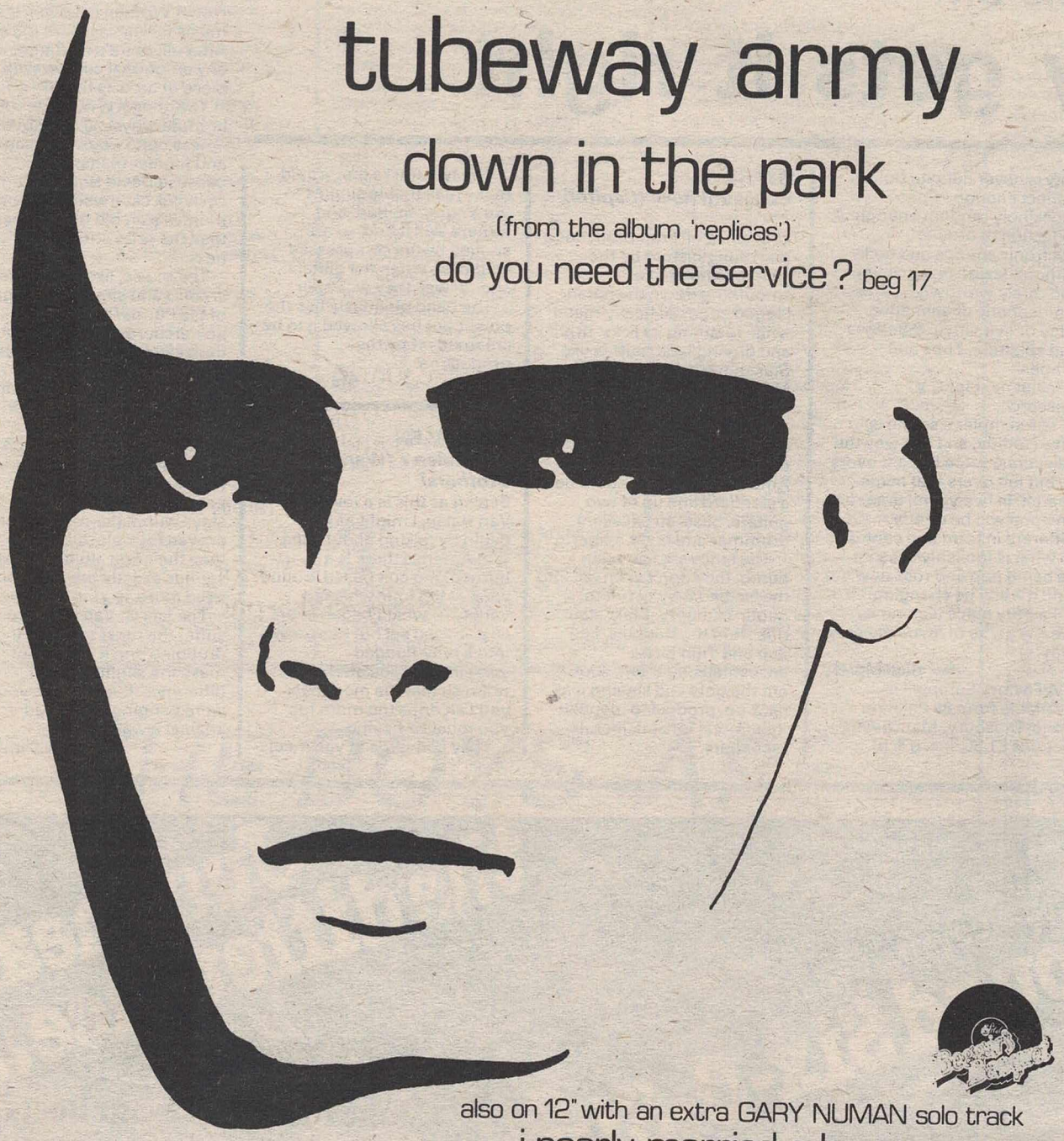
JOHN GLOVER
Midnight Over England *(Electric)*

PETER ALLEN
I Could Have Been A Sailor *(A&M)*

Singersongwriterality: session muzik, strained 'meaningful' cover shots, spineless versions of other writers' soul 'standards', spiralling strings, a perpetual diarrhoeatic waterfall of soft 'romantic' sludge, dribbling through here like diluted Lucozade, always 'leaving' or 'sailing', 'tired', 'looking', 'wandering', 'wondering', so forth.

Singersongwriterality: the missing lie between Van Morrison and Terry Wogan.

Ian Penman


tubeway army
down in the park
(from the album 'replicas')
do you need the service? beg 17
also on 12" with an extra GARY NUMAN solo track
i nearly married a human 2 beg 17t

Herbie takes it on the chin.

HERBIE HANCOCK
Feets Don't Fail Me Now ***(CBS)***
RONNIE FOSTER
Love Satellite ***(CBS)***

Two albums from black singer / songwriter / keyboard / synthesizer / discofusion players with jazz roots.

Hancock has arrived from heady days playing with the Miles Davis Quintet, through the classic funk of 'Chameleon' and on to his recent disco hit 'Thought It Was You'.

Ronnie Foster's pedigree isn't as illustrious but he hung out with Jimmy Smith and Jack McDuff in the '60s, put out three Blue Note LPs before joining George Benson and cutting 'Breezin'.'

Given their recent track record it would be unfair to judge these albums by jazz standards. Even in discofusion terms neither measure up to the mighty George Dukes' 'The Aura Will Prevail', which draws on similar sources. Hancock's LP works perfectly within its own terms. The first side opens with 'You Bet Your Love', long cool disco ideal for listening to when applying make-up, reading *Cosmopolitan,* having your hair cut and blown. Miss Selfridge muzak.

'Trust Me', the second track, stands alongside The Commodores' 'Say Yeah' and Marvin Gaye's 'Let's Get It On' as late night seduction music for all you disco 'players'. The treated vocals de-humanise the sound that rolls on like deodorant, cleansing and soothing. Functional in a way that Eno would love to be but isn't. You really are left with nothing to think about.

Hancock has refined disco into a seamless cocoon, the aural equivalent of making love in a sleeping bag. Cosy and intimate but no good if you want to stretch out a little.

Ronnie Foster has got names like Alphonso 'Slim' Johnson and Stevie Wonder helping with the chores and still manages to sound lame.

His voice is weak but, unlike Hancock, he hasn't had the foresight to treat his vocals and strains to phrase like Wonder. In fact the whole album smacks of sub-Wonder, revolving around mellow melodic jazz, funk and disco licks with the occasional ballad or Latin riff thrown in to vary the mixture.

The playing is perfect and inoffensive — yawn.

The cover shows a hand wearing a black leather driving glove, the type with the velcro fastening and cut out shapes where the knuckles show through, just like rally drivers wear. The hand is wrapped around the gear stick of an 'Alpine' convertible and I imagine this is to imply that the music is for smoothing out traffic noise as you nose your V8 motor down some Californian freeway.

Unless you happen to find yourself in this situation, the album is redundant.

Steve Dixon

Sayer again

Leo en repose, wondering what all the fuss is about.

LEO SAYER
The Very Best Of Leo Sayer ***(Chrysalis)***

In his recent TV series, Leo Sayer came across like Olivia Newton-John. Same expression of wide-eyed innocence. Same excessive cuteness.

In Sayer's case it's *just* forgiveable because he's extremely talented as both a writer and a singer. No question. Six years and six albums have produced some 12 hit singles — which is no mean rate success, particularly for someone with such a twee image.

Sayer started out as a rock vocalist of some power. His first hit, 'The Show Must Go On', invited comparisons with Joe Cocker, as much for its spluttering aggression as for the exotic Cockerish hand-jive with which Sayer accompanied each performance. Sayer seemed like a man overwhelmed by his own voice. The fact that he was dressed up as a white-faced clown added to his mystique. Of course, that was a visual image that couldn't be sustained, though I must say I preferred it to what's followed. Bambi made flesh.

For the next couple of years, Sayer flogged that boy-next-door demeanour to death with corny little songs like the over-wordy 'Moonlighting'. It was his feeblest phase. In the last four years, though, Sayer's been produced by Richard Perry, and in 1977 they created a monster disco album with 'Thunder In My Heart'.

Only the title track turns up here, since this set is mainly devoted to chart singles, but it's enough to give you the idea. A song that makes much contemporary dance music sound knock-kneed.

Perry and Sayer were also responsible for sickly schmaltz like 'When I Need You' and 'Raining In My Heart' (poor Buddy). But you can't deny their talent for concocting chart-fodder.

Mainly an album for young mums, but there are lots of lessons here for anyone out to make it in the marketplace.

Bob Edmands

PIERRE MOERLEN'S GONG
Downwind ***(Arista)***

An impressive armoury of unusual instruments played, programmed and cipher-coded by an eclectic gathering of reputable musicians (Mike Oldfield, Mick Taylor and Steve Winwood plus the corporate Gong fivesome) doth not experimental music make.

With the exception of the title track, the whole caboodle comes over as turgid toy-cupboard rock music first, and rock oriented free-form jazz last. And sho'nuff, all the crass old cliches are trotted out.

For openers, 'Aeroplane' exhumes Santana on a square-wheeled trolley featuring ponderous ice-rink keyboard chords and a guitar solo sounding not unlike a fork being dragged across a frying pan. Strictly for lapsed Latin rockers, it might make a suitable score for the slow-motion bits in a Kung-Fu movie.

Side one ends on 'Downwind', the only saving grace of the entire platter. An hypnotic seven minutes of Xylo-Marimba Goldfish-bowl-Glockensound, decorous flute-work, chummy concert toms and not-half-bad Korg syntha-saults, 'Downwind' stays happily in the realm of the abstract and pleasant, instead of trying to emulate a switched-on Boston pops affair.

Side two marks the beginning of the decline — it has lyrics. 'Jin-Go-Lo-Ba', another Santanic travesty, minus the fiery mustachioed guitar histrionics, plus the lumpen-Gong budgie skull vibraphone treatment, turns me no way but loose.

Overall, a recommended disc for dicing garlic to, or feather-dusting the rubber plants in a euthenasia clinic. Going, going, Gong.

Rick Joseph

Imports

From '72 onwards, it was usually **Dave Lambert's** songs that proved the rockiest segments of any Strawbs' offering. It therefore comes as no surprise to discover that 'Framed' (Polydor), Lambert's solo album, is a moderately heavy use of the battermix, interesting if not entirely invigorating.

The title is, unfortunately, yet another of those witless wonders presumably thought up by the genius who named Creme and Godley's 'L' album plus Herbie Hancock's 'Feets Don't Fail Me Now'. But though this duplication of title (reiterating that of a successful Alex Harvey release) is a points-loser, Rentastar has somewhat atoned for this indiscretion by supplying John Entwistle and Leland Sklar (bass), Denny Seiwell (drums), Richard Bennett (rhythm guitar), Tom Hensley (keyboards) and Larry Brown (percussion) as Lambert's back-up band — an impressive line-up without being one that creaks under the weight of power-sharing. So far, so fair.

However, the songwriting — all by Lambert, with the aid of Gary Benson and producer Spencer Proffer — is more suspect. Two Lambert-Benson creations, 'Framed' and 'Dorian', have something going for them, the latter being based on Wilde's *Picture Of Dorian Gray,* while Lamber-Proffer's 'This Is My Neighbourhood', an East Side gang anthem, is the most potent singles-fodder on display, being the type of musical graffiti Thin Lizzy are fond of inscribing on the charts. But Lambert's smattering of ballads, the remainder of his gritty riffs and 'Crystal Virgin', an oddball item that reflects Dave Cousins' folk-Gothic approach, fail to establish any real impact. All of which, means that the album, in toto, adds up to little more than your usual everyday rock-shot.

The Count's 'I'm A Star' (Flamingo) is, on the other hand, slightly higher on the plimsoll line. The Count, whose true moniker is Joseph A Vigilone, has an oddly pitched nasal voice and comes on like a man who's spent his life ear-cocking to both Lou Reed and Tiny Tim. He also leads an outfit known as Auguste Phenomenons, who sport an excellent down-the-line line guitarist in Fred Pineau.

"I'm a rock'n'roll relic from the 1960s," The Count proclaims on the album's title track — and I guess that's where he sees himself, for his material includes a ditty that namechecks Clapton, Alvin Lee and Jimmy Page, while a re-run of Lou Reed's 'Foggy Notion' pans out like The Mysterians in full flight. But though there are obvious deficiences and the album ultimately runs out of steam, 'I'm A Star' generally purveys a tasty line in Eel Pie riffs and toons you can tootle. So, though I won't twist your arm, you might find it worthwhile contacting Bonaparte Records, who seem to have asummed responsibility for importing this particular pressed-in-Gaul item.

Personally, my pick of the week is a mothball special, being a three album set called **'The Astaire Story'** (DRG). Originally cut for Norman Granz's Clef label in 1952, the set contains 38 tracks featuring the urbane Astaire set against a background provided by top jazzmen Charlie Shavers (trumpet), Flip Phillips (sax), Oscar Peterson (piano), Barney Kessel (guitar), Ray Brown (bass) and Alvin Stoller (drums). All marvellous stuff with Astaire tapping his way to glory with the aid of the Oscar Peterson Trio.

Rock it ain't. But as high-grade timeless music, 'The Astaire Story' is hard to surpass. Believe me.

Fred Dellar

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PHIL LYNOTT of Thin Lizzy

Pictured right, to mark the climax of their country-wide tour, are ***GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR*** *(on this page) and their support act, Australian band* ***THE SPORTS*** *(on facing page). They end their travels at the Hammersmith Odeon on Monday and Tuesday. The line-up from left to right comprises G.P., Brinsley Schwarz, Bob Andrews, Steve Goulding, Andrew Bodnar and Martin Belmont — while The Sports comprise Steve Cummings, Andrew Pendlebury, Martin Armiger, Jim Niven and Rob Glover.*

NEW TOURS OPENING

THIN LIZZY begin their spring tour this week, and a pretty comprehensive schedule it is, too. It's a virtual sell-out already, so you'd be lucky to get a ticket at this late stage. But just in case you want to give it a try, they're appearing during the next few days at Brighton (Thursday), Oxford (Saturday), Birmingham (Sunday and Monday) and Stoke (Tuesday).

KATE BUSH opens her eagerly-awaited debut tour in a few days' time — and, as with Lizzy, tickets are at a premium. She's performing with her specially-formed seven-piece band, and together they're doing the whole two-hour show themselves. First stops on their travels are at Liverpool (Tuesday) and Birmingham (Wednesday).

GLORIA GAYNOR couldn't have chose a better time to come to Britain, with her single 'I Will Survive' reaching the No. 1 spot last week. The so-called 'Queen of Disco' is bringing over her own backing unit, known as The Gloria Gaynor Experience. And prior to her short London Palladium season, she plays Manchester (Tuesday) and Glasgow (Wednesday).

JOHN DENVER — not everyone's cup of tea, but a very popular artist for all that — pays his first visit to the UK for three years — and there aren't likely to be any empty seats when he takes the stage at Manchester (Thursday), Glasgow (Friday) and London's massive Wembley Arena (Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

JOHN MILES is also back on the circuit after a lengthy lay-off, and he's playing major concerts practically every night in April. He has worth-while support in Bandit, who join him throughout the tour, opening at Peterborough (Monday), Oxford (Tuesday) and Liverpool (Wednesday).

● JEAN-LUC PONTY qualifies as the principal one-off attraction of the week, and he plays a solitary concert at London Rainbow on Wednesday.

NATIONWIDE

Thursday

Aberdeen Music Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers / Carol Grimes Band / The Mekons/15 16-17**
Barnstaple Chequers Club: **The Pretenders**
Berkhampstead Kings Arms: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Special Clinic**
Birmingham Odeon: **David Essex**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Birmingham The Bell: **The Clerks**
Blackpool Poulton College: **Remainz**
Bradford Textile Hall: **Inner Circle**
Brighouse Civic Hall: **The Invaders**
Brighton Alhambra: **Better Looking**
Brighton Conference Centre: **Thin Lizzy**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Roger Whittaker**
Bristol Granary: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Bristol Tiffany's: **Glaxo Babies**
Brockenhurst College: **Thieves Like Us**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Chatham Pembroke Club: **Eyes**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **Anniversary**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Ralph McTell**
Dublin National Stadium: **Elton John**
Dublin Trinity College **Patrik Fitzgerald**
Dundee Bloomers: **The Trendies**
Exeter Routes: **The Pirates**
Harrogate Gallop Inn: **Civvy Street**
Harrow The Havelock: **The Chevrons**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Grand Hotel**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Eddie & The Hot Rods / The Members / The Magnets**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Hi-Fi / Double Xposure**
Ilford Odeon: **Graham Parker & The Rumour / The Sports**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Tour De Force**
Leamington Spa Crown Hotel: **Snoots**
Leeds Fan Club: **Punishment Of Luxury / Spasms**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **The Resistance**
Liverpool (Huyton) Bluebell Inn: **Amsterdam**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **Steroid Kiddies**
London Camden Brecknock: **First Aid**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Gary Holton's Gems**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Realists**
London Camden Music Machine: **Bethnal / The Next**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Dog Watch**
London Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Jameson Raid**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Electrotunes**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Bobby Henry Band**
London Epping Folk Club: **John Foreman**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ex-Directory**
London Fulham Greyhound: **F.U.X.**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **Beast**
London Harrow Rd., Windsor Castle: **The V.I.P.'s**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Kennington The Crickets: **Manyana**
London Kensington De Villiers Arms: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Fischer-Z / Hazel & The Unknowns**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Martin Taylor / Ike Isaacs**
London Marquee Club: **The Skids**
London Maunkberry's: **Miatta**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **The Gentry**
London N.11 Orange Tree: **The Crooks**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Capital Letters**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Nana Mouskouri**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Benny Waters Quartet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
London St. Moritz Club: **Red Tape**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Tennis Shoes**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Zilch**
London Twickenham Turks Head: **Ego**
London Victoria The Venue: **Dan Hicks**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **The Hollies**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Bernie Torme / The Fixations / Car Crash**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **John Denver**
Manchester The Factory: **Agony Column / Sheeny & The Goys / Natural Shades**
Newcastle Madison Centre Hotel: **Light Of The World (until Saturday)**
Norwich Tudor Hall: **Rokotto**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Lap Region**
Nottingham The Bodega: **Art Failure**
Oxford Caribbean Club: **The Red Crayola / Laura Logic / Scritti Politti**
Plymouth Drake Club: **Writz**
Poole Arts Centre: **Tina Turner**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Blue Ribband Band**
Reading Three Tuns: **Nightrider**
Rhyl Nutz Disco: **Delegation**
Sheffield University: **Bram Tchaikovsky**
Slough Thames Hall: **Klaus Wunderlich**
Southport New Theatre: **Tom Robinson Band / The Straits**
Sunderland Fusion Disco: **Yankee**
Swansea Hafod Inn: **Strange Brew**
Windsor & Maidstone College: **The Only Ones**
York Barge Club: **York Jazz Sextet**
York The Revolution: **Clockwork Toys**

Friday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Billy Connolly**
Basildon Double Six: **The Crooks**
Bedford Mander College: **Pressure Shocks**
Belfast Ulster Hall: **Dr. Feelgood**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Eric Bell Band**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **Bad Earth**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **July & The Opinions/The Utensils**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Spitfire**
Birmingham The Sheldon: **Mean Street Dealers**
Bishops Stortford Trial Leisure Centre: **One Hand Clapping.**
Blackpool Gaiety Bar: **Yankee**
Blackpool Norfolk Castle: **Civvy Street**
Bradford College Students Union: **Stiff Little Finger/Carol Grimes Band/The Mekons/15-16-17**
Brighton Bombay Bar: **Devil's Dykes/The Parrots/Woody & The Splinter**
Brighton Dome: **Klaus Wunderlich**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **Motorhead**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Roger Whittaker**
Chester Arts Centre: **South Ot The Border**
Chichester Technical College: **Fischer-Z**
Crewes Danebank College: **Wild Horses**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **The Cure**
Dublin National Stadium: **Elton John**
Dudley J.B's Club: **Melvins Marauders**
Eastbourne The Cavalier: **Nicky & The Dots**
Farnworth Veterans Club: **Shot Rod**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **John Denver**
Harlow Technical College: **The Pretenders**
Hastings Pier Pavilion: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Hull College of Education: **The Damned**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Knaresborough Folk Club: **Tim Laycock**
Laurenckirk Boars Head Hotel: **The Trendies**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Tarot**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **The Vye**
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: **Subs/The Skunks**
Liverpools Eric's: **The Fall**
London Action Kings Head: **Paz**
London Camden Brecknock: **Sucker**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Local Operator/The Typhoons**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **ABC**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Lea Hart**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Black Slate**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton's Happy Days**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Moonraker**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Tina Turner**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Patrik Fitzgerald**
London Islington Screen On The Green: **Rema Rema**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Squeeze/Lonely Guys**
London Lewisham Black Bull: **Flying Saucers**
London Marquee Club: **After The Fire/Dog Watch**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Jerry The Ferret.**
London N.W.1 Musicians Collective: **The Inevitable**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Grieg & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Eddie & The Hot Rods/The Members/The Magnets**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Benny Waters Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Books/The Soul Boys**
London Tottenham White Hart: **Matchbox**
London Twickenham Richmond-upon-Thames College: **Survivor**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Calcio**
London Victoria The Venue: **Larry Coryell**
London Walthamstow Youth Centre Centre: **Joy Division/SX**
London Welling Hillview School: **Skin Deep**
London West Hamstead Moonlight Club: **Hi-Fi/The Q.T.'s**
London W.1. Portman Hotel: **Roger James Band**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **The Red Crayola/Scritti Politti/Laura Logic**
Maidstone Royal Star Hotel: **Acker Bilk Band**
Manchester New Century Hall: **Delegation**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Jasper**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Inner Circle**
Newport The Village: **The Pirates**
Norwich Boogie House: **Samson**
Nottingham Club Malibou: **Tom Robinson Band/The Straits**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Last Call**
Nottingham Padlands Adult Centre: **Foggy**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **Ralph McTell**
Poole Brewers Arms: **Thieves Like Us**
Presteigne Memorial Hall: **Ramrod**
Reading Target Club: **General Accident**
Redruth London Hotel: **The Fans**
Retford Porterhouse: **Punishment Of Luxury**
Sandown I.o.W. Pavilion: **Max Boyce/Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Grand Hotel**
Sheffield City Hall: **Bad Company**
Solihull Golden Lion: **Orphan**
St. Albans City Hall: **Streetband/Toad The Wet Sprocket**
Sunderland Mecca: **The Alwoodley Jets**
Uxbridge Unit One: **Sledgehammer**
Watford Red Lion: **Too Much**
Winsford Knight Grange Barn: **The V.I.P.'s**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Doll By Doll**
York College of Education: **Freebird/Leargo**
York The Revolution: **Simple Minds**
York Winning Post: **Red Eye**

Saturday

Aylesbury Friars: **Motorhead / Girls School**
Barrow Civic Hall: **Fivepenny Piece**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **The Only ones**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Diamond Head**
Birmingham (Kings Heath) Hare & Hounds: **Dave Cartwright**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Doppelganger**
Blackpool Gaiety Bar: **Yankee**
Bognor Ocean Bar: **The Foundations**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Nana Mouskouri**
Bridlington Cock & Lion: **Snoots**
Bridlongton Spa Royal Hall: **Tom Robinson Band / The Straits**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **The Wild Beasts**
Bury St. Edmunds Elmswell Hall: **Boy Bastin**
Cambridge Alex Wood Hall: **The Soft Boys**
Cambridge Kelsey Kerridge Hall: **The Spinners**
Cannock The Forum: **Mean Street Dealers**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Rock Island Line**
Chichester New Park Centre: **Nightrider**
Colchester Essex University: **Deep Throats**
Coventry Theatre: **David Essex**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Bram Tchaikovsky**
Doncaster Bircotes Leisure Centre: **Wild Horses**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Gang Of Four**
Dunoon Queen's Hall: **The Deft Jerks**
Edinburgh Folk Festival: **Alan Stivell**
Edinburgh Odeon: **The Hollies**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Shakedown**
Inverness Muirtown Hotel: **The Trendies**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **John Hedley Haggett Band**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Ethel The Frog**
Leicester Phoenix Theatre: **Pressure Shocks**
Leicester Polytechnic: **The Pretenders**
Leicester University: **Inner Circle**
Lincoln College of Technology: **Punishment Of Luxury**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Cure**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Mistress**
Lochgelly Lochview Hotel: **The Buzzards**
London Camden Brecknock: **Fast Exit**
London Camden Dingwalls: **United / Hot Water**
London Camden Music Machine: **Ramrod/Skin Deep**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Misfits**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Fast Livin'**
London Covent Garden Basement Club: **Reality**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Eric Bell Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Simon Townshend Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Buzzcocks**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **First Aid**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Patrick Fitzgerald / The Molesters**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Squeeze / Mark Andrews & The Gents**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Jerry The Ferret**
London Marquee Club: **Lee Farndon's Legionaires**
London Paddington Western Counties: **Too Much**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Ticklers Jam**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Danny Moss Quartet/Jeannie Lamb**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Calcio**
London Victoria The Venue: **Chairman Of The Board**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Lightning Raiders/ The Heroes**
Loughborough Town Hall: **Matchbox/Flying Saucers**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Bad Company**
Manchester Ashton Spread Eagle: **Fast Cars**

GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

Manchester The Factory: **The Red Crayola / Laura Logic / Scritti Politti**
Matlock Baths Hall: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Jasper**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Fashion**
Milon The Cumbria: **Civvy Street**
Northampton County Ground: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Northampton The Romany: Spitfire
Norwich Boogie House: **Speed Limit**
Nottingham Boat Club: **The Pirates**
Nottingham Club Malibu: **Vesuvius**
Nottingham Cotgrave Miners Welfare: **Strange Days**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Last Call**
Nuneaton 77 Club: **Pressure Shocks**
Oxford College of Art: **Dog Watch**
Oxford College Of Further Education: **The Ruts**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Minotaur**
Oxford New Theatre: **Thin Lizzy**
Paignton Festival Theatre: **Roger Whittaker**
Perth York House: **The Motels**
Plymouth Millbridge: **Bus Stop**
Poole Brewers Arms: **Tours**
Retford Porterhouse: **Grand Hotel**
Rhyl Little Theatre: **Amsterdam / Backseat**
Sandown I.o.W. Pavilion: **Max Boyce / Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators**
Sleaford Ancester Hall: **5 A.M.**
Slough Langley College: **The Regulars**
Southend College of Technology: **Lew Lewis Reformer / Mickey Jupp**
Southend Minerva: **Gina 'n' The Rockin' Rebels**
Stirling McRobert Centre: **Billy Connolly**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **Orphan**
Telham Black Horse: **Martin Carter & Graham Jones**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **Limelight**
Watford Mex's Palace: **The Pashion Killers**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
York Oval Ball: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
York The Revolution: **Immigrant**

Sunday

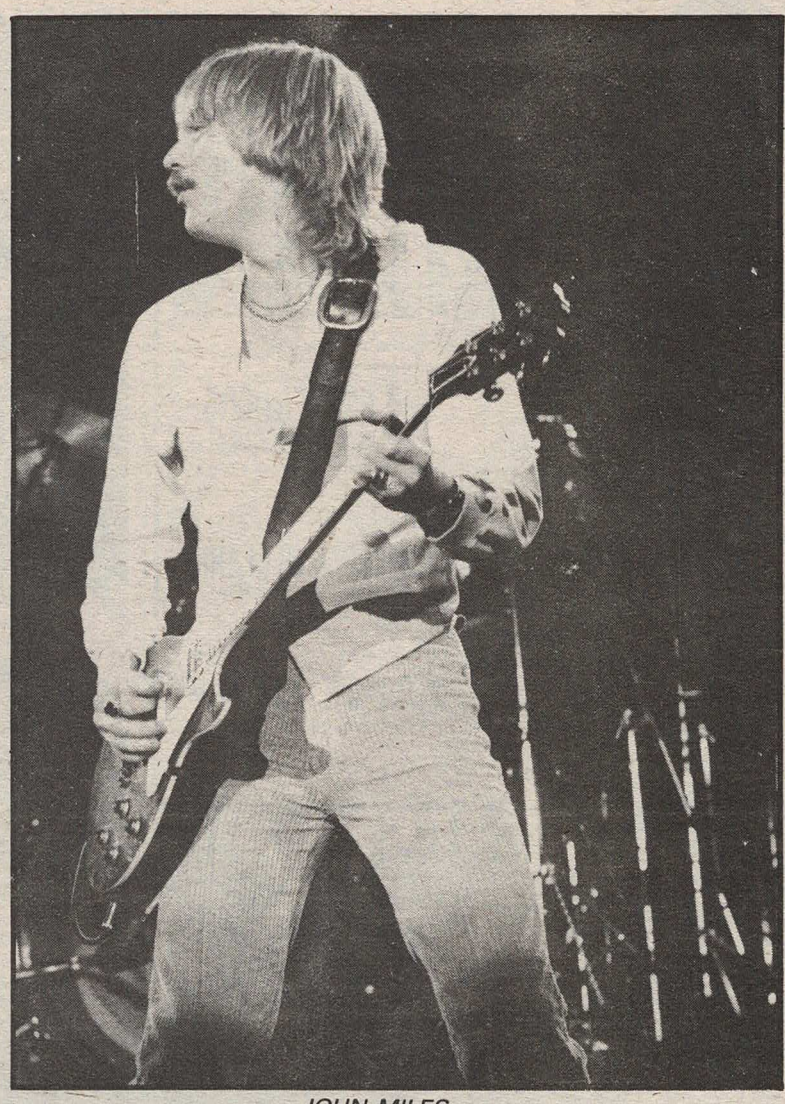
Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **The Hollies**
Accrington Lakeland Lounge: **Kangaroo Alley**
Arkholme Red Well: **Anniversary**
Birmingham Odeon: **Thin Lizzy**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingahm Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Exit** (lunchtime)/**Haymaker** (evening)
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Tom Robinson Band/The Straits**
Bradford Princeville Club: **The Alwoodley Jets**
Bradford Royal Standard: **Clockwork Toys**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Piranhas**
Brighton Polytechnic: **The Reds**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Nana Mouskouri**
Bristol Locarno: **The Only Ones**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chester Arts Centre: **Bob Buckle**
Coventry Theatre: **Roger Whittaker**
Dumfries Stagecoach: **Bram Tchaikovsky**
Eccles Town Hall: **The Accelerators**
Glasgow Theatre Royal: **Billy Connolly**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **Doll By Doll**
Raunds Woodbine Club: **Strange Days**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Wild Horses**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Gang Of Four / Bodicean/ Abrasive Wheels**
Leeds Staging Post: **2TV**
Leeds Victoria Hotel (lunchtime): **Best Friends**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Foma**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Spinners**
London Acton Kings Head: **Strange Fruit**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Charing Cross Duke Of Buckingham: **The Invisibles** (for four days)
London Charing-X Rd. Astoria Theatre: **"Oh Boy!" with Alvin Stardust/ Joe Brown / Les Gray / Shakin' Stevens / Freddie 'Fingers' Lee / Fumble etc.**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **After Dark**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**
London Enfield Hop Poles: **Jerry The Ferret**
London Finchley Torrington: **Morrissey-Mullen Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **London Zoo**
London Institute of Lunar Studies: **Dog Watch**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Tot & The Girls In Room 419**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Streetband**
London Kilburn Gaumont State Theatre: **Stephane Grappelli / Diz Disley Trio**
London Peckhan Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Plumstead Green Man: **The Little Jimmies**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **64 Spoons**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Motorhead / Nutz / Girls School**
London Tooting The Castle: **Zilch**
London Wembley Arena: **John Denver**
London W.1. Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Monty Sunshine**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Bad Company**
Newcastle City Hall: **Klaus Wunderlich**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton Theatre Royal: **Ralph McTell**
Northampton The Romany: **Spitfire**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Oxford New Theatre: **Graham Parket & The Rumour / The Sports**
Plymouth Good Companions: **Bus Stop**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Max Boyce / Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Ad Hoc/ Gentleman Soldier**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **The Pirates / Roxoff**
Stevenage Leisure Centre: **Richard Digance**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **David Essex**

Monday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freebird**
Birmingham Odeon: **Thin Lizzy**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Video**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **After The Fire**
Bristol Colston Hall: **David Essex**
Bristol Locarno: **Eddie & The Hot Rods / The Members / The Magnets**
Chester Smartyz: **Neon Hearts**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Ralph McTell**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **Bram Tchaikovsky**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Billy Connolly**
Glasgow City Hall: **Klaus Wunderlich**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Kingston The Noise Factory (Grove Tavern): **U.K. Subs**
Lancaster Catholic Club: **The Red Crayola / Laura Logic / Scritti Politti**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Schlitz**
Liverpool The Crown: **The Clerks**
Liverpool University: **The Only Ones / The Angelic Upstarts / Aswad / Tontrix**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Bitch**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Wilgar Campbell Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Screens**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Elton John**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Bumpers**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Graham Parker & The Rumour / The Sports**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Dog Watch**
London Old Brompton Rd. Troubadour: **Dave Sheen**
London Putney Half Moon: **Derek Brimstone & Wizz Jones**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Tooting The Castle: **The Injections**
London Wembley Arena: **John Denver**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Lew Lewis Reformer / The Agents**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Naughty Boys**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **Sabrejets**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham, Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Peterborough ABC Theatre: **John Miles / Bandit**
Petersfield Rogate White Horse: **Thieves Like Us**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Motorhead**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **The Drifters (for a week)**
Slough Thames Hall: **Max Boyce / Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Nana Mouskouri**
Warrington Carlton Club: **The Accelerators**

Tuesday

Aberdeen Music Hall: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **The Fall**
Birmingham Festival Rooms: **The Red Crayola / Laura Logic / Scritti Politti**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Burn**
Brighton Alhambra: **Fan Club**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Tot & The Girls In Room 419**
Bromley Saxon Tavern: **The Rest**
Cardiff Grannies: **The Damned**
Chippenham Technical College: **The Cure**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Motorhead**
Dunstable California Ballroom: **Tom Robinson Band / The Straits**
Fleet Fox & Hounds: **Ticklers Jam**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Ralph McTell**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Trajic Minds**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Kate Bush**
London Canning Town Bridge: **Paris**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Deadringer**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Elton John**
London Fulham Golden Lion: Spectrum
London Fulham Greyhound: **Warm Jets**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Graham Parker & The Rumour / The Sports**
London Kennington White Bear: **Glan**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Method / Jade**
London Wembley Arena: **John Denver**



JOHN MILES

London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Edge / The Psychedelic Furs**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Grand Hotel / Too Much**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Gloria Gaynor & Her Experience**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Property Of . . / Spherical Objects / Manchester Mekon**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Only Ones / The Angelic Upstarts / Aswad / Exodus**
Newcastle City Hall: **Billy Connolly**
Oxford New Theatre: **John Miles / Bandit**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Nana Mouskouri**
Salisbury City Hall: **Wild Horses**
Scunthorpe Tiffanys: **Bram Tchaikosvky**
Sheffield City Hall: **Klaus Wunderlich**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **David Essex**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Max Boyce**
Stoke Trentham Gardens: **Thin Lizzy**
Swansea White Swan: **Richard Digance**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Spitfire**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Roger Whittaker**

Wednesday

Ashton-under-Lyme Birch Hotel: **Steroid Kiddies**
Ayr Pavilion: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Bogarts: **The Studs**
Birmingham Hippodrome: **Kate Bush**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham Regal Cinema: **The Angelic Upstarts / Aswad / Crisis / Iganda**
Birmingham (Small Heath) The Sydenham: **The Crack**
Birmingham The Haven: **Mean Street Dealers**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Too Much**
Bournemouth Pinecliff Hotel: **Thieves Like Us**
Brighton Dome: **Nana Mouskouri**
Cardiff New Theatre: **Ralph McTell**
Carshalton St Helier Arms: **Flying Saucers**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Croydon Carshalton Halls: **Survivor**
Derby The Old Bell: **Art Failure**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Gloria Gaynor & Her Experience**
Great Yarmouth Wheels: **Boy Bastin**
Harrogate Royal Hall: **Roger Whittaker**
Hazel Grove Youth Centre: **Juggernaut / Asylum**
High Wycombe Town Hall: **Tom Robinson Band / The Straits**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Niki Beat & The Beat Niks**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **John Miles / Bandit**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Accelerators**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **X-Films**
London Camden Music Machine: **Tot & The Girls In Room 419**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Angletrax**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Elton John**
London Elephant & Castle Duke of Clarence: **Canis Major**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bowles Bros. Band**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **The Puritans**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **First Aid**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Fashion**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London New Cross Amersham Arms: **Tundra**
London Paddington Wester Counties: **Anniversary**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Jean-Luc Ponty**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Newtown Neurotics / Japanese Toy**
London Wandsworth Rose & Crown: **The Politicians**
London Wembley Arena: **John Denver**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Bitch / The Kameras**
London Wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club: **Chas & Dave**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **U.K. Subs / The Skunks**
London W.14 The Kensington: **London Zoo**
Loughborough Town Hall: **The Only Ones**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Klaus Wunderlich**
Manchester Midland Hotel: **Danse Macabre**
Newport Stowaway Club: **The Fall**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Oxford Cape of Good Hope: **Spitfire**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Sledgehammer**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **David Essex**
Reading Target Club: **The Injections**
Rayleigh Crocs: **The Damned / The Vicars**
Sheffield City Hall: **Motorhead**
Solihull Golden Lion: **Special Clinic**
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S.O.S. — HELP — FIND THIS MAN — WE HAVE LOST BRIAN B. SINCE HIS HAIR CUT AND AFTER THE "GIG OF THE YEAR" (Warm Jets and Dog Watch on same bill) BRIAN B HAS NOT BEEN SEEN — HE IS BELIEVED KIDNAPPED.

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Sat 31st Mar (Adm £1.00)
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Plus support & Ian Fleming

Sun 1st Apr (Adm 85p)
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HOPE & ANCHOR

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
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Thursday March 29th Free
RED BEANS AND RICE

Friday March 20th £1
PATRIK FITZGERALD

Saturday March 31st, 3pm matinee show — under 18's only 30p
PATRIK FITZGERALD

Saturday March 31st, evening £1
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Sunday April 1st 75p
TOT AND THE GIRLS IN ROOM 419

Monday April 2nd 60p
PSYCHEDELIC FURS

Tuesday April 3rd 75p
YOUNG GLOVES

Wednesday April 4th 75p
FASHION

Thursday April 5th 75p
NICKY & THE DOTS

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AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

Thursday March 29th 75p
FISCHER Z + Hazel and the Unknown
Friday March 30th £1
SQUEEZE + Lonely Guys
Saturday March 31 £1
SQUEEZE + Mark Andrews and the Gents
Sunday April 1st £1
STREETBAND + The Zorro
Monday April 2nd free
INTERVIEW + TRIMMER AND JENKINS
Tuesday April 3rd 60p
DAFNE AND THE TENDERSPOTS + Trimmer and Jenkins
Thursday April 5th 75p
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BETHNAL
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TRADITION
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Saturday March 31st £2.00
RAMROD
+ Skin Deep

Monday April 2nd £1.00
MAGNUM
+ SUPPORT

Tuesday April 3rd £1.00
NOEL McCALLA BAND
(ex-Moon)
+ The Misfits

Wednesday April 4th £1.00
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+ Tot and the Girls in Room 419

Wednesday April 25th
IGGY POP
ADVANCE TICKETS £3.00 FROM BOX OFFICE

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THE COAL DUBLIN CASTLE BIN
CAMDEN TOWN
OPENING WED. 4th
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THE
INMATES
Admission £1.00
THE
WED. 11th
COMMUTERS
Admission £1.00

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Monday, 2nd April
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KANGAROO ALLEY
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Saturday 31st March **The Porterhouse Club, Retford**
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Friday 6th April **The Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road (+support group)**
Saturday 7th April **The Keep Rock Club, Chiswick**
Tuesday, 10th April **The Pegasus (+ support)**
Friday 13th April **The Hop Poles, Enfield**
Saturday 14th April **The Porterhouse Club, Retford**
Sunday 15th April **The Windsor Castle, Harrow Road**
Easter Monday 3.30 to 4.30 **The Triad Bishops Stortford** 10.00 to 11.00 **The Brecknock, Camden Town**
Friday 20th April **The Horn Of Plenty, St Albans**
Saturday 21st April **The Hop Poles Enfield**
Monday 23rd April **The Horn Of Plenty, St Albans**
Tuesday 24th April **The Pegasus**
Thursday 26th April **The Old Mill, Holbury**
Friday 27th April **The Hop Poles, Enfield**
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You'll never close your eyes again . . .
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7.30 FRIDAY 30th MARCH
PUNK PARTY
CRAVATS
CATCH 22
IRRITATIONS
FRICTION
Bar Disco
A Trample on Tories Production

dog watch

Thursday March 29th
CANNING TOWN
Bridge House

Friday March 30th
LONDON
Marquee (on stage 8.30pm)

Sunday April 1st
EAST HAM
Ruskin Arms

Monday April 2nd
HARROW ROAD
Windsor Castle

Friday April 6th
STOKE NEWINGTON
Pegasus

Sound Scene Agency
01-261 9741/9774

words words (Barry Clarke) words words words words words

Friday March 30th at 8 pm
The Toast of London . . .

STREETBAND
+ TOAD THE WET SPROCKET
Tickets £1.50
Mary Jane Disco Bar Food
All tickets from Box Office, 37 Chequer Street, St Albans, Tel: 64511, or available on door

words words words words words words words words words words words words

Thursday 29th March
ABERDEEN MUSIC HALL
Mekons, Stiff Little Fingers, 15,16, 17 and Carol Grimes Band

Friday 30th March
BRADFORD COLLEGE
Mekons, Stiff Little Fingers, 15,16, 17 and Carol Grimes Band

Tuesday 3rd April
MANCHESTER POLY
Angelic Upstarts, Aswad, Only Ones

Weds 4th April
BIRMINGHAM REGAL CINEMA
HANDSWORTH
Aswad, Angelic Upstarts, Crisis, Iganda.

Friday 6th April
NOTTINGHAM Malibu
Angelic Upstarts, Aswad, Crisis

Watch this rhino for further dates:

ROCK AGAINST RACISM/BOX M/27 CLERKENWELL CLOSE/LONDON E.C.1

ART FAILURE
IN BRITAIN

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 CAROLGATE, RETFORD NOTTS. Tel: 704981
Friday March 31st
PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
+ BITCH
Saturday March 31st
GRAND HOTEL
+ SCANDAL

ROCK WITH THE
CAROLINE Roadshow

MARCH
Thur 29 ASHFORD, Kempton Manor, Hothfield, Nr Charing, Kent.
Fri 30 SOUTHEND, Southend United Football Club
Sat 31 ST IVES, St Ivo Centre, Westwood Road, St Ives

APRIL
Thur 5 FOLKESTONE, Leas Cliff Hall, with •••••LYNX•••••
Fri 6 CHELMSFORD, Chancellor Hall, Market Road
Fri 6 IPSWICH, Suffolk College, Rope Walk
Thur 12 MAIDSTONE, Corn Exchange
Fri 13 COLCHESTER Woods Sports Centre (Braiswick)
Sat 14 BISHOPS STORTFORD Rhodes Centre
Thur 19 BASILDON Raquels
Sat 21 STOWMARKET, Mid-Suffolk Sports Centre

★★★

IF ANYONE FINDS HIM PLEASE SEND HIM FIRST CLASS TO LIVE PAGE, NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON, SE 1
or TELEPHONE 01-261 6153 FOR COLLECTION. RANSOM NOTES WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED.

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday March 29th 40p
DOG WATCH

Friday March 30th 50p
Final appearance of
★ LEA HART ★
and the
★ ROLL UPS ★

Saturday March 31st 50p
THE MISFITS
(Kelvin Blacklock vocals, Midge Ure & Rusty Egan (Rich Kids), Mark Ambler (Ex-Tom Robinson), John Brown (Wreckless Eric Band)

Sunday April 1st 40p
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD

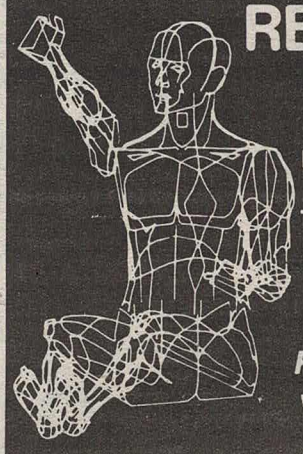
Monday April 2nd 40p
WILD CATS
(Wilgar Campbell & Dave Kelly)

Tuesday April 3rd Free
PARIS

Wednesday April 4th Free
LITTLE ROOSTERS + THE STICKERS

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
BUZZCOCKS
WITH GUEST
PATRIK FITZGERALD
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST. W.6
SATURDAY 31st MARCH at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00, £2·50, £2·00, £1·50, (INC. VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT
AT THE
ACKLAM HALL, PORTOBELLO RD (UNDER THE FLYOVER)



RED CRAYOLA
SCRITTI POLITTI
THE RAINCOATS
FRI, 30TH MARCH AT 8.00 PM
ADVANCE TICKETS £1.25

UK.SUBS
THE SKUNKS
RECORD PLAYERS
WED, 4TH APRIL AT 8.00 PM
ADVANCE TICKETS £1.25

TICKETS IN ADVANCE FROM
SMALL WONDER, ROUGH TRADE AND HONKY TONK RECORD SHOPS

DUKE OF LANCASTER
Approach Road, New Barnet
(beside BR New Barnet)

Thursday, 29th March
THE UNEXPLAINED
Friday, 30th March
JERRY THE FERRET
Saturday, 31st March
I.O.U.
Sunday, 1st April
LITTLE EGYPT
Tuesday, 3rd April
MARK ANDREWS + THE GENTS

PEGASUS
109 GREEN LANES, N.16

Thursday March 29 50p
TENNIS SHOES
Friday March 30 50p
THE BOOKS + THE CROOKS
Saturday March 31 75p
BIG CHIEF
FEATURING Dick Heckstall-Smith
Sunday April 1
64 SPOONS
Tuesday April 3 free
THE METHOD + JADE
Wednesday April 4 free
NEW TOWN NEUROTICS + JAPANESE TOYS

DOLL BY DOLL

FRIDAY	30TH	MARCH	WOLVERHAMTON	LAFAYETTE
SATURDAY	31ST	MARCH	MANCHESTER	FACTORY
SUNDAY	1ST	APRIL	JACKSDALE	GREY TOPPER
WEDNESDAY	4TH	APRIL	NICKY HORNE SHOW	
THURSDAY	5TH	APRIL	LEEDS	FAN CLUB
FRIDAY	6TH	APRIL	BURTON	76 CLUB
SATURDAY	7TH	APRIL	NOTTINGHAM	SANDPIPER
SUNDAY	8TH	APRIL	NORWICH	BOOGIE HOUSE
MONDAY	9TH	APRIL	YORK	POP CLUB
TUESDAY	10TH	APRIL	LONDON	MARQUEE
THURSDAY	12TH	APRIL	LIVERPOOL	ERIC'S
FRIDAY	13TH	APRIL	RETFORD	PORTER HOUSE
SATURDAY	14TH	APRIL	BIRMINGHAM	BARBARELLAS
SUNDAY	15TH	APRIL	NEWBRIDGE	MEMORIAL HALL
WEDNESDAY	18TH	APRIL	LONDON	MARQUEE
THURSDAY	19TH	APRIL	CHESTERFIELD	FUSION
FRIDAY	20TH	APRIL	LINCOLN	A.J.'S
SATURDAY	21ST	APRIL	MIDDLESBOROUGH	ROCK GARDEN

ALAN STUART MANAGEMENT
PRESENTS

SUCKER
MUSIC MACHINE
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4th

PAUL KING for OUTLAW CONCERTS presents

MANU DIBANGO
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
SATURDAY 7th APRIL 8.00pm

Tickets: £3.00 £2.50 £2.00
from Box Office and usual Agents

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
GRUPPO SPORTIVO
LYCEUM
STRAND WC2
SUNDAY 15th APRIL at 7.30
Tickets £2.50 (inc VAT) Advance Lyceum Box Office, Tel: 8363715, London Theatre Bookings, Shaftsbury Ave., Tel: 4393371; Premier Box Office, Tel: 240 2245 or Rock On Records, 3 Kentish Town Rd., NW1, Tel: 4855088.

FRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL AYLESBURY
Saturday March 31st at 7.30pm
stay clean

MOTORHEAD
+ Girlschool
A.C. Sound and Vision
Tickets 190p from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion High Wycombe, Hairport Amersham, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, F L Moore Bletchley, Dunstable and Luton, Hi Vu Buckingham or at door on night.
Life membership 25p
METROPOLIS

EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS
THE MEMBERS
THE MAGNETS
LONDON Rainbow
30 MARCH

VIP'S
Thursday March 29th
WINDSOR CASTLE, Harrow Road.
Friday March 30th
NIGHTSGRANGE BARN, Winsford, Cheshire.
Sunday in Funday April 1st
THE TWO BREWERS, Clapham Common.
Bookings: Twist & Shout 01-223 6481.

A.J.'s Club
High Street, Lincoln
Tel: 30874
Live Music every Friday
Friday 30th March at 8pm
promoting their latest LP
UK SUBS
+ Skunks
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ASTORIA THEATRE
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JACK GOOD'S

Sunday April 1st. Sunday April 8th.
Sunday April 15th. Sunday April 22nd.
5·30pm & 8·00pm
Prices: £3 £4 £5
8 Rock'n Roll Concerts

HEADLIGHTS
SPURS Saturday 31st
The Roundway, Tottenham, N.17
BRECKNOCK Monday 2nd
Camden Road, N.W.1
STAPLETON Tuesday 3rd
Crouch Hall Rd., N.8
CORN DOLLY Wed. 11th
Oxford

THIEVES LIKE US
Winchester 62581/Alresford 2188
Home Counties Tour
March:
Thurs 29th — Brockenhurst College
Fri 30th — Brewer's Arms, Poole
Sat 31st — The Swan, Hammersmith
April: **Sun 1st — Windsor Castle, London**
Mon 2nd — White Horse, Rogate
Wed 4th — Pinecliff, Bournemouth
Thurs 5th — Knights, Eastleigh
Fri 6th — Elm Tree, Ringwood
Sat 7th — Magnum's, Basingstoke
"Let me know when you're playing in London, boys . . ."

WATFORD PALACE THEATRE
Clarendon Rd, Watford
Sunday April 1 at 7.30
SALUTE TO SATCHMO
featuring
Alex Welsh & his band
Humphrey Lyttelton
George Chisholm
Bruce Turner
Seat Prices £2, £2.50, £3
Box Office: Watford 25671/2

EARTHBOUND
have gone back to the studios, but you will be seeing them again at
The Target, Reading 14th April
The Corn Dolly, Oxford 16th April
The Hop Poles, Enfield 20th April
etcetera, etcetera
Enquiries: Archway Records 01-203 4632

HARLOW TECHNICAL COLLEGE S.U.
College Gate, The High, Harlow, Essex. Tel. 22300
FRIDAY March 30th at 8pm
THE PRETENDERS
+ HOWARD LIKE
Tickets £1.50 from Startime Records, Harlow

GRAHAM PARKER'S SQUEEZING OUT SPARKS

GRAHAM PARKER AND THE RUMOUR'S NEW ALBUM SQUEEZING OUT SPARKS
PRODUCED BY JACK NITZSCHE FOR NORTH SPUR PRODUCTIONS INC. AND RECORDED AND MIXED BY MARK HOWELL

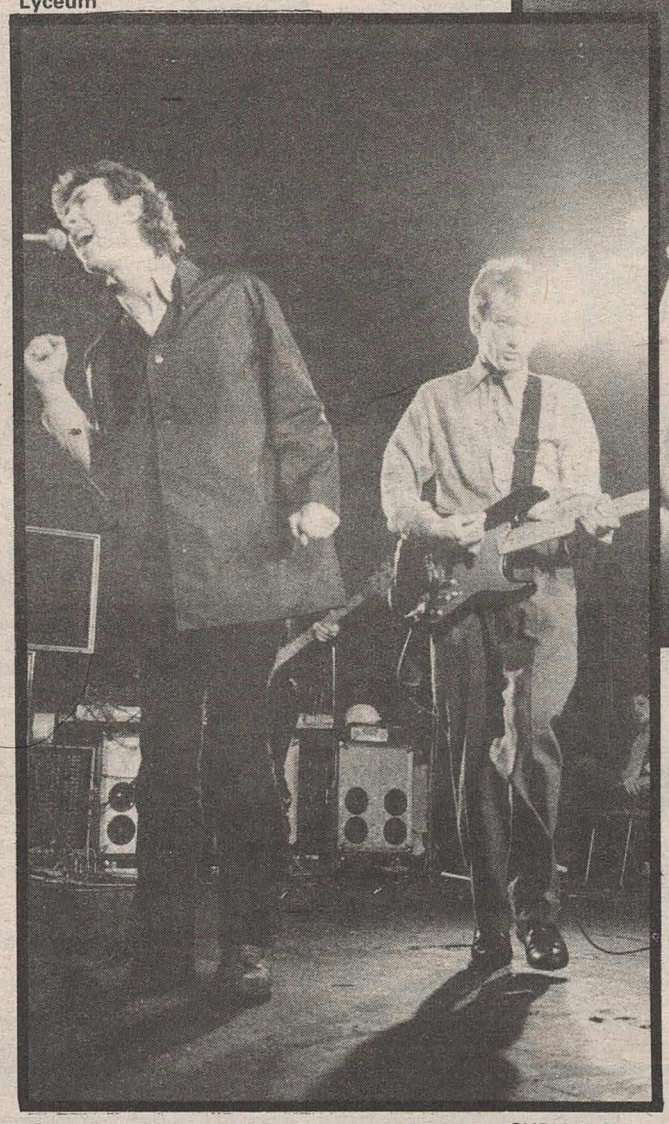
GRAHAM PARKER AND THE RUMOUR UK TOUR '79
MAR 28 DERBY ASSEMBLY ROOMS
MAR 29 ILFORD ODEON
APR 1 OXFORD NEW THEATRE
APR 2 HAMMERSMITH ODEON
APR 3 HAMMERSMITH ODEON

ALBUM DEFINITELY OUT NOW

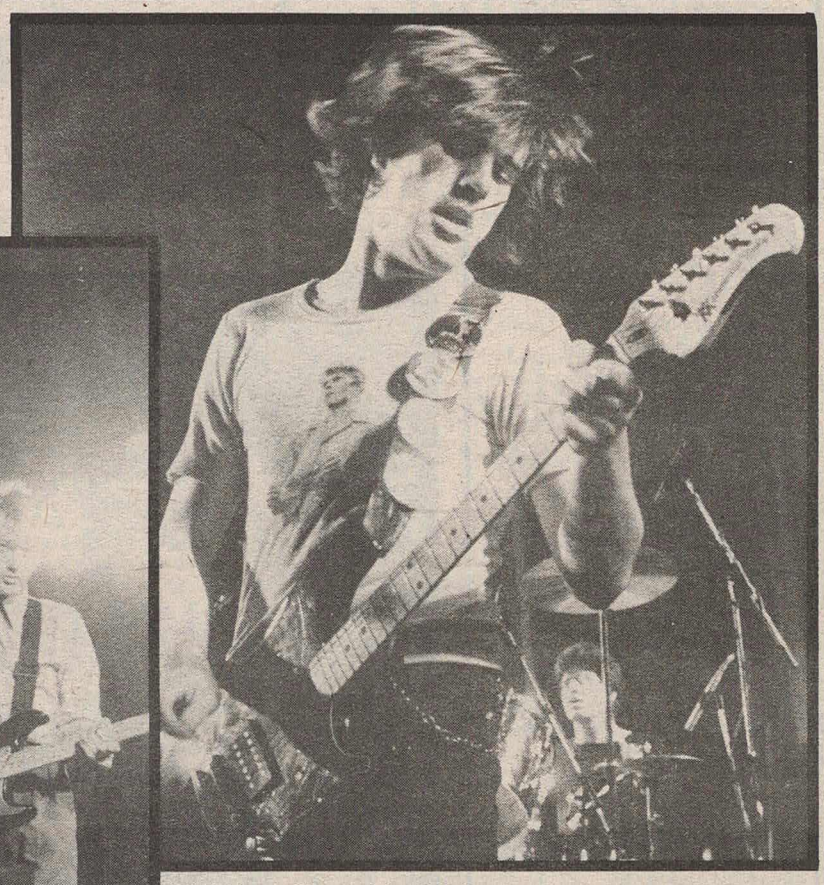
ON THE TOWN

Stiff Little Fingers
Gang Of Four
Human League
The Fall
Mekons

Lyceum



GANG OF FOUR: John King (left), Andy Gill. Pic: CHRIS HORLER.



SLF: Henry Cluney. Pic: CHRIS HORLER

Coping with the '80s

And the stars look very different today . . .

For all practical rock purposes, we may as well own up to the fact that we are now living in the '80s. Just to be arbitrary, let's assume that the '50s began when Leo Fender invented the bass guitar and Elvis Presley plastered his hillbilly leer over international horizons; the '60s began with The Beatles and the '70s opened for business with 'Virginia Plain', 'Ziggy Stardust' and 'All The Young Dudes'.

Sunday's Lyceum gig will stand as a watershed between the '70s and the '80s.

Five bands billed and one opening as an afterthought: some of the audience sniffing around looking for the '80s the way dogs look for bones and some looking for 1977 (if they find it, they pogo; if they don't they throw things). Some were looking for art, and I hope they found it; some were looking for fun, and I *know* they found it; some were looking for members of the opposite sex (they did okay, some of them anyway); some were looking for booze and drugs, and they got lucky as well.

Everybody found something and if it wasn't what they went out looking for . . . well, ace, shut your face. You want it on a plate?

Openers: heavy men in evening dress mashing down on the toes of the wife's brother's boots and then confiscating his laces on the grounds that he was some kind of aggressive skinhead like Ian Penman. Dennis Brown and Dillinger ricocheting round the hall and no white folks dancing. Ahhh, the first bondage pants of spring: one girl wearing so much metal that she drowns out the disco when she walks past.

Endocrine glands get geared up for something and then an unscheduled *hors d'oeuver:* Mark Perry and two colleagues marching to the beat of a different drum machine as Good Missionaries *(not* ATV) attempt to exorcise various demons collected at Greenwich and Derby. Everyone is masked (except the drum machine) and the music is disguised even though Perry's rant is naked and shivering. The first section is inconsequential beyond belief, though the latter half gets almost mesmerising when a structure is imposed. Most people are puzzled, though some enjoy the tweaks and boings. As the Missionaries make their exit, kids turn to each other and murmur, "Shit, I could do that."

They are absolutely right. They probably could. Would they want to?

Mekons are next and your reporter (a '60s kid disguised as a '70s oldster and earnestly participating in the search for the '80s) is instantly reminded of a remark recently made by Graham Parker to the effect that a lot of bands nowadays sing very witty songs in Gumby voices and get theses written about them. Mekons are a whacked-out cross between Jilted John and The Rezillos: there seem to be more of them on the stage than there actually are and they jump around like *The Magic Roundabout.*

Their audience rapport is instant and cheery: one of the singers gets more mileage out of blowing an attempt at a James Brown cum Rod Stewart Hot Move with his mike stand than he would've done if he'd brought it off. Guitarist Kevin Mekon similarly gets mucho mileage out of being unable to get his red Burns guitar to stay in tune. Their killer single 'Where Were You' provokes an outburst of manic pogoing which lasts until the end of the set and earns them their encore in classic style.

Someone somewhere seems to have perpetuated the impression that there is something Arty about Mekons. There isn't. They are Big Fun, and I hope they remain Big Fun even after they've become a proper professional rock band with real Fenders, leads that don't give up halfway through numbers andsoonandsoforth.

Lots of young people seem to have it in for The Fall, and a fair proportion of them were at the Lyceum.

The Fall were by far the most unorthodox band on the bill (i.e. they sounded less like The Clash than anybody except The Human League, but then they're different), since Good Missionaries weren't so much a band as an event or a happening or Art or something like that, and the intolerant boilsuckers who can't see that there's room for more than one sort of rock band made them pay for their daring.

They'd hardly had time to get plugged in before it became blindingly obvious why they'd entitled their album 'Live At The Witch Trials'.

Plastic glasses! Beer cans! Coke cans! Gob! Yep, what we had here was a classic case of remembering those fabulous '70s. The low point of the set was when some spiky psycho leapt on stage and slugged Mark E Smith (Fall mikeperson) two or three times and then jumped back into the audience before Smith or anybody else had time to ask him to account for his behaviour.

Okay, The Fall are Difficult And Arty, if that's how you interpret attempts to dispense with orthodox rock ideas of what structure and texture ought to be; or alternatively, if that's how you'd describe a band who can't take their music where they want it to go by using the conventional language of rock. The Fall are threatening: not in the conventional tear-ya-down sense, but threatening in that they tell you stuff that you may not want to hear in a manner to which you are not accustomed.

The Fall are not comforting in the way that even the most badass conventional rock act is: the Pistols could be incredibly comforting if you identified yourself with their threat rather than with their targets. Yeah! We're All Punks Together! Bugger the Queen!

This response is not possible with The Fall. Not yet, anyway. Maybe later, when we've all learned the words to the songs and started to dress like them and the people who threw things at them (maybe even the *scheisskopf* who hit Smith) will be *boasting* about having been to this gig. Right now, they are not just alienated from (ta-daaaaaa!) society but from standard rock, and that includes punk.

None of them look like punks, and the punks gave 'em the kind of response that Dr Feelgood used to get from Ted audiences when they were starting out. The worst kind of Teds are stuck in 1957 and yeah, sure, we've all been laughing at them for years, but punks stuck in 1977 (or anyone stuck anywhere, for that matter) are just as bad, and this kind of shit has GOT TO STOP NOW.

If you don't like The Fall, sod off to the bar and get quietly pissed with your mates until Stiff Little Fingers come on in approved clothes and play some approved pogo music. Alright, creeps?

Back to The Fall . . . Martin Bramah plays upside-down guitar on a drastically surgeried Fender. All his licks sound to be upside-down as well: high squibbling rat-scratch solos when you'd expect chunky rhythms (enriched with marrowbone jelly) and verse vica. He looks both perpetually surprised and Somewhere Else. Mark E Smith, who has a Prince Valiant haircut, a maroon shirt that keeps coming out at the back, an indomitably accusing voice and more personal courage than anybody else in the hall that night, kept on 'singing' after a lesser human would've split the stage in either a flood of tears or a fit of pique.

Yvonne Pawlett pats away at her piano and looks shit-scared, as well she might be. Singers and guitarists can *dodge,* f'Chrissake, and drummers have kits in front of them, but a small girl behind a small piano is vulnerable beyond belief and Rock Against Sexism does *not* mean that Real Men can now chuck stuff at girls on stage. (Sorry to keep going on about all this, but I was *pissed off* and I still am. Okay?) Her sound is misty and pervasive, gauzy and stinging.

Marc Lacey is huge and stolid and his sound is likewise; bass playing that you could build any kind of edifice upon. Karl Burns' replacement (dunno his name; sorry) kept his head down and the beat in place. The Fall impressed me enormously: haven't learned to like their records yet, but any band this powerful live has to be able to get it down in the studio somehow.

They were the only group on the bill (Perry wasn't billed, remember) who didn't do an encore, but they were the band who deserved one the most.

The glass-chuckers had temporarily exhausted themselves: it wasn't until The Human League bleeped into 'Blind Youth' that the missiles returned.

The League are electronic entertainers from Sheffield, and the only reason that anyone could find them less enthralling than the gargantuanly overrated Suicide is that they don't have any kind of New York Loft/Junk Squalour mystique going for them. Structurally, they are orthodox: it's just that they prefer synthesizers and slide shows to Les Pauls and jumping up and down.

They are Fun rather than Art (the barrier is artifical but let's talk in those terms for the benefit of glass-chuckers everywhere), performing the Righteous Brothers' 'You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'' almost properly and seguing ridiculous transcriptions of Gary Glitter's 'Rock And Roll' and Iggy Pop's 'Nightclubbing' together for their encore.

The Fall used conventional instrumentation (guitar, bass, drums, keyboards, singer) to produce unconventional music; The Human League use unconventional instrumentation (synths, drum machine) to produce what is basically rock esperanto. They got a good ride from the audience in exchange for a good gig; they were hugely enjoyable and will Go Far.

Four bands into the night and my ears were beginning to go.

The Gang Of Four leapt on stage with Fenders at the ready to perform the most conventional rock music thus far. The singer windmilled his arms and shouted, guitarist Andy Gill ran about and waved his guitar and the rhythm section hammered away. They exist on a jagged line drawn between Pere Ubu and Wilko Johnson with a few reggae detours when they swopped instruments: Gill played drums and the drummer came upfront to blow some melodica in an earnest approximation of Augustus Pablo.

They were fine, and the pogoers loved 'em (if anybody threw anything I was in the bog at the time), but definitely late '70s.

This ain't even approximately doing them justice, but as noted above, my perceptions were pretty blunted by that stage. I'd like to see 'em again when not on a mission to find the '80s, 'cause thy're a good contemporary rock band with nary a hint of Arty Pretention of elitism to be found anywhere about their persons.

Finally . . . the moment you've all been waiting for . . . STIFF LITTLE FINGERS!!!

Yep, present and correct: drum risers, expensive guitars, leather jackets. Success, success, success, does it matter? It's invidious and shameful to dump on a band because you don't dig the way some of their punters behave (the Sham trap beckons: please put your foot in here) but there was complacency in the air this night. Jake Burns could've told off the kids who'd mistreated The Fall and he didn't. Wasn't his fault, but Fingers have paid enough dues for two dozen bands and they should know that it's too late to stop now.

Apart from the token democracy of sticking Burns at the side of the stage (if a geezer sings lead and plays most of the guitar solos he deserves to be where more of the audience can see him), it was conventional Punk Heroic: leatherjacketed agitpop, ramalamafirebomb.

Sod the '80s: it was a Clash-surrogate late '70s punk gig by the end.

Again, I'm allowing what happened to The Fall to sour my reactions and I shouldn't be taking it out on Stiff Little Fingers. If I'd arrived just as Gang Of Four went on, I'd probably have had a whale of a time, because Stiff Little Fingers are — objectively speaking — a hell of a band with power, courage, conviction and skill.

But I saw them play like Heroes and get received like Heroes and something was wrong, because the band who had showed the most real heroism (quiet, with a small 'h') got bottled off the stage and didn't get to do the encore that — in real terms — they'd earned.

For a band to make easy gestures to an audience who only want to make easy gestures back is the most suspect device in rock, but there's no way a band can break this deadlock without either sabotaging their set or else playing Deliberately Difficult music, which puts us right back where we started, breaking our balls on the Art/Fun fence.

The '70s are going to have to learn to cope with the '80s the same way that the '60s learned to cope with the '70s (remember 'boring old farts'? If you threw a glass, check yourself out very carefully) and the '50s had to cope with the '60s and everybody had to learn to cope with rock and roll when it started in the first place.

We've still got a long way to go.

Charles Shaar Murray

Culture

Rainbow

London's reggae aficionados came for — and got — their culture on Saturday night. And the heavy duty harmonic assault that greeted them leaves no doubt as to which is the foremost Rockers trio on this planet.

Quite simply, Joe Hill, Albert Walker and Kenneth Paley are just that little bit special when showing the right way for a human on the stage.

Down outside the Rainbow, the rebels were freezing cold, herded into the venue like sheep by the unsmiling police. But inside Joe Hill was screaming SOUL! The Soul of Jamaica — warm and pure, joyous, righteous and quite mesmerising.

Critical perspective is rendered null and void by the effortless musical vibrancy of Culture and six-piece backing band, The Revolutionaries. Their formula is a sure-fire killer: a wonderfully loose synthesis of Rock Steady's peerless harmonies and the zany spontaneity of the best toasting. It hits right between the ears and before the senses have the time to readjust, you're either reeling back in your seat in wonder or you're on your feet in the aisles.

The trio made a convincing impact with their UK debut last year, but this time around their delivery has been well enhanced by bringing over their own sound engineer, Errol Brown. A master at the controls, he concocted some of the most surreal dubwise soundwaves yet heard in a British concert hall.

Things were set in motion by an instrumental from The Revolutionaries with drummer Mikey Richards, percussionist Sticky, diminutive congo player Harry Powell and Ranchie on violin-bass well to the fore. Without a horn section (next time, eh?) to embellish this richly percussive backdrop, the onus was firmly on organist Ansel Collins to fill out the sound. He did so majestically, and his subtle hooklines were a highlight — the perfect springboard for the soaring harmony vocals.

As the instrumental segues into 'Behold I Come' The Mighty Three bound onstage, led by the ebullient Joe Hill, resplendent in a gaudy red roll-neck sweat shirt. Now, this man Hill is most definitely a performer of the highest order, strutting the stage like an unbridled donkey, big brown eyeballs popping like saucers on stalks, arms flailing like windmills.

He feverishly displays some of the fanciest imported footwork seen in North London since Spurs paid a few hundred thousand for Osvaldo Ardiles.

Joe Hill is the heart and soul of Culture. He is also that vital difference between True Showmanship and miserable, perfunctory showbiz mitzpah. The new James Brown?

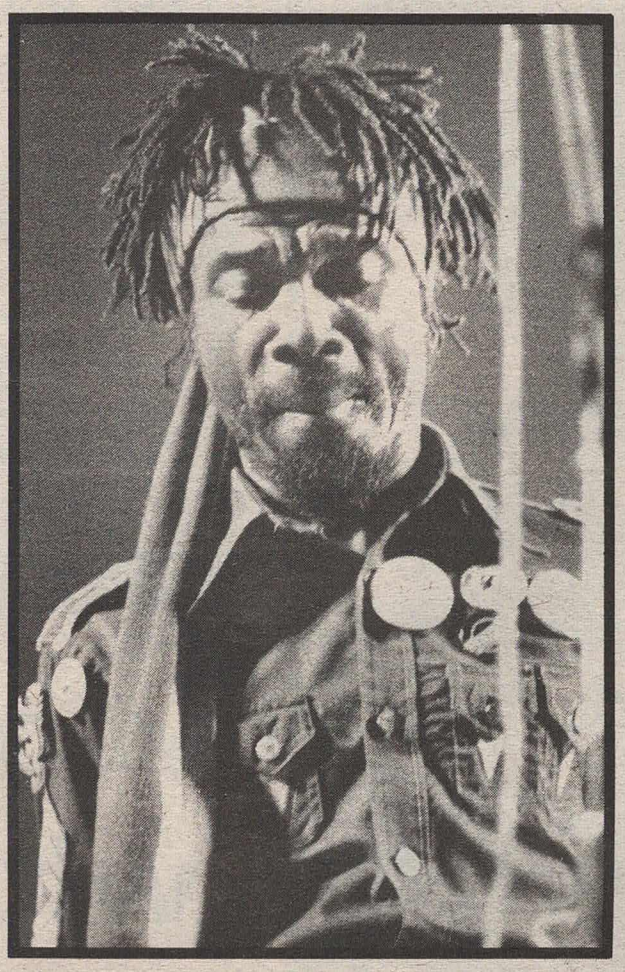
With the lead singer firmly in the driving seat, the trio tread on nattily through 'Tell Me Where You Get It', the re-vamped traditional hymn 'This Train', 'Poor Jah People', 'I'm Not Ashamed', 'Iron Sharpen Iron', 'Stop The Fussing And Fighting' and 'See Them A Come'. The set closes with a superb 'Send Some Rain' before the encores of 'Natty Dread Taking Over', 'Baldhead Bridge' and the inevitable 'Natty Never Get Weary' are demanded.

Strangely, their hottest hit 'Two Sevens Clash' is neglected, the obvious implication being that Culture can now afford to get by without it; a sure sign of a high-calibre live act.

And when the hipness is forgotten, the showmanship and the rhetoric taken or left, one irrevocable fact won't fade away: Culture truly are harder than the rest.

Adrian Thrills

Culture's heart full of soul



CULTURE's Joe Hill.

Jonathan Richman

Royalty Theatre

No Modern Lovers this time around; no hype, hit records or Hammersmith Odeons — just Jonathan, us and a set stripped bare of all but a delicate intimacy. This was a risky show, and it negotiated a tightrope between the magical and *merde:* it wobbled and it toppled, but it always wiped its nose and came back smiling.

With the mass-following of his 'Roadrunner' days all but evaporated, the 'Morning Of Our Lives' began to seem the evening of Richman's career. Hence the interest of small gatherings like this — late 20's, up-market, dedicated Jonathan-people — wherein our hero meets the very bedrock of his support in a kind of private love-in . . .

This man will offer you his soul — or even a suck of his lollipop.

The venue's *Bubbling Black Sugar* props stacked casually behind, only a teensy-amp and guitar for accompaniment, Jonathan loped on in jumper and jeans. He dawdled through and doodled around the familiar loony-tune repertoire, the songs dictated by whatever the crowd called out for. Often the guitar and even the microphone were dispensed with as he doo-wopped and improvised, foot-tapped and finger-clicked his way across the gaps, gambling on sheer gloopy appeal to hold the whole affair together.

Frequently this fragile structure was abandoned as Richman struck up conversation, let the audience interview him or exposed us to his home-composed Christmas crackerisms: "What's green and can't spell? Answer: Lots of stuff!"

Eyebrows arched, features racked by that 'desperate-to-please' look, Richman is an unadulterated ham with the makings of an all-round entertainer. His links with rock'n'roll grow ever more tenuous, reduced to the odd jelly-legged Duane Eddy run or Buddy Holly inflection. Coming on like a youth-club hopeful in a public debut he'd perform a sad, choreographed little shuffle, or complain of his cold and snuffle pathetically.

He played the sensitive buffoon almost to the point of embarrassment; put himself in the stocks.

But though superficially gauche or inept, and certainly flimsily whimsical, Jonathan Richman's new act is a triumph of vulnerability cunningly deployed. By the middle of the set (when he's beginning on those notorious 'encores') the prefabricated pathos had asserted its insidious charms. The night was won.

Paul Du Noyer

Alternative TV
The Transmitters
Fashion

Greenwich Theatre

This claustrophobic benefit for the Albany Theatre provokes awkward questions concerning the direction and development of rock'n'pop since 1976, particularly the nature and/or necessity of the balance between entertainment and experimentation.

Mark Perry is grappling with those questions with alarming irreverence, without caution and more effectively than is immediately obvious.

Before the shockingly fragile ATV, Birmingham's Fashion show they're trying too hard to be 'contemporary': they would very much like to be 'the new thing'.

False and flash, they're a versatile trio — a sturdy drummer who sings high; a bassist who sings carefully and plays tentative

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synthesizer; and an incisive guitarist who sings stylishly. Their sound is full and generous (Costello with a hard rock sensibility), and they like reggae and want everyone to know it.

They started off promisingly, a lot harder than their recent flat single 'Steady Eddie Steady' suggests, with more vigour than valium. Their songs are plenty but plain and overall their set lacked economy.

Ealing's The Transmitters are the cheekiest group I've seen since Mekons; the wackiest I've seen since Public Image (and almost as sinister). They were, of course, great. Naturally, their music is of the Velvets' ancestry: deceptively nonchalant, barely controlled, repetitive, erratic and intoxicating, presented with an odd, wry condescension.

Their inscrutable lead singer has the comedy timing of a Dave Allan, the detachment of a Devoto, the amused poise of a Mark Smith, the cool of a Sinatra. The music is feverish and jumpy.

Apart from anything else, Mark Perry is the greatest rock critic since Richard Meltzer. Why and what he's doing with himself and his music is too involved to outline here. This aborted, unstable performance (as personal yet evocative as anything you're likely to see) in front of 500 puzzled people was probably a typical ATV gig on this tour.

Perry has cheerfully and naively disregarded the slightest imitation of rock'n'pop frameworks and become totally intrigued by noise, space and improvisation.

Live, ATV expand the implications of their LP concerning the levels of absurdity in rock'n'pop; confront the definitions of a 'good show'; mock the irregularity of response; and stunned the Greenwich Theatre audience and the susceptible gig promoters by playing free-form noise with precious few reference points.

The audience sat there enthralled, astonished, cynical; the promoters pulled them off stage after half an hour.

Appropriately, ATV opened with a vague version of 'Viva La Rock'n'Roll': Perry on shaky sax, Dennis Burns on bass guitar, David George on drums with Here and Now's Anno singing. It was a strong and relaxed piece of music. 'The Return Of The Natives' followed, emphasising the massive humanity in Perry's music; he's pulled all structure out of his music, but the warmth remains in his abstraction.

Tapes, wordless vocals, broken piano, bass, guitars and violin were used randomly to create unsteady, indulgent, abrasive textures over the next three pieces. It was clumsy, often moving and continually embarrassing. Perry's flatly appealing singing and raps, as dumb and chummy yet recognisable and reliably honest as ever, caused smiles both on his lips and the audience's.

But the four musicians, the audience and the promoters rapidly got more and more restless, and eventually the house lights came on.

After a bumpy 'Missionary' the promoters, exasperated by the 'unmusical' tone of ATV's performance, turned off the PA. Such action prompted the destruction of the old piano by the group, and the front few rows of the audience sympathetically joined in. A polite riot ensued: amplifiers were battered and two microphones pinched.

It will not be the last time Perry's current activity inspires such behaviour: his games are provocative.

Not much music has done so much to challenge perspective and definition, and as of late only John Lydon, Carla Bley, Stiff Little Fingers, The Human League and Danny Baker have altered my own perspective to such effect. No compromise, no shame, Perry has done nothing so much as specify it's all a laugh, and clarify the dangers and dogmas of rock'n'pop.

He gets no thanks. The best critics rarely do.

Paul Morley

Slade

Watford

If ever a group personifies the volatile nature of the pop game then it's Slade. For two years from 1972 they could do no wrong . . . had even the heaviest critics foaming at the mouth about how wonderful they were.

They had credibility with a big C. long before Jimmy Pursey was fostering his working class myths, Slade were into bad spelling in a big way — 'Take Me Bak 'Ome', 'Mama Weer All Crazee Now', 'Gudbuy T'Jane' and 'Cum On Feel The Noize'.

Only it was fun then, and however crass you thought Slade were there's no denying they could write decent chunes.

Then they blew it.

Their movie *Flame* failed to ignite the public's imagination, repeated attempts "to break" Slade in America failed, and — fashionable though it was to be working class in '76 — by this time Slade were strictly outre.

Still managed by ex-Animal Chas Chandler, they're now to be found working the colleges and cabaret circuit and are regulars at Watford's Baileys.

Although acutely aware of their unenviable position, they still attack with all their old gusto.

The Baileys' audience wasn't exactly bristling with life, but for all the band seemed to care they could have been bill-topping at Earl's Court.

The glitter has gone, platform boots are left in the wardrobe (though Noddy Holder still wears his trusty titfer), but the only concession to 1979 appeared to be Dave Hill's leather strides and a severe shearing of his locks.

Visually and musically they were tight and exciting, Hill and Jim Lea swopping stage positions with energetic dexterity.

In the final analysis there is little real difference between Slade and Status Quo or Thin Lizzy. And it could be that a hit single would shoot them back to the top.

But it could also be that they're designed to remain in the shade for the rest of their natural . . . time will tell.

Steve Clarke

JONATHAN RICHMAN Pic: KEL EDGE

The Undertones
The Squares

Manchester

In these competitive days, the trouble with hitting upon a good formula is that everybody else immediately does it to death.

The Squares have not only hit upon a lousy formula ('power pop') but have the effrontery to do it extremely badly. After 10 minutes of tuning-up, the sound and coordination was ragged, the material worse — pulp fiction of the contrived couplet variety. Later Rudolph Valentino, The Small Faces and Buddy Holly all got a look in too (God knows why) and the whole lot was set to the collapsible harmonies of recycled riffs.

I thought squares were at least *two* dimensional.

After them, life could only improve with The Undertones.

The 'Tones have side-stepped the problem of what to do next — having made the ultimate disposable statement with 'Teenage Kicks' — by concentrating on borrowed formula and making it their very own. While the whole set (perhaps 20/25 numbers) was really that hit revisited, it was delivered in a crisp, vibrant irresistible rush. Bum notes were heard, but the vocal harmonies were spot on.

No special plugs are due for particular tunes — there were too many and you could hum all of them or for instrumental cachet — there wasn't any. That's not the point they're trying to make. But a Barrie Masters Award *was* due to Fergal Sharkey for being on key while leaping every which way and making me feel like a physical washout.

One more thing: when the Undertones acknowledged the applause and thanked the audience, they really were sincere. It was as if they knew it was only rock 'n' roll and hadn't quite worked out what had hit them.

If they can retain that attitude, The Undertones are going to give all of us pleasure for a long time to come.

Ian Wood

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Nelson fails 'Boys Own' SF test

Bill Nelson's Red Noise

Theatre Royal

"I hope you noticed the sign above the door; it said Red Noise, not Be Bop Deluxe Mark 11." Thus spake honest Bill Nelson toward the end of one of the most tedious, naive displays of misplaced sincerity this writer has ever witnessed.

Red Noise boast every sound-on-sound mannerism, every Pavlovian gadget known to their Euro-rock peers but come on like country cousins — retard hair-cuts, Bolshevik good humour men costumes (dub the way y'all removed the jackets in synch).

Nelson, their leader, appears to be chief culprit. He cloaks some admittedly catchy, subliminal chords around a wall of synthetics and then has the nerve to dress this samey mutton in a coating of pseudo-literary social comment, none of which bears much resemblance to life as she is lived.

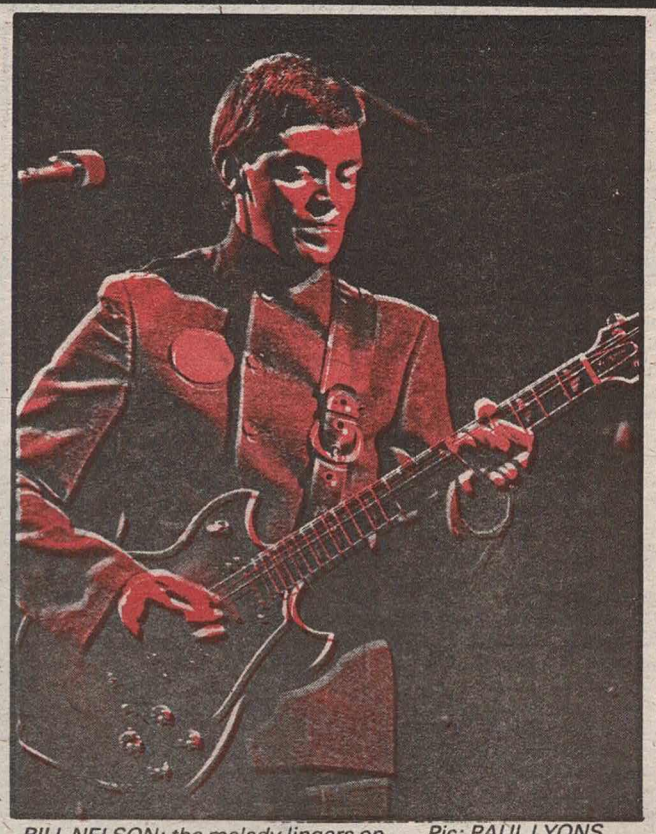
Nelson gives no indication that he has followed his *Boys Own* guide to S F through to a logical, let alone a moral, conclusion. His assimiliations of *Scientific American*, cybernetics, robotics, a touch of Huxley, a whiff of Orwell have not been developed into a perspective. The automatic imagery is merely sprayed over the listener like so much brainwash. Anthony Burgess he ain't.

Maybe I'm taking Bill Nelson too seriously. Certainly his band do not make this mistake. Their lukewarm response indicated that this was a hard core of Be Bop fans. And here's Nelson singing songs about furniture, mouthing a new rhetoric, 'Stay Young', going against the former established icon grain.

Unfortunately, Nelson plays the Modern game using a lot of the old tricks. Inverted, chummy snobbery is one of these, the old middle-class gibe: 'A Better Home In The Phantom Zone' — "This one is about people with too much money and not much life, and those people with no money but a bit of life, the ones who think their ducks on the wall are art."

Well, well Bill! That sounds very profound, was it really about all those things? You astound me. All I caught were the hackneyed rhymes and the sensationalism, vibed up in post Yes, Focus, Kraftwerk, Cockney Rebel, Moog-mauling — you name it, they've got it.

Or how about bringing us all together under the BANNER OF YOUTH? "If you want to dance no-one will stop you. If they try they'll be answerable to me." Utter inactivity. Gradually a few hardy chaps traipse forward, but guess what? One mangey bouncer sends them back with not a word from Bill. Where were you?



BILL NELSON: the malady lingers on . . . Pic: PAUL LYONS

Or how does the anti-culture card suit you? Here's Nelson after layering us in concepts that have, ahem, suffered in remove from Marshall McLuhan: "This place (Theatre Royal) is OK for pantomime (come in Red Noise), but it's no good for rock'n'roll is it?"

What ignorance.

Funny that, Bill. Theatres were constructed for drama so why the hell you should be in one . . . 'appen you must be barmy lad, any road, next time tha'll know better.

In between the self-consciousness, the utter lack of stage presence, the instrumental verbosity, Red Noise flex their muscles on titles as pompous as 'Don't Touch Me (I'm Electric)' — a shocking song — 'Stop/Go/Stop', 'Art/Empire/Industry' (whaaat!) most of which revolves on a story line which Philip K. Dick wouldn't step out of his own puke to read.

The metaphors for technological fascism that Red Noise, Devo, Bowie etc all employ are dangerously close to echoing the disease they think they've spotted; the malady lingers on.

Of course, there are ways of escaping the implications; one of them is humour. Judas Priest are funnier than Red Noise.

Nelson is too lightweight to be truly influential. The majority of his ideas are copped from sources which still have their labels showing. On the other hand he's too intelligent, and my colleagues assure me — pleasant, sincere, committed — to be a fraud. I'm paid to tell you that he has fallen foul of the most sterile avenue currently open to contemporary 'pop stars' (and that's all these buggers are, when all is said and done).

This medium is about emotions, abstractions. I checked on a geezer who understood this and made some fine music a long time ago, instrumentals with titles like 'Love', 'Compassion,' 'Serenity'. Without forcing a point, Red Noise possess none of these elements.

Max Bell

The Smirks

Manchester

Shock horror. Last year's most abstruse power pop formula has become this month's most deserving non-chart bound sound.

The choreography hasn't disappeared, rather it's been supplanted by equally-ambitious fretboard dexterity and a quirky approach to songwriting wherein the parts make up so much more than the immediate sum.

'Shrink Case', for instance, *seems* to be your average stomp, but the stretched falsetto vocal parts — as delivered by Simon Milner, the Roy Orbison of today — turn out to be about a psychopath, while Neil Fitzpatrick's compact harmony riffs fuse with a neat elegance into the overall scenario.

The plot thickens with the familiar Smirkreggae, "Up Eh Up": *"With our backs to the wall/Not a penny on the pay/Not a minute on the day/No more overtime"*.

But how can you obtain time and a half when you're still 'seeking employment'? After 'Pro Pro', played for high-action melodrama, Milner posed to the audience the burning problem of our times. "What do The Bee Gees know about tragedy?" he wondered.

Ah, questions, questions. The new material just blew them all away. 'Angry With Myself', the U-rated track on the new EP, featured a melodic break which would be the envy of Buzzcocks in their return-to-minimalism phase (except that The Smirks have remembered to write some lyrics, too).

'To You', as yet unrecorded, featured spot-on harmonies and a wonderous ascending chord hum along; 'Penetration' saw Milner at his most strung-out, while 'American Patriots' was just an unadulterated rock'n'roll classic.

With the superb rhythm section of Mike Doherty and Mog Morris laying down the most heavyweight of foundations, and Fitzpatrick providing the kind of searing lead breaks one would have scarcely believed him capable of a few months back, Simon Milner railed and screamed against Americanese self-indulgence.

Close your eyes and it could be Joe Strummer.

By 'OK UK' and 'Rosemary' the crowd was going nimbly ape-shit.

If I were running Job Creation I think I could safely passover this bunch. By whatever means, The Smirks are going to create a future for themselves.

Ian Wood

China Street

Hope and Anchor

The 50-odd punters who showed up on this drizzly Sunday night were treated to an hour of bippety-boppety Rastaromp. Since supporting Steel Pulse's tour last year, China Street have found their niche — and this was their last gig before a few weeks' disappearance to the unhip side of the Channel to export their *saucy* brand of dub'n'twang to the Europettes.

They're young white and spotty, but St Pauls choir they are not. Onstage they plecked, pummelled and farted through a highly enjoyable repertoire of self-penned reggae-flavoured ditties, interspersed with boffo gags.

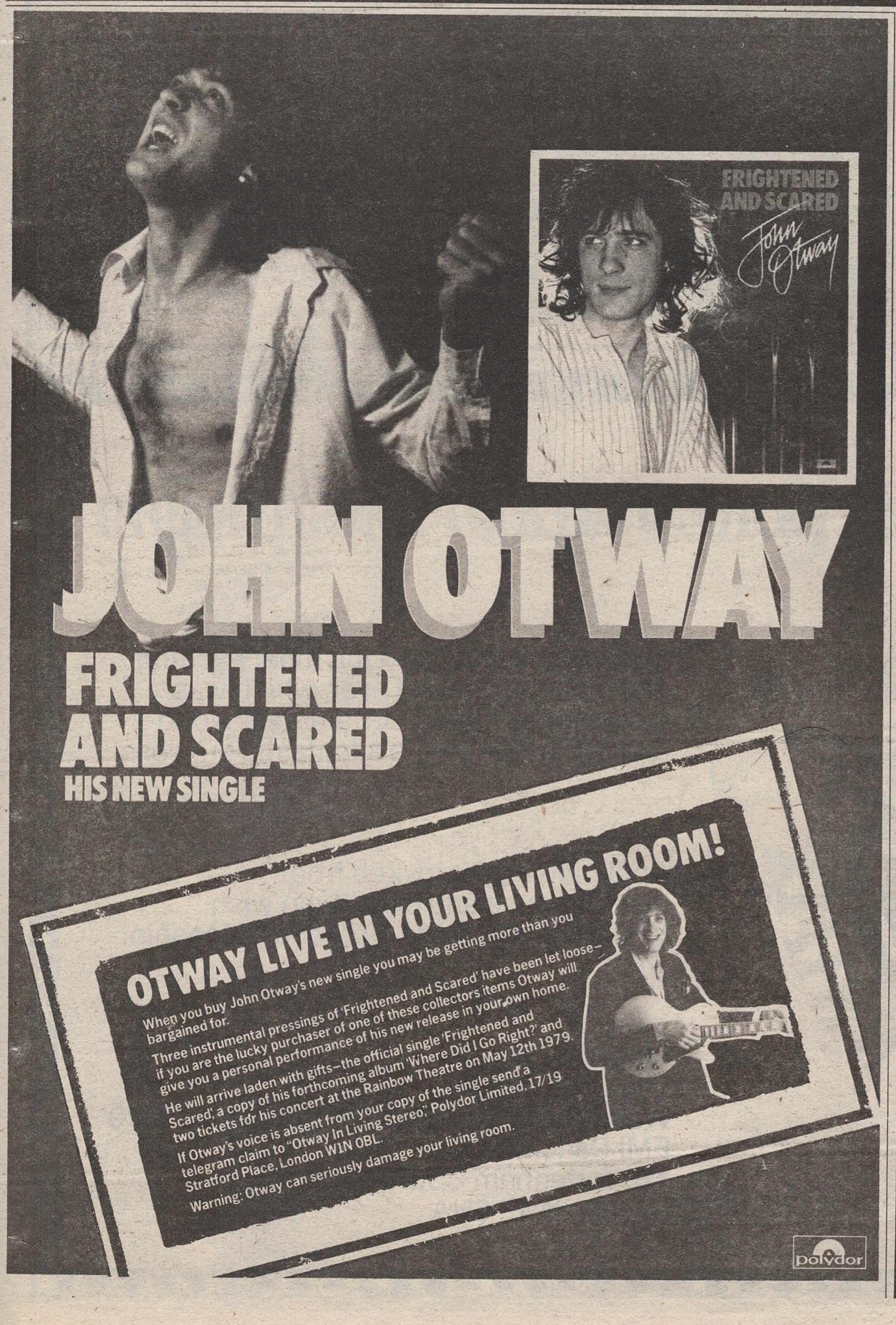
They demonstrated that you don't necessarily have to be Jamaican (or Black and British, for that matter) to play good, persuasive reggae, any more than you have to be Russian to play roulette.

A snippet from the lyrics of 'Oh Jamaica' — *"I love Jah music / I'm not sure about your hype"* indicates that they reject the jingoistic machismo inherent in the JA music sub-culture (as it might justifiably reject them), and that . . . sod it, they're just another good-time fourpiece, yet their group sound was clean, melodic and eminently danceworthy.

They displayed a skilful handling of electronic Echoplex (i.e. knob twiddling), which enhanced, rather than diminished the music, sending fruity cipher-coded keyboard motifs cascading round the room (look no hands).

If, pop-pickers, you're not averse to a little high-kicking bongo fury, then China Street could be your rum and pattie.

Rick Joseph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The ordeal of entertainment night

The Only Ones

Hull

For The Only Ones, the chips are down. Two albums of classic Perrett should be good enough to give the band competitive tax problems, but along the way accidents will happen — and on this night they did. It was a shame that hard-cheese circumstantial factors and piffling hitches served to strip away some of the veneer of rock-steady self-sufficiency that The Only Ones always embody (and usually project).

"Sorry we keep breaking strings," said Perrett as he strapped on his fourth guitar of the evening. (Strings ain't what they used to be — or are they trying to tell us something? Could the mid-encore walk-out by Alan Mair's bass-string have been a cry for help — if only we could have understood?)

But this and a few other false starts hardly interfered with the quality of sound (anyone wanna score a bootleg?) and vision (see below).

Blasting off with a climax in the form of barn-stormers 'No Solution' and 'The Immortal Story', The Only Ones fluctuated mid-set until the triumphant outro secured total redemption. (The end of the scheduled set, incidentally, saw a screen-testing local loonie run cross-stage and leap headlong into a disbelieving, hostile audience, which proceeded to beat and be beaten.)

It was too bad that things didn't always come together. The Only Ones always mean business, but here they weren't given full opportunity to do anything more than break even. Between lecturing ageing punks ("Stop spitting — it's very childish") and putting the encore to a vote ("You sure you want to hear more? You weren't shouting very loud"), they nevertheless played with a meticulously urbane blend of guts and finesse.

And certainly, if looks are anything to go by, The Only Ones are as polished a set of professionals as you're likely to see this side of the Royal Marines: leatherclad Perrett is even beginning to *look* like Lou Reed, while stately John Perry (ermin-bedecked, like a Tudor King) and Alan Mair (red-lamed, in the style of a Showaddywaddy refugee) provide the Technicolour — such is life's rich pageant.

On a strictly musical level everyone should already know that The Only Ones are among the more inventive emergent (yeah, they're still *emergent)* bands, and would have been superstars by now had they not had to compete with all the no-talent junk outfits vying for positions all down the line.

Here, it was tough that Perrett's lyrical and melodic sensitivity, represented best on a song like 'The Whole Of The Law', didn't go over a bundle with punters who always 'wanna move'.

Of course 'Another Girl, Another Planet' was a different ball-game, and went down a storm, as did two other old favourites, 'City Of Fun' and 'The Beast'.

From a career-opportunity point of view, The Only Ones will not be denied for much longer — but gigs like this can't do them any good. Communication is only possible between equals, and playing the kind of 'entertainment night' venues they're still apparently doomed to, they get less than they deserve.

They say 'He who pays the piper calls the tune', but sometimes it's better to leave it to the pros.

Emma Ruth

Warm Jets Dog Watch The Tickets

Music Machine

It's healthy indeed that Bridge House Records can put up a three-band bill, and that Canning Town, E.16, can dispatch two coachloads of frenzied support. Had they as much musical strength as enterprise, they'd have come across less like a self-contained mobile metropolis to the largely indifferent Camden natives.

Heavy pop trio The Tickets opened this undistinguished package as the most inspired, least laboured East End offering. What little I saw of the set was an assured, snide, almost psychedelic tribute to basic chording, insidious punk and shambling melody, ending with a slightly shapeless 'Glad All Over'.

Dog Watch lay claim to the kind of earnest rock theatre that fuses pomp, flash, mock croc stack heels and indulgent, listless jamming with a wearisome bent for visual stimulation. A long-haired, gaunt vocalist hams through a succession of lumbering personae — Travolta buff, cadaver, hermetically sealed robot, incredible hulk. He sings in mannered squeaks, mostly through a face mask, and apart from one sharp title, 'The Discopath', novelty is not among their stronger points.

In equally irritating style Warm Jets play heavily on the eccentricities of their frontman, Paul Ballance. They light him with garish floorspots, they hang a profile of his gargantuan nose as a backdrop, and they dress him as seedy youth's answer to George Melly.

In fact, complete with flapping Oxfam pinstripe, very silly tie and wideboy trilby, and clutzing around stage in an inanely cumbersome fashion, the similarity to Melly is almost uncanny.

Instantly his sneering pantomime-bad-guy act disrupts their ferociously tight, stone-ground dance music. Somewhere along the line when this tenuously aggressive hard rock perfected such immediate dance rhythms, even using a fast, brazen reggae in 'Shell Shock', it forgot melody, ignored imposing lyrics, and finished up perpetrating some boorish figurehead of the rock anti-hero.

"That's what I do with my musicians!" he cackles, knocking bassist Paul Jeffreys out flat on the boards in mock submission. He tramples on their potential with ungainly authority. Warm Jets deserve better than this.

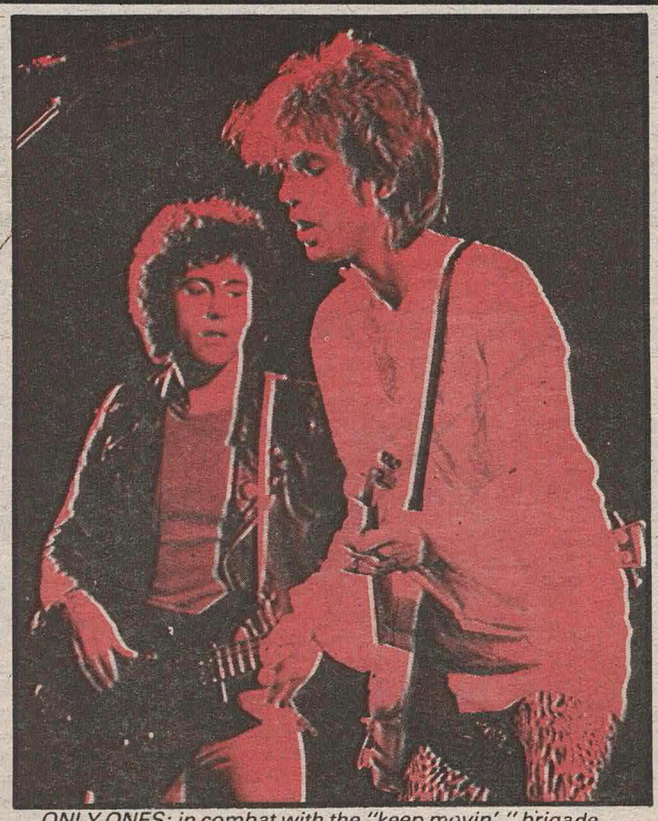
Mark Ellen

Gong

The Venue

The current Gong manifesto "What's Gong On?" (geddit?) advocates the politics of "floating anarchy." It makes statements like "Institutions Are Anathema," and mumbles about "harmonizing human psyche."

It would be easy (and advantageous) to ignore this archaic creed — all well-intentioned, nebulous and entirely ineffectual — were it not for its stacks of irritating contradictions. It prescribes spiritual freedom through self-awareness, yet it's so doctrinaire as to dictate how Gong's audience *ought* to respond when watching the band perform.



ONLY ONES: in combat with the "keep movin' " brigade. Pic: CHRIS HORLER.

Their new musical direction under Pierre Moerlen is just repressive. Ornate, grandiose funk and jazz/rock, it's confined to restricted compositional frame, and also limits each instrument to a single texture. Vibes play dinky 'Tubular Bells'-type figures, percussion clutters, bass goes twang, guitar dribbles and drums sock out frantic cross-rhythms. It's a very *pleasant,* passive sound.

As one lengthy and indistinguishable instrumental follows the next, these clutters, twangs and dribbles cease to hold attention. Rhythms shift incessantly, solos are passed around, monotonous note patterns change hands. A spacious Gothic keyboard piece by Moerlen, with his brother Benoit adding a dischordant vibes part, makes a welcome variation.

Gong suffer from excess musical verbiage. Every idea has to be qualified by each instrument playing with equal complexity. And without vocals as an accesible focal point they tend to drift without resolution.

Allan Holdsworth, the ultimate musician's musician, adds glossy, streamlined fretwork and seems strangely out of place in such 'democratic' company.

A couple of times Moerlen does try to liven up the proceedings by attempting to sing, but the combination of his innocuous lyrics, drab vocal style and cumbersome pirouettes can only be described as uncomfortable.

By the end music and ethic seem to be poles apart — but then again, their audience are no longer the uniform Glastonbury sect. Among those touting Floyd bootlegs and the new hippy rag *Sniffin Flowers,* scores of avid musos tap toes in wrapt and reverent silence.

Gong have apparently become 'intellectually' acceptable — a far cry from their incarnation in '67, inspired by Daevid Allen's 'power vision' and the 'space whispers' of the Yonic Gongcubine.

People tell me they play technically perfectionist music; others say they herald the return of Psychedelia. Gong are either dying out or making a comeback, but I never can tell which.

Mark Ellen

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MILITANT TOUR

■ *From page 18*

The gig is The Pavilion, a prefabricated building whose one concession to rock culture is a dire sub-Roger Dean mural behind the stage. Despite its seeming unsuitability for rock and roll these days the West Runton Pavilion is Norfolk's leading rock venue. And a glance at the upcoming attractions proves that whoever runs the place knows his business.

With Cambridge and Leicester under their belts respectively RAR are in fairly good spirits, though tired and in John Dennis's case (he is in charge of finance) a little harrassed. The only casualty so far is Wayne's black eye.

Wayne had intervened to restore the peace after one of RAR's security men became overzealous outside Leicester Poly the previous night (Monday), only to be mistaken for a bouncer himself — which in some thug's eyes was enough justification to take a smack at him.

On the road RAR have an eight-man, sorry, person team, and throughout the tour are relying extensively on the local RAR groups.

"We're fortunate in that we only have to deal with the bureauocracy, says Wayne referring to the London office's role in the shindig. It does seem, however, that HQ has taken all the major decisions regarding the tour.

Given that the priority was to play towns where the National Front plans to stand a candidate at the imminent General Election, the local RAR groups suggested potential venues and dates, as well as selecting which local band should play, after which Wayne did a personal reconnaissance of all the venues to confirm their suitability.

Though each 'official' has a definite role to play in the tour (Red Saunders for instance, is the tour's Master Of Ceremonies, a role which he clearly relishes), no-one is ultimately in charge of the operation.

"We're a collective," emphasised Saunders. And obviously in the best spirit of collectivisation no-one shirks at doing a stint on the RAR stall; The Gang Of Four's maverick drummer was even helping out.

As for the choice of bands, this, says Kate, was "deeply debated" by the committee, Wayne and John actually dealing with the bookings. Despite the excellence of the bill there does seem to be an absence of 'name' acts.

Says John: "We wanted to get away from the bands we knew could draw."

Wayne echoes his colleague: "We've deliberately gone for smaller bands. It's very much in the RAR tradition. We were among the first to book Generation X, Tom Robinson and Stiff Little Fingers. We started out booking those bands." And John again: "We're there to support new bands and they're there to support us."

Nevertheless, attempts to contact some 'name' acts like Public Image Limited, The Clash, and X Ray Spex — and even John Cooper Clarke — with a view to playing the tour proved difficult. RAR were particularly miffed at The Members' attitude towards doing Militant Entertainment since they had, after all, given The Members their first London gig.

RAR, though, are inclined to blame those who surround these bands, rather than the individual musicians themselves. They do say that getting in touch with Joe Strummer isn't as easy as it was; The Clash apparently couldn't do the tour because of their difficulties with Bernard Rhodes. Kate, for one, would have liked Ian Dury on the tour.

Perhaps I'm being over-jaundiced, but it does seem in at least some cases that bands only play RAR gigs because there's something in it for them. On the other hand there is RAR's attitude, a somewhat egotistical one at that goes along the lines of "It's not The Clash playing such and such a place, it's RAR playing. . ."

John Dennis brings up the fact that Elton John said in last year's marathon *NME* interview that he would like to do a RAR gig. "It's like him too," he says with an utter lack of conviction. He explains that he prefers to book punk and reggae bands because that's how RAR started and it's these acts which RAR feel a lot in common with. "We've grown with new wave," he says.

Surely Elton playing a gig would do more for the movement than, say, Misty or whoever in terms of publicity alone. Or is RAR afraid at having some of the thunder stolen from them? Perhaps I'm being churlish. . .

HOW ABOUT the claims of inefficency that have been made by some bands playing RAR gigs?" "We're an organisation of rock fans who're doing it ourselves. When you look at the rock scene there aren't many organisations trying to help consumers," says John. "So there are going to be mistakes."

"It's true we're not efficient," says another of the collective. "And we're proud of it."

Originally the idea was for the bands to play for expenses only, but this was scotched in favour of splitting the profit four ways — 25 per cent to each of the three 'headlining bands' (the billing alternates so that each of the three bands gets to top the bill) and 25 per cent to RAR — where and when money was made on the gate.

I forgot to ask what, if anything the local group gets out of it, other than exposure.

No-one in the RAR set-up expects the tour to make money; to break even is all they're hoping for.

"If we were to look at it economically we wouldn't have looked at it at all," explains John. One sop for the band is that where-ever possible the entourage will stay at decent hotels. "We can't shit on the bands in both ways," is how Wayne puts it. "If they're not going to get any money then the least we can do is to give them a hotel room with a bathroom."

Last night the entourage, and it included everyone, stayed in the comfort of Leicester's Post House Hotel.

This far into the tour it's impossible to see how things are going to work out financially, but with money made at Cambridge and lost at Leicester things are working out pretty much as expected.

"The bigger gigs, like Leeds should subsidise the smaller ones like Newport," says Wayne. And no-one is expecting to make money in the wilds of Norfolk on a Tuesday night.

To cut costs universities and polytechnics are letting RAR have the use of their halls entirely free. Star Hire, the PA company, have agreed to work for 30 per cent less than their usual fee. Consequently they're working with a crew of three instead of their normal six-man operation.

"I'm so tired I can hardly talk straight," one of them told me. "Four bands playing in four hours is a very tight schedule. It's like a first night every night."

Star Hire work a great deal with reggae acts, and have received several threatening calls from people claiming to represent the NF. Moreover a Mightly Sparrow gig at the Rainbow in December, where Star Hire were working, had to be called off after a bomb hoax believed to be the work of the NF.

With so small a crew the RAR team are doubling as roadies. To add further to the collective effort, two Eastern Counties bus drivers have agreed to drive two double-decker busloads of fans the 20 miles or so from Norwich for free. Shame their employees couldn't be as generous. The Norwich branch of RAR have had to hire the buses at £90 apiece.

On the final night of the Gang Of Four, Misty, The Ruts line-up, The Ruts are topping. Second on, Gang Of Four (local outfit The Pain Killers opened — unfortunately I missed them) are given the kind of reception usually reserved for the closing act. The Pavilion is far from full, but the audience seem more than willing to make up in energy for the lack of numbers.

Halfway through the evening RAR are convinced they stand to lose at least £200 on the night, but despite this and the prospect of a six-hour drive back to London their spirits rise — Red's aided by more than the odd beer — as the music culminates in a truely devastating performance from The Ruts.

More than one record company A&R man was spotted the previous night at Leicester and A&R person/producer Muff Winwood is sniffing out tonight's action. If he isn't impressed by The Ruts then his ears should be removed just as soon as he can fix up an appointment.

Following hard (and I mean HARD) on the heels of the too sanguine Misty (no malice intended, but if this is what ganja does for you, forget it), The Ruts start the way they go on — with enough energy to fuel the entire Concorde fleet.

They slip with awesome ease from what can perhaps be best described as psychedelic punk (shades of Hendrix) to the kind of reggae that ought to have Misty wincing into their Rasta nosh. As the Gang of Four are about to tie the knot with EMI or CBS, The Ruts are apparently about to sign with Virgin. Mark thee, The Ruts will be enormous.

Actually Misty just about aquitted themselves in the all-bands-together encore. Jamming on a reggae chant of 'Rock Against Racism', they lead what seems like half the entire audience through a genuinely moving number, so full of good vibes I'm surprised that John and Yoko didn't materialise in a bag singing the 'Give Peace A Chance' refrain.

"Peace and Love", intoned one of Misty's singers. What with Red Saunders giving the audience — and it must be said nearly falling on his butt in the process — one of those "The only way this is possible is because of you the people out there" raps, I was reminded of similar so-called 'hippy' beanos.

All the more a shame then, that one lout had to disgrace himself on his way out of the building by assaulting the kid selling the Socialist Worker's Party's *Rebel* mag.

Evidently the message hadn't got through to everyone.

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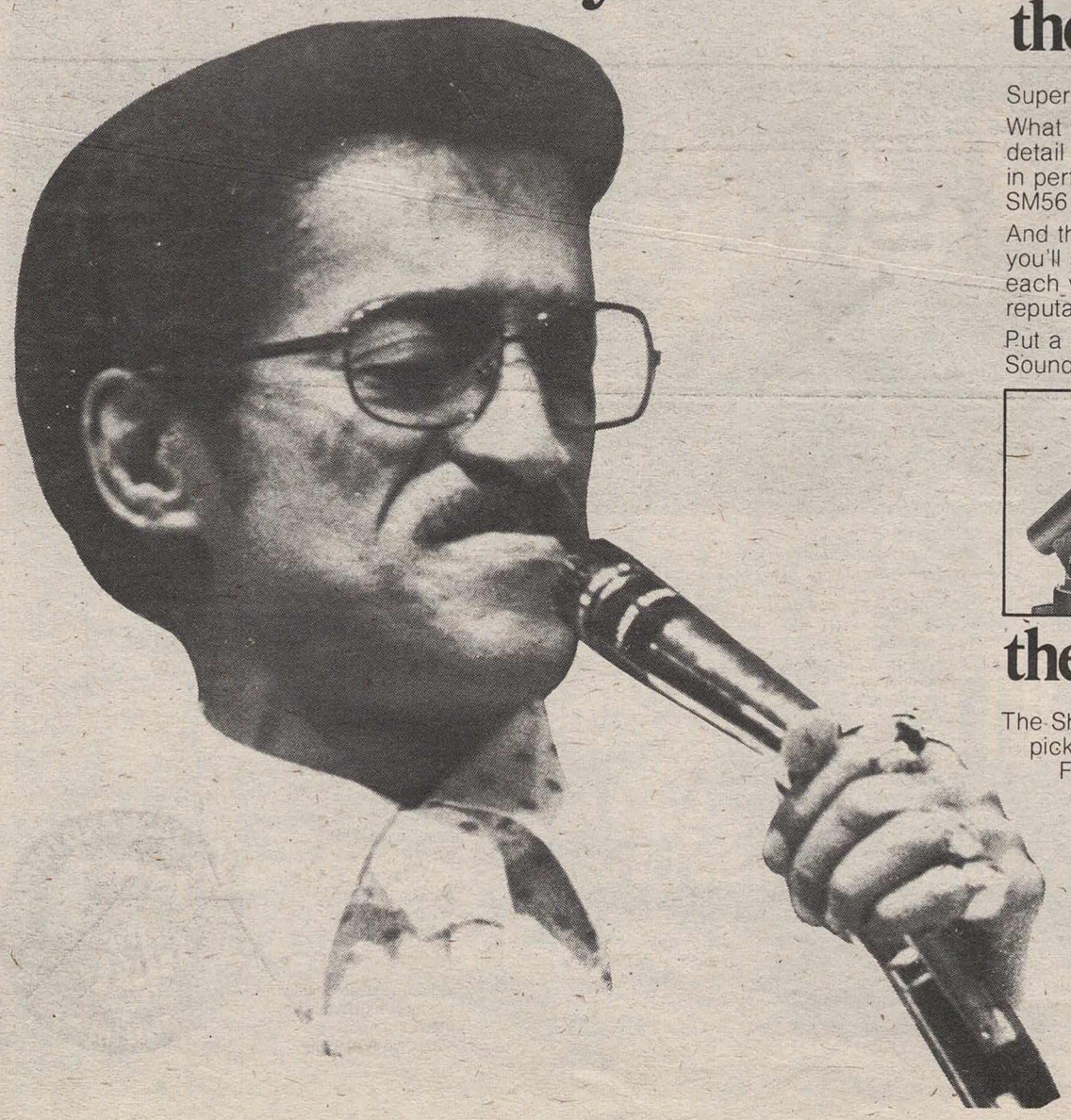

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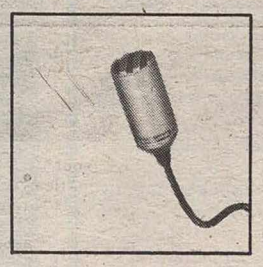

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H. LEAGUE

■ From page 8

unsigned-by-a-major-label act this side of the Little Fingers. I've already placed a bet they'll have a hit single before the summer's out.

The group themselves anticipate their debut long-player with honest apprehension. Despite the maturity of their live sound, the only time they've been in a recording studio was for a Peel session — and the result wasn't overly satisfactory. This time they're well aware of the possibility of indulging, of overdoing certain songs.

"That's something we'll have to watch out for. Like, in a 24-track studio if we ever get in one, that's a hell of a lot of tracks. Most rock groups use 10 tracks just for drums, whereas we could get a whole song onto four tracks — which gives us a hell of a lot of scope to play around with. And that could be a temptation to go over the top. We'll have to watch ourselves."

Any chance of a Bowie or an Eno producing. . ?

"The problem with using a well-known producer is that it increases people's expectations and will inevitably lead to disappointment if we don't live up to those expectations. Which is a possibility we can't ignore. After the Devo build up for instance, the album was quite an anti-climax."

"WE WANT TO REACH A CINEMA AUDIENCE . . ."

THE HUMAN League are a tantalising, ill-formulated glimpse of the future leisure activity and entertainment. They await the arrival of video discs with disgusting relish — because that's when the group will be total. They'll be around for a long, long time.

The most important thing they're doing is de-mystifying the electronic synthesizer . . .

Apart from all that, they're just a great rock'n'roll group: accusations of lack of immediacy and intimacy come from those wilful cynics who have yet to experience The Human League Experience. As profound as Public Image Ltd., as trivial as The Monkees. As challenging as Philip K Dick, as lightweight as Robert Silverberg. Wait till they grow up!

We leave them arguing.

Oakley: "I just don't understand why we have to travel around the country in the freezing cold doing all these support gigs."

Ware: "I think what we're doing is the best way to reach people."

Marsh: I do too, and I think you're completely wrong."

Wright: "I want you to write this down . . . I'm writing a science fiction book about the. . ."

ETC ETC ETC.

NME X-WORD

ACROSS

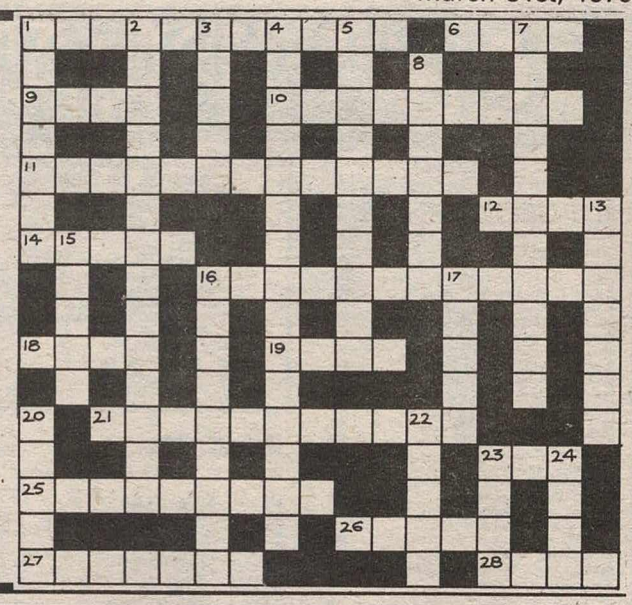
1 It 'as stirred (anag. 2 words)
6 See 20 down
9 "Killing An Arab" funsters
10 Axeman who swallowed a lager — should've been a Guiness!
11 Stevie Wonder hit of a couple of years back (4,3,6)
12 Dave's other half (not Sam)
14 &13 Wilko's mob
16 & 26 Sounds like Phil got grassed? (7,3,2,5)
18 The Graham in Tina's house!
19 Guitarist as a piece of handkerchief!
21 U.S. soul singer whose best-known song is the much-covered "Lean On Me" (4,7)
23 Steven Giorgiou as he's better known
25 Aussie punk combo whose finest moment was the single, "I'm Stranded" (3,6)
26 See 16 across
27 Will Birch's crew are highly collectable!
28 Culinary Pistol

DOWN

1 Incredible, shrinking West Coast 'punks'
2 Wayne's got connections on Death Row! (8,6)
3 Rubbish from the new Roxy!
4 & 17 By Sham 69 out of Jimmy Cagney (6,4,5,5)
5 Richard Hell was an original member of this now-defunct N.Y. band
7 He's very late (anag. 2 words)
8 Rod Stewart in Village People territory?
13 See 14
15 The Aylesbury nutter
16 Stormy rock'n'roll combo
17 See 4
20 & 6 Reggae star part-recovered in gun shot drama!
22 Toothiest Bee Gee
23 Obviously a stylish disco band
24 Sawn-off tomtom used to secure the line!

ACROSS: 1 "Just A Gigolo"; 8 (Inner) Circle; 9 Joan Armatrading; 12 Gary Moore; 13 Cliff; 15 "(Midnight At The) Oasis"; 16 "All Mod Cons"; 17 Neil Diamond; 22 Only (Ones); 24 Joe (Egan); 26 Gram Parsons; 27 (John) Evan; 28 "Mary (Of The Fourth Form)".

DOWN: 1 Joe Jackson; 2 "Strangers In (The Night)"; 3 Albatross"; 4 Ovation; 5 "Octave"; 6 "Arrival"; 7 Lee (Dorsey); 10 Mamas and Papas; 11 (Art) Garfunkel (anag. flunk rake); 14 Yoko Ono; 18 Island; 19 Ayers; 20 (Lee) Dorsey; 21 OJays; 23 (Angus) Young; 25 (Joe Egan.



LIZZY

■ From page 24

just another episode in a continuing series.

Faced with this declaration on my part regarding what I consider to be Lynott short-changing himself, the subject talks candidly about what he believes to be his vocation as a songwriter.

"I know my limitations and I've come to terms with my shortcomings for some time now. Right now, my main aim is to please the kids who come to see us, to give them the best we can possibly muster."

And don't look for any great outpourings on the much-touted but yet to be fully tackled Phil Lynott solo album, which he still regards in vague terms in the sense of "I intend to go with the flow."

If anything, It's Lynott's musical up-bringing that may well call the shots on his attitude these days. Lynott is an escape from the land of showbands — that most peculiar breed of musical corporates — and it's a little known fact that in a time of lean pickings during Lizzy's early days the band came close to signing up for a 'Thin Lizzy (anonymously) Do The Deep Purple Songbook' album and a 'Lizzy Do Santana' album for £1000 each album.

Similarly Lynott was almost drawn away from Lizzy when a band involving himself, Ritchie Blackmore, Ian Paice and possibly Paul Rodgers was on the cards.

It's a mercenary existence that Lynott's showband heritage has landed him with, and even now, as a success on his own terms one gets the impression that he likes to play it safe if only because he wants Lizzy fans to get their money's worth.

But 'Black Rose' has the sound of music beginning to take on the ominous form of tone and formulae caught up in diminished echoes. It will be wildly successful — of that I have no doubt — probably in both America as well as here, where its success is virtually assured anyway.

But in the back of my mind, I believe Phil Lynott has got more to offer as an artist and that what follows on from 'Black Rose' will dictate either a going-through-the-motions super-professionalism or a real attempt to deal with something with more substance. I do believe Lynott will go for the latter.

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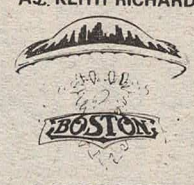

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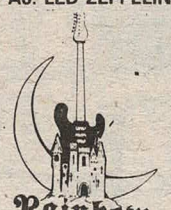

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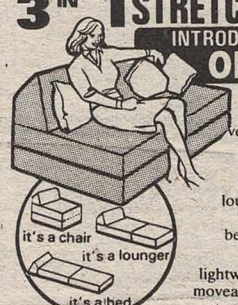

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Normal Bag — booze, birds and bad jokes

Illustration: Detail from The History Of Phallic Imagery In 'American' Culture by A. Bumhol

It gives me great pleasure to declare this Bag . . . open!

H. R. Haitch

I don't see what the kids are complaining about. It's almost unavoidable, this 'sell-out'.

If the 'fans', 'kids' or whatever, insist on looking like a load of paranoid headcases (and often acting as same) and at the same time chasing the groups (Buzzcocks, Sham, Clash etc) and creating them as extra-special people, it can be expected that the individual members of the groups will inevitably shy away.

A normal person who, after having stardom placed on his rather inexperienced shoulders, is confronted by 40 50 or 60 over-zealous fans would have an alternative of either (a) stay around, sign autographs and act like a genuine old-fashioned arsehole, or (b) go backstage and return to a more natural surrounding. A paradoxical choice!

Paul Seery, Lancaster.

Indeed! But not one that bothers the likes of Van Morrison. — M.S.

Last night at the City Hall, Newcastle, Van Morrison sang *"You're holding too much back/ too much back / I'm holding too much back myself."*

And at last the deciding factor behind Van Morrison 'Live' became apparent, together with its two possibilities. The possibilities? A professional, tight, enjoyable act with soaring music and spirits (which it sadly wasn't). The factor? In one sentence — the presence/absence of an audience which appreciates the music for what it is and is capable of showing that appreciation.

Last night's band was totally into the feel of Morrison's music and the man himself occasionally hit the intensity and expression of which he is demonstrably capable. Yet through it all, the audience sat moribund, barely a head nodding throughout, clapping on cue at the end of each number. Morrison, frustrated, subtly took the piss by constantly introducing and re-introducing the band members after solos — and each time the audience clapped politely, just like their mummies taught them.

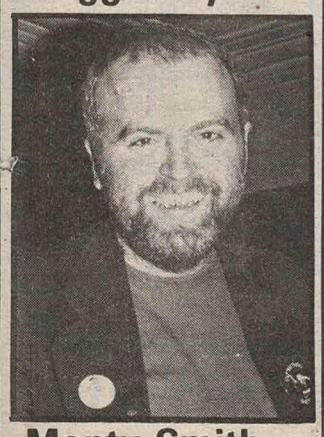
It's a tribute to his immense professionalism that he provided this lot with an encore: decent versions of 'St Dominic's Preview' and 'Gloria' (during the latter, the guy next to us had his coat on ready to leave). For this civility we extend a heartfelt "thank-you" to Mr. Morrison.

As for those oh-so-trendily frozen people who didn't or couldn't respond (didn't you know Van Morrison is a soul singer and not a surrogate Dylan?) why don't you stay at home next time and spend the ticket-price on an album ("Yessongs', perhaps?)

Gordon Clark and Ros Wray, Newcastle-upon-Tyne

That's one way of looking at it . . .

Bagged by



Monty Smith

friend to Lunchie Bunsworth and you, dear readers

So you didn't see Van Morrison at the Glasgow Apollo the other night?

Listen, *nobody* saw Van Morrison at the Glasgow Apollo. And what the Dansette proportioned P.A. would let us hear was uninspired and slothful.

The stage at the Apollo is over a mile high. The band stood as far back as possible so nobody could see below their upper lips. Morrison, after retreating virtually into the drum kit for the opening 'Moondance', concealed himself behind three acres of grand piano for the entire remainder of the 55 minute set. He even went *behind* the drums when he left the stage.

Stage front, a flouncing female who made Sally Oldfield look *cool,* played an ecstatic solo on her electric violin. It wasn't plugged in. Nobody seemed to care. It was the first and last entertaining moment of the set.

But the depressing thing to see was that so many people lapped it up. The rock legend is on stage — he must be good. Critical faculties seemed to have dulled with age. The audience were, well, *old.*

If he hasn't hit your town yet, sell your ticket, save the bus fare and buy 'Wavelength'. Or *any* of his albums. Stay at home and listen to your favourite. *Enjoy* his music. Because he obviously doesn't.

Colin Copland, Linlithgow, West Lothian.

. . . and that's the other. Seems like a cantankerous old bleeder to me. Let's get back to rock'n'roll. — M.S.

A few issues back in your rag you stated that the world would end within the next 72,000,000,000 years. This is a lie; our sect has been given Divine Word that this somewhat significant event will occur next Tuesday, weather permitting.

Philip of the Children of Was God A Palindrome, Toulouse branch.

P.S. Tell Jessica that the French have not been alerted. (They think it's going to be a public holiday, tee-hee).

Serves 'em right. But what's this got to do with rock . . .

I enjoyed Graham Lock's article on Patrik Fitzgerald. But his mention of the theory "if the entire population of China leapt in to the air at precisely the same moment, they could shift the earth's axis" lead me to think what would happen when the poor buggers landed. They might all land in Cleethorpes!

Or did he mean the landing will knock the earth off its axis? If so, what happens if some poor bugger landed a bit later than the others, and the earth was gone.

Brewster Sproozter, Walton, Liverpool.

. . . or, for that matter, roll? Point taken though — you don't think these lighter nights happen by themselves, do you? B.S.T. is just another Commie plot. — M.S.

Baker, you bastard! So 'enjoyment' is 'another trait of ignorance' eh? So all of us trendy pseudo-intellectuals 'into' Public Image, Siouxsie, Magazine etc are pocker-faced robots? Well sod you!!

I get off over the aforementioned as much as I do over The Jam; just because that prat Penman slags off their single don't start whining and bleating about how glad *you* are you're ignorant if it means being able to like traditional rock music. Any reason why we shouldn't enjoy (enjoy!) PIL, Jam, B. Rats, Wire etc without narrow minded bastards like you lumping along shrieking "You can't enjoy this, mate, it's not traditional, the kids don't dance to it every bluddy night, right, etc."?

I thought you were one of the last remaining bastions of outright selfish honesty left in the *NME;* silly me.

God I enjoyed that.

A typically English Oaf, Tavistock, Devon.

So even personable cheeky chappie Dan 'Cor, Strike A Light Guv' (© Val Hennesey) Baker's coming in for a pasting this week. The moderne world can be very cruel. — A NOTTS COUNTY FAN

Concerning The Jam interview — you made a balls up. Linguists like me know there is a word 'moderne' and also 'modische' — 'modernische'?

Cocky know-alls. And as I write this, I see another mistake: it should be 'die modernische welt' nor der — 'cos 'welt' is feminine and nominative. Oh *NME,* shame on you!

Paul Doughty

Up yer ass. — KIRK DOUGLAS.

Kirk Douglas? There must be a movie letter coming up. — M.S.

We find it completely contradictory that in a paper such as yours, one that promotes the best and most progressive music around — upholding and encouraging an independent industry whilst turning its back on the mega-buck financed products of the multi-nationals — that the reverse is true of the page your paper devotes to cinema reviews and features.

There are three points that we would like to make..

1. That the only films you ever review are ones that are produced by the industry, and reach the circuits.
2. That the reviews themselves are in no way adequate. Nowhere is this more apparent than in Monty Smith's review of *The Deer Hunter,* in which we find Mr Smith lauding a racist 'American' film. It is perhaps significant here that Mr Smith's views coincided with those of the *Sunday Telegraph,* though even he could see that the singing of 'God Bless America' was neither ironic nor jingoistic but American 'life affirming'. It is probably pointless to say how this and many other firms could have been reviewed in a more constructive manner, suffice to say that *The Deer Hunter* adopts a definite asthetic, that of documentary film, to influence the audience response and project the film as the truth 'as close to reality as possible'. Well, if 'this is this', then film is film, whichever way you look at it.
3. That you obviously have no knowledge of the growing independent film production within this country, that has been built up over the last ten years or so. It is no longer content to produce the self indulgent shit of the London Co-op circa the '60s, but is prepared to tackle the very real problems of film and film-making (remember Godard? You should do — the paper name dropped him a couple of times recently).

This letter was written in haste, and is perhaps not as clear as it could be, but we're angry — angry because it's something we are involved in and feel strongly about. It's a real shame when an otherwise good paper such as yours commands possibly the most interested and interesting audience around, and then doesn't always make the best use of it.

There are very real problems within independent cinema — an eclectic academic approach is proffered by many — but what it needs most of all is money to be able to compete with the sort of films you review, and it is not going to get this without the sort of exposure your paper can afford.

Jon Maina and Richard Purslow, Practice Films, Nottingham.

Cue 16 ton weight. Scene 1: Your sneering at the circuits is pathetic. Scene 2: *The Deer Hunter,* a brilliantly made film, will long out-live the miserable carping of its detractors. *Silver Screen* will continue to review films that are likely to be seen by its readers. Scene 3: You want coverage for 'independent' films? Go to the specialist movie mags — and Godard may have been important to the '60s, but he's contributed bugger all to the '70s. Unfortunately, for the likes of you, 'Americans' (your peculiar inverted commas) like Arthur Penn, Robert Altman, Steven Spielberg, Martin Scorsese and Paul Schrader have — and, shame on them, they've reached the circuits. Keep practising, lads. — M.S.

What we do not comprehend is how Roy Harper can execute the supreme axe-job on such triflings as Christianity, the work ethic, Imperialism, political creeds, general assumptions of sanity, in fact the whole motivations and direction of the modern world, and what gets his record banned?

It's the pure transcendental definitive statement (hitherto overlooked by rock thinkers) that the food at Watford Gap (Bacteria's Revenge) tastes like variations on the theme of bodily waste products.

I think that England is an extremely strange country and I bet you do too.

Wounded Buffalo (the wandering)

I do, Wounded, I do. — M.S.

Charles dear, I have just read your music review in *Vogue;* very good. But what do "approbation ... pabulum ... congenitally ... redolent ..." mean, maaaan?

Samuel Beckett (Mrs)

Something about CSM preferring his congenitals smelling like baby food. *Vogue* readers go for that sort of thing. — M.S.

So Juan O. Cross thinks *NME* is an anagram of *men.* Well, *New Musical Express,* you may be interested to know, is an anagram of penis — raw sex muscle. And you criticise The Stranglers?

The Knackered Civil Servant, Preston

There's no answer to that. We're *all* heartily ashamed of ourselves. Nought to do but go with a whimper. — M.S.

I wrote a lot of letters and put them in the same envelope. Out of all of them, I least expected you to print this one.

Hope Foole, Warsop, Notts

Are we not mice? — M.S.

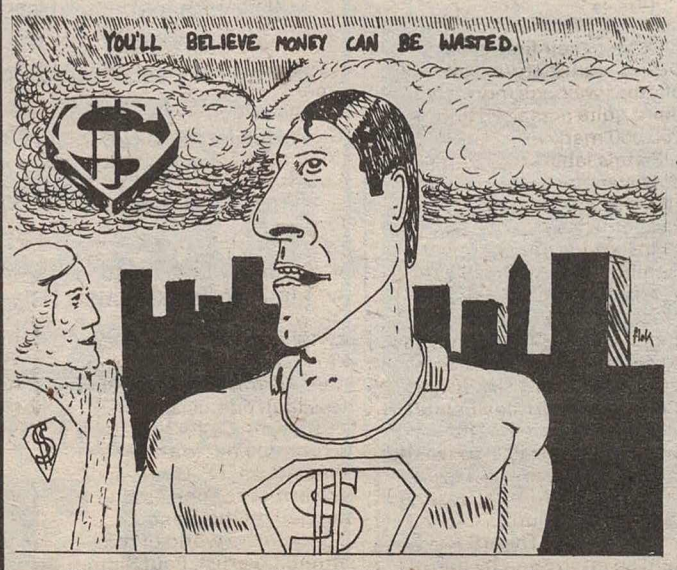
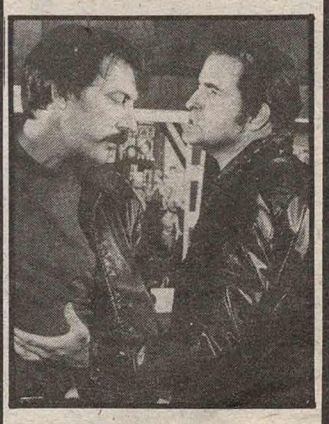


Illustration by ex-reader Frank Lamb, incensed by trival 'American' films and comic books.



"Let's get outta here before there are any more lame 'American' cracks." Boyle as 'Brando', Sutherland as Himself, a well-known 'Canadian'.

T-ZERS

SINGS FOR ITS SUPPER

One PiL makes you yell your head off, the other makes you give people funny looks. Keith Levine gives JR a wobbly look (Wobble's at the pic giving 'em both a Levinely look). Pic: Joe Stevens.

Alright? Yeah, sure it's alright for you, you're not stuck eighty foot up in the air, hoping to blag some exclusive words with stranded daredevil cat **Charlie** — a moggy who'd got himself stuck in the upper branches of this massive tree and thus lured the nation's attention away from things like no-confidence votes, Middle-Eastern treaties and the like. So: *T-Zers* donned hard hat and spiked boots and began the three hour ascent to garner the said interview. What did we find? Not a sausage. Just a doodled-on copy of *The Star* and the suspicion of a feline turd. But the column must go on, and so, unable to look — let alone GET — down, *T-Zers* whips it out this week from on high. Our men at the foot of the tree armed with megaphones screech the lead taster to us trembling dots . . .

To the cheesy surrounds of London's Lyceum, where the night of what had been touted as "The Gig Of The Century!" broke upon us last Sunday. A fat 'house full' notice went up outside the one time Vaudeville house as inside **The Mekons, The Fall, Human League, Gang Of Four** and **Stiff Little Fingers** limbered up to allow punters to meet the new bosses. However, up first came **The Good Missionaries.** The Good Missionaries? They're an, uh, experimental conglomeration — (for experimental read 'jam band') — who played their set in masks. But — shazam — *T-Zers* shall unmask them! Twas **Mark the Perry** and assorted dossers from the vicinity of Faulty Products and **The Transmitters.** Their twenty minutes of new music(k), we hear, could herald the next Step Forward for **ATV,** a band who have tasted the magic of being bottled and brushed offstage twice within the past fortnight (Greenwich and Derby) . . .

Meanwhile, back at the bar, **Andy Gill** of **Gang Of Four** commenting on *NME's* riposte last week to *Snouds'* claim the week before that he and *our* **Andy Gill** were one and the same: "I couldn't have put it better myself" . . .

The Four, incidentally, stuck a line dedicated to **Adrian Thrills** into drummer **Hugo's** improvised 'Talkover', and finished their set with a stage full of **Mekons** . . .

Meanwhile, back in the crowd, **The Fall** spent their entire set ducking plastic glasses and tin cans, climaxing in some berk leaping out of the audience to attack singer **Mark Smith** onstage. The boarder was repelled with a couple of not-too-well aimed kicks by guitarists **Martin Bramah** and **Marc Riley.** Turns out it was the same bloke who pelted them all through their Lyceum set supporting **Generation X...**

"This is what we find" section: **Elvis Costello** rumoured to be making his acting debut in *Americathon.* Written by former **Firesign Theatre** people **Phillip Proctor** and **Peter Bergman,** the film will concern itself with a gigantic telethon staged to stave off national bankruptcy in the US. The main stars (sic) of the production will be (gulp) **Meatloaf** . . .

Still in 70mm, *T-Zers* observes rock'n'rolling **Paul McCartney's** growing infatuation with the world of celluloid. Paulie, subject of a recent American TV special called *Wings Over The World,* is currently searching for a director to work on an as yet untitled project that will take *Band On The Run* as its theme and feature **Wings** members in 'dramatic roles'. The script will come from **Will Russell** who wrote the stage musical *John, Paul, George, Ringo and Bert.* There is no truth to the story that a growing number of US teenagers are carrying small worship mats that they can use each day at noon whilst facing toward Liverpool and praying to Macca . . .

One time **Beatle** support band **The Rolling Stones** are sure to be back in the controversial eye when *Cavalier* magazine begins publication of excerpts from the *Up And Down With The Rolling Stones* blue book. The book contains chapters on the infamous underground flick *Cocksucker Blues* which features The Stones in playful postures with groupie chums . . .

To Paris and the **Bryatollah Ferrari!** Following the final Paris date of the **Roxy Music** Euro Tour, Ferry remained in the capitol to make his acting debut in a French TV six-part soap opera. The series is set in a hotel with Meester Fairrie in the role of a Star who arrives there and has an affair with the manager's wife . . .

RSO about to spend £300,000 on TV advertising for the current **Bee Gees** LP. Fact: in 1972 Permaflex of Stoke shipped £50,000 of petroleum to Arabic . . .

Never mind **The Rich Kids** what about **The Runaways?** Have they broken up or what? Well despite the pressures and the cash, they're still clinging on so *T-Zers* learns. Girls, our last offer is six pounds thirty five and not a penny more! . . .

But list! A sad tale of **Joan Jett.** After completing their single (a cover version of **Lesley Gore's** 'You Don't Own Me', see *Thrills)* supergroup (c1970) **Jones, Cook and Jet** decided to celebrate by taking in **Inner Circle** gig at The Marquee. It seems that the trio were not long inside when Ms Jett finds herself alone, Cook and Jones having, uh, weighed in with some maidenly pair or other and scrammed. After scouring Piccadilly for three hours in search of a cab JJ finally arrives at SJ's flat on foot. SJ of course is still out on the case so JJ — (stay with this it's probably worth it) — trolls back to Soho and gets unconcho drunk within the low rent walls of a sex club (c **R. Carr** 1972). She awakes as the cleaners arrive and goes back to sit on SJ's doorstep "dirty, unwashed and nowhere to go . . .' If you would like to adopt a runaway please write to The **Kim Fowley** Foundation, Los Angeles, enclosing as much as you can spare and a recording contract . . .

Committed, dedicated, selfless conglomerate of revolutionary musicians **Here & Now** have, as part of their entourage, a vegetarian dog. Truly. When *T-Zers* asked the pooch how he found this imposed diet he just shapped "Ruff" . . .

Dire Straits have finished their next album— tantatively titled 'Communque' — in Nassau and hope for a Spring release. **Jerry Wexler** produced . . .

From around the world *T-Zers* brings you news: this week disco on the whipping post. First from an official Soviet Youth Leader, 51, who issued the following statement: "Western Music is depraved, so-called Disco music is nothing but the beat of sexual intercourse designed to corrupt youth." Whilst in the words of one 64-year-old Greek bishop, "Modern dancing is a sin equal to fornication since it looks like it . . ." He went on to ban "sexy" short sleeve shirts from his churches. Our own **Danny Baker** writes: "And you still can't get a dentist on weekends . . ."

Reports suggest **Bruce Springsteen** can't wash the ghost of his UK 'Born To Run' tour out of his hair. Allegedly turning down a fistful of dollars to do a large outdoor gig in the UK this Summer, Broose appears reticent to play any UK dates in the near future . . .

Pistols' 'Something Else' becomes their first silver disc. Despite notoriety/excellence of other waxings, none of them quite managed the 250,000 mark . . .

Pistols label Virgin, however, apparently can't afford to light fags with fivers just yet. They plan to take out an insurance policy on the coming **XTC** single to guard them against its success. An Australian tour planned to begin on May 21st would have to be cancelled if the single entered the BBC Top 50 and the band had to stay behind to promote it. Consequently, a Lloyd's broker will listen to the single next week and assess its chances before calculating the likely premium . . .

Young Man! The US Navy were so impressed by the latest **Village People** discette that they loaned the band a freshly painted nuclear missile ship and 250 sailors to use in a promotional film for the record with the condition the navy could also use the film for recruitment. Then it was pointed out that said song might not be quite the piece of **John Wayne** patriotism the brasshats had thought. It was decided to scrap the recruiting idea because, as one jolly jack tar put it: "We don't feel the gist quite represents what we're after." Incidentally chaps, Phonogram reveal 'YMCA' to have been their largest selling record in their history with over three million sold . . .

Under the name 'Ten Years Too Soon' CBS unveil a project in which they'll take the best of **Sly Stones'** output and remix it for the disco market. If it works, other companies are expected to follow suit. Quite who was wearing the suit nobody knows but so long as nobody goes about unearthing old **Gutbucket** tracks *T-zers* is approving . . .

Handsome; **The Dictators** have changed their name to **The Rhythm Dukes** and are currently looking for two female singers . . .

To The Wiz a son? Top promoters **Leber and Krebs** in negotiation with **Elton John** and **Bernie Taupin** for theatrical rights to a stage musical based on 'Yellow Brick Road' done a la *Beatlemania.* Who wants seats! Who wants seats! . . .

The Doors album 'An American Prayer' could have included a live version of 'Gloria' but for **Morrisons** singing. There is a shady bunch who are to campaign for Elektra to release the cut . .

Owing to the police summons issued for her drunken driving/driving a car in alleged dangerous condition following the car crash in which **Marc Bolan** died, **Gloria Jones** is probably less than enthusiastic to return from LA to these shores to promote her forthcoming 'Windstorm' LP. Gloria could face arrest as soon as she stepped off the plane . . .

Back in the world of the struggling artist, **Paul Simon** has paid CBS records $1.5 million to release him from recording another album for the label (under his contract he still owed one). Still upcoming is Simon's suit charging that CBS did not pay his royalties correctly etc. Meanwhile *T-Zers* suit is in Ernie's 4-Hour Cleaning service, and we've mislaid the ticket . . .

Epic Records have released **Southside Johnny and The Asbury Jukes** from their contract after the third LP 'Hearts Of Stone' failed to sell above 200,000 copies . . .

Another 'accidental' Stiff cock up: EMI printed up the first thousand of **The Rumour** single with **Silver Convention's** 'Fly, Robin, Fly' on the A-side. Stiff promptly sent them back to EMI by cab. Thing is, they never arrived. So, apart from the one copy Stiff held on to, there's 999 copies of point five of a good record floating around. Pity about The Rumour side . . .

Jam look/soundalikes **The Chords** celebrated the triumphant return from their sell-out world tour — it says here — with a '60s soul party in SE London's hip Borough High Street. Anybody who is nobody was there . . .

Close clingers and friends of the very late **Elvis Presley** scratching their heads after it was revealed that the Pelv has had over half of his £7½ million fortune eaten away by death duties. Contributors to the waning sum included the funeral (£25,000), removal of both Elvis' and his mum's remains to a private cemetery (£5,000) and a £3,000 bill from the Memphis police for supplying extra security to cope with the mourning masses. The actual sum left, revealed as close on £4m, is far below even Elv's closest associates expected . . .

And so they pack the megaphones away . . . and here we dots sit stranded. The wind howls around us, it's eighty feet straight down. Hold up . . . there's a whole bunch of people climbing towards us . . what's that? You're gonna what? Oh . . . It appears these people work for IPC and to save the cost of bringing *T-Zers* down, they're bringing *NME* up to us . . .

BETTER BADGES

TOP TEN

This week		Last week
1	Clash Police	(1)
2	Stiff Little Fingers	(3)
3	Skids	(10)
4	Jam (red)	(4)
5	PiL	(2)
6	Magazine	(—)
7	Rock'n'Roll Swindle	(7)
8	Members	(9)
9	Mekons	(6)
10	Jam (Tube Station)	(5)

New releases **20p:** Be Stiff, The Future is Female (Wayne County), Sex Pistols: Rock'n'Roll Swindle, Never Trust a Hippy, Cash From Chaos, Believe in the Ruins, The Only Notes That Matter, They Swindled Their Way to the Top, True Love (Jilted John), UK Subs CID.

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Greatest Song Title Of All Time (True, just like last week)

- Where Did Robinson Crusoe Go With Man Friday On A Saturday Night?
- I Scream, You Scream, We All Scream For Ice Cream
- Come After Breakfast, Bring Your Lunch And Leave Before Supper Time
- But Oh How That Woman Could Cook
- My One Night In The Cathouse Put Me In The Doghouse With You
- Ain't Nobody Here But Us Chickens
- Bring It, Bring It, Bring It, In Other Words Take It Away!

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